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THE SHAKESPEAREAN MYTH.

SECOND PAPER.—THE APPEAL TO HISTORY.

It is not a personal concern, it is a discovery which belongs not to a nation, and not to a people. . . . So that the truth, which is neither yours nor mine, but yours *and* mine, be known, who loses anything that does not find it?—DELIA BACON.

A PAPER, of the title given at the head of this page, printed in "Appletons' Journal" for February, 1879, took the liberty of doubting whether—as matter of record—one William Shakespeare, of Stratford town, in England, sometime part proprietor of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres in London, could have very well been himself and the author of what are known popularly to-day as "the plays of Shakespeare," although there seemed to be ground for supposing that he might have cast them into something of the acting form they possess as preserved to us. It is only candid toward that paper to observe that—far from any dogmatism—it essayed TO DISCUSS, and attempted no argument, except such as seemed to show that the presumption to the contrary of that statement was founded on accident and lapse of time merely, and was without value in fact; contenting itself with demonstrating that, once this presumption was lifted, all the evidence procurable as to the life and times of the actual William Shakespeare was actually evidence cumulative to the truth of the proposition as to the record.

Certain considerations and matters, by way of rejoinder, however, which are stereotype and safe to come to the surface whenever these waters are troubled, have not failed to be called for in due course, by the publication of that paper. But they need only to be wiped away on each reappearance; for, as we have said, the evidence is CUMULATIVE, and therefore no more to be waived or disposed of by doubts as to, or even the dispelment of, this or that or the other item—or disintegration of this or that or the other block

of evidence—than the Coliseum has been wiped away and disposed of because its coping has crumbled, or because, for some centuries, the petty Roman princes built their palaces from its *debris*.

Granted that the Shakespeare Will does not prove the testator oblivious of his own copyrights or rights in the nature of copyrights; granted that the story of the deer-stealing was actual invention and not merely rejected by the Shakespeareans, because conceived to be unworthy of the image they set up; granted that the fact of the circulation of the blood was a familiar fact in the days of William Shakespeare; that the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, and the "Hamlet" of Saxo, had been translated; * that the law in "The Merchant of Venice" was "Venetian" instead of "crown-er's quest" law; admit that William Shakespeare "had the advantages in school of something more than the mere rudiments of learning"; † admit that "his devotion to his family drove him forth from the rural seclusion of Stratford into the battle of the great world"; ‡ granted all these—if they have anything to do with the question—and a dozen more, and we only attenuate, by the

* Saxo, the Danish historian, from whom the plot of the "Hamlet" was taken, according to Whalley, who says, in 1748, that "no translation hath yet been made," must have been read by the writer of "Hamlet" in the original. See "An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare," etc. By Peter Whalley, A. B., Fellow of St. John's College, London. Printed for J. Waller at the Crown and Mitre, 1748.

† "Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses," in "Appletons' Journal," April, 1879.

‡ Ibid.

exact value of these, the mountain of probability, nothing less than the complete dilapidation and disappearance of which could leave room for substitution, in the stead of the probability, the *possibility* of such a suspension of the laws of nature as is required by the Shakespearean theorists.

Just here it is always in order for our friends to mention Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts." We wish some of these gentlemen would read that clever little book. It is a logical, not a whimsical effort. It was intended by its author as an answer to Hume's "Essay on Miracles." Hume's argument being, in the opinion of the Archbishop, reducible to the proposition that miracles were impossible because they were improbable, his lordship wrote his little work to show that the history of Napoleon was actually most improbable, and, written of feigned characters, would read like the most extravagant fable. Surely it can not be necessary to reiterate the difference between the Archbishop's *brochure* and the proposition of "The Shakespearean Myth"! The one was the argument from improbability applied to facts, in order to show its dangerous and altogether vicious character. The other is the demonstration that history—that the record—when consulted, is directly fatal to a popular impression, and directly contradictory of a presumption, born of mere carelessness and accident, and allowed to gather weight by mere years and lapse of time.

But, for the sake of the argument, let us leave the discussion, for the moment, just where it stands, and take still bolder ground. Instead of sifting evidence and counting witnesses, let us assume that, when we painted William Shakespeare—who lived between the years 1564 and 1616—as an easy-going vagrant, a rural wag with a rural wit thereafter to be sharpened by catering to the "gods" of a city theatre; a poacher on occasion, and a vagabond and scapegrace generally, in his youth, but who in his advancing years became thrifty, and finally sordid—we had only taken the liberty of conceiving, like every other who ever wrote on a Shakespearean theme, yet one more William Shakespeare; so that, instead of ten thousand William Shakespeares, no two of which were identical, there were now ten thousand and one! Admitting *that*, the next question would of necessity be—and such an investigation as the present must become utterly valueless if prosecuted with bias or with substitution of personal opinion for historical fact—whose William Shakespeare is probably most a likeness of the true William Shakespeare who *did* wander from Stratford to London, who *did* sojourn there, and who *did* wander back again to Stratford, and there was gathered to his fathers, in the year 1616?

The popular William Shakespeare, built to fit the plays, is a masterless philosopher, a matchless poet, a student of Greek manuscripts and classic manners, of southern romance and northern sagas, a traveler and a citizen of the world, a scientist, a moralist, a master of statecraft, and skilled in all the graces and amenities of courtly society! Which of these two portraits is nearest to the life? Let us take an appeal to History.

There appears to be but one way to go about to discover; that way is to appeal to the truth of history: to go as nearly back as we can get to the lifetime of the actual man we are after, and inquire, wherever a trace of him can be touched, what manner of man he was. Now, it happens that the very nearest we can come to an eye-witness, as to the *personnel* of William Shakespeare, is a gentleman named Aubrey. This Mr. Aubrey was himself a native of Warwickshire; was born in 1627, that is, eleven years after Shakespeare died. He entered gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, and so, presumably, was no Puritan. He was considerable of a scholar himself, and was esteemed, we are told, a Latin poet of no mean abilities. He was admitted a barrister of the Inner Temple in 1646; and so, a scholar, a poet, and a lawyer, might presumably know the difference between a wag and a genius. He gives an account of his fellow countryman, and, coming as it does actually nearer to the lifetime of William Shakespeare than any chronicle extant, we give it entire:

Mr. William Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick. His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of his neighbours that, when he was a boy, he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech. There was, at this time, another butcher's son in that town, that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and coetaneous, but died young. This Wm. being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. (Now B. Jonson never was a good actor, but an excellent instructor.) He began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man, and of a verie readie and pleasant smooth witt. The humour of the Constable in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he happened to take at Grendon, in Bucks,* which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that Constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe

* Aubrey says, in a note at this place: "I think it was a midsummer's night that he happened there. But there is no Constable in 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" Aubrey probably intended reference to Dogberry in the "Much Ado."

is of that parish, and knew Ben Jonson, and he did gather humours of men daily wherever they came. One time as he was at a tavern at Stratford upon Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buried, he makes there this extemporary epitaph:

Ten in the hundred the Devil allows,
But Combes will have twelve, he swears and vows.
If any one asks who lies in this tomb,
"Hoh," quoth the Devil, "'tis my John a Combe!"

He was wont to go to his native country once a year. I think I have been told that he left £200 or £300 a year or thereabout to a sister. I have heard Sir William Davenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell (who is counted the best comedian we have now) say that he had a most prodigious witt, and did admire his natural parts beyond all other dramaticall writers. He was wont to say that he never blotted out a line in his life; says Ben Jonson, "I wish he had blotted out a thousand." His comedies will remain witt as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*: Now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and cox-combities that twenty years hence they will not be understood. Though, as Ben Jonson says of him, that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been, in his younger days, a schoolmaster in the country.*

Imagine this as the record of a real "Shakespeare"! Could we imagine it as the record of a Milton? Let us conceive of a fellow countryman of John Milton's, a college-bred man and a Latin poet, saying of the author of "Paradise Lost": "He was a goodish-looking sort of man, wore his hair long, was a clerk or secretary or something to Cromwell or some of his gang; had some trouble with his wife, was blind, as I have heard, or perhaps it was deaf he was." And conceive of this, at thirty years after Milton's death, being actually all the information accessible concerning him! But to continue the search in the vicinage, we learn that there was—in 1693—a parish clerk in Stratford, who was eighty years old—that is to say, he was just three years old when Shakespeare died. It is related that, on one occasion, he was showing a stranger over the church, when, pointing to the Shakespeare monument, he said: "He was the best of his family. This Shakespeare was formerly of this

town, bound apprentice to a butcher, but he ran from his master to London." A Rev. Mr. Richard Davies was Rector of Sandford, in Oxfordshire. He died in 1707. He kept a diary in his lifetime, and it seems that certain Stratford gossip, which found its way to Sandford, went down in this diary. Speaking of Shakespeare, he says: "He was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipt, and some time imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great that he is his 'Justice Clodpate'; and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three lowses rampant for his arms." Whatever this may be worth—for, of course, like the rest, it is mere second-hand and hearsay—it is fair to include in it what the law calls "general reputation," "general report," or "common fame," and it is fair to offset it, at least, against that "common fame" and "common reputation" which has grown up during the last hundred years or so concerning William Shakespeare, which is so unboundedly to his glory and renown. We are made acquainted, too, with one John Jordan, a fellow townsman of William Shakespeare, who survived him. This John Jordan, we believe, is the authority for the alleged drinking-bout of Shakespeare and others as representing Stratford against the champions of Peabworth, Marston, Hillborough, Grafton, Wixford, Broom, and Bidford, in which William was so worsted that his legs refused to carry him farther homeward than a certain thorn-tree, thereafter to come in for its share of worshipful adoration from the Shakespearean sticklers. But the tradition is of no value except as additional testimony to the impression of his boon companions, associates, and contemporaries, that William Shakespeare was a jolly dog who loved his frolic, his pot of ale, and his wench—was almost anything, in short, except the student of history, antiquity, and classic manners, no less than the scholar of his own times, that he has been created since by those who knew him not. Nothing travels faster in rural communities than a reputation for "book-learning"; let us continue our search for Shakespeare's.

When an interest in the Shakespearean drama began to assert itself, and people began to inquire who wrote it, not a step could they get beyond Aubrey. At the outset they ran full against his village "ne'er-do-weel" and rustic wag, and there they were obliged to stop. But there were the dramas, and there was the name "William Shakespeare" tacked to them; it was a William Shakespeare they were searching for; and, since the William Shakespeare they had found was evidently not the one they wanted, they straight-

* This version of Aubrey's story is taken from a note to Knight's autobiography. That William Shakespeare was a schoolmaster is not a favorite supposition, but it is quite as likely as that he was a lawyer, a doctor, a butcher, a wool-comber, a student of philosophy, or that he practiced any of the other vocations that have been so liberally assigned him. Aubrey himself gives—we understand from Knight—the schoolmaster story on the authority of one Beeston. Coleridge calls Aubrey an "arch gossip." Doubtless he was arch; for had it not been for him we had known absolutely nothing about "our Shakespeare."

way began to construct one more suitable. The marvelous silence of history and of local tradition only stimulated them. They must either confess that there was no such man, or make one; they preferred to make one.

First came Edmund Malone. With the nicest and most painstaking care he sifted every morsel and grain of testimony, overturned histories, chronicles, itineraries, local tradition, and report—but in vain. The nearer he came to the Stratford "Shaughraun," the further away he got from a matchless poet and an all-mastering student.

But, like those that were to come after him, instead of accepting the situation, and confessing the William Shakespeare who lived at Stratford not mentionable in the same breath with the producer of the august text which had inspired his search, he preferred to rail and marvel at the stupidity of the neighborhood, and the sins of the chroniclers who could so overlook prodigies. Far from concluding that, because he finds no such name as William Shakespeare in the national Walhalla, therefore no such name belonged there, he assumes, rather, that the Walhalla builders do not understand their business. He says:

"That almost a century should have elapsed from the time of his [William Shakespeare's] death, without a single attempt having been made to discover any circumstance which could throw a light on the history of his life or literary career, . . . are circumstances which can not be contemplated without astonishment.* . . . Sir William Dugdale, born in 1605, and educated at the school of Coventry, twenty miles from Stratford-upon-Avon, and whose work, 'The Antiquities of Warwickshire,' appeared in 1646, only thirty years after the death of our poet, we might have expected to give some curious memorials of his illustrious countryman. But he has not given us a single particular of his private life, contenting himself with a very slight mention of him in his account of the church and tombs of Stratford-upon-Avon. The next biographical printed notice that I have found is in Fuller's 'Worthies,' folio, 1662; in 'Warwickshire,' page 116—where there is a short account of our poet, furnishing very little information concerning him. And again, neither Winstanley, in his 'Lives of the Poets,' 8vo, 1687; Langbaine in 1691; † Blount in 1694; Gibbon in 1699—add anything to the meager accounts of Dugdale and Fuller. That Anthony Wood, who was himself a native of Oxford, and was born but fourteen years after the death of our author, should not have col-

lected any anecdotes of Shakespeare, has always appeared to me extraordinary. Though Shakespeare has no direct title to a place in the 'Athenae Oxoniensis,' that diligent antiquary could easily have found a niche for his life as he has done for many others not bred at Oxford. The life of Davenant afforded him a very fair opportunity for such an insertion."

The difficulty was, that Mr. Malone was searching among the poets for one by the name of William Shakespeare, when there was no such name among poets. He found him not, because he was not there. He might with as much propriety have searched for the name of Grimaldi in the Poets' Corner, or for Homer's on the books of the Worshipful Society of Patten-makers. To be sure, in writing up Stratford Church, Sir William Dugdale can not very well omit mention of the tomb of Shakespeare, any more than a writer who should set out to make a guide-book of Westminster Abbey could omit description of the magnificent tomb of John Smith. But in neither the case of Dugdale nor in that of the *cicerone* of the Abbey is the merit of the tomb a warrant for the immortality of the entombed. It is, possibly, worth our while to pause just here, and contemplate the anomaly the Shakespeareans would have us accept—would have us swallow, or rather bolt, with our eyes shut—namely, the spectacle (to mix the metaphor) of the mightiest genius the world has ever borne upon its surface, living utterly unappreciated and unsuspected, going in and out among his fellows in a crowded city of some two hundred thousand inhabitants, among whom were certain master spirits whose history we have intact to-day, and whose record we can possess ourselves of with no difficulty—without making any impression on them, or imprint on the chronicles of the time, except as a clever fellow, a fair actor (with a knack, besides, at a little of everything), so that in a dozen years he is forgotten as if he had never been; and—except that a tourist, stumbling upon a village church, finds his name on a stone—passed beyond the memory of man in less than the years of a babe! The blind old Homer at least was known as a poet where he was known at all; the seven cities which competed for the tradition of his birth when criticism revealed the merit of his song—though he might have begged his bread in their streets—at least did not take him for a tinker! It is not that the Shakespearean dramas were not recognized as immortal by the generation of their composer that is the miracle; neither were the songs of Homer. Perhaps, so far as experience goes, this is rather the rule than the exception. The miracle is, that in all the world of London and of England nobody knew that there *was* any Shakespeare, in the very

* Malone's Life: "Plays and Poems," London, 1821, vol. ii., p. 4.

† Ibid., p. 5.

days when the text we hold so priceless now was being publicly rendered in a playhouse, and printed—as we shall come to consider further on—for the benefit of non-theatre-goers!

But, it is said, the great fire of London intervened and burned up all the records: that is how we happen to have no records of the immortal Shakespeare. Then, again, there is the lapse of time—the ordinary wear and tear of centuries, and the physical changes of the commercial center of the world. But how about Edmund Spenser? That we have his poetry and the record of his life, is certain. Or, how about Chaucer? Did the great fire of London affect his chronicle and his labors? The records of Horace, and Maro, of Lucretius, of Juvenal, and Terence, had more than a great fire of London to contend with. But they have survived the ruin of empires and the crash of thrones, the conflagrations of libraries and the scraping of palimpsests. And yet the majesty and might of the Shakespearean page, how greater than Horatius or Maro, than Juvenal or Terence! If it all were a riddle, we could not read it. But it is not a riddle. It is the simplest of facts—the simple fact that the compilers of the Shakespearean pages worked anonymously, and concealed their identity so successfully that it lay hidden for three hundred years, defying even the critical acumen, the learning, and the research of this nineteenth century.

But to return to Edmund Malone. He is not deterred by his failure to find a poet of the name of Shakespeare. Determined that a poet of that name there shall be, and not being at hand, he proceeds—and he has the credit of being the first to undertake the task—to construct an immortal bard. And a very pretty sort of fellow he turns out, too!—one that, with such minor variations as have, from time to time, suggested themselves to gentlemen of a speculative turn of mind, has been a sort of standard immortal William all along. For they who seek will find. Had Mr. Malone searched for the Stratford "Shaughraun," who ran off and became an actor (as capably respectable a profession as any other, for the man makes the profession, and not the profession the man); who revisited his native haunts, on the lookout, not for kings and cardinals, not for dukes and thanes and princes, but for clowns and drunkards and misers to dovetail in among the Hamlets and Othellos that passed under his adapting pen; * had he searched

for the Stratford butcher's son, who was the Stratford wag as well, and who never slaughtered a sheep without making a speech to his admiring fellow villagers, here he was at his hand. But he was searching, not for a butcher's son, but for a poet—for a "courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword"—

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mold of form,
The observed of all observers—

for "an amazing genius which could pervade all nature at a glance, and to whom nothing within the limits of the universe appeared to be unknown"; * and he ought to have seen at a glance that—however the works which such a genius had left behind him might travel under the name of the butcher's boy—it was not the pen of the butcher-boy that had written them; that the composer of pages "from which, were all the arts and sciences lost, they might be recovered," †

Shakespeare might be credited with the characters of Nym and Bardolph; especially of the Corporal, whose part consists of the phrase, "There's the humor of it," intruded at each convenient interval; and it is possible that Shakespeare, in fitting up the matter in hand, interpolated this as the reigning by-word of the moment. There seems to be reason for believing that this expression *did* happen to be a favorite at about that time; and that Shakespeare was not the only one who rang the changes on it as a season to stage material. Witness the following:

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir!

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob? Thy humor, thy humor! Thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humor? Mack, I think it be so indeed! What is that humor? Some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry I tell thee, Cob, it is a gentlemanlike monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time by affection, and fed by folly.

Cob. How must it be fed?

Cash. Oh, ay; humor is nothing if it be not fed. Didst thou never hear that? It's a common phrase, "Feed thy humor."

Every Man in his Humor, iii. 4.

Couldst thou not but arrive most acceptable
Chiefly to such as had the happiness
Daily to see how the poor innocent word
Was racked and tortured.

Every Man out of his Humor.

"Humor" was, it would seem by this, the over-used and abused word of these times; just as "awful" might be said to be an over-used and abused word during our own times.

* Whalley.

† Ibid. A curious instance of this familiarity—to be found in the Shakespearean dramas—with the least noticed facts of science, and which, so far as we know, has escaped the critics, we might allude to here: In one of Jules Verne's realistic stories, wherein he springs his romantic catastrophes upon scientific phenomena—"Michael Strogoff"—he makes Michael fall among enemies who sentence him to be blinded. The blinding is to be accomplished with a heated iron, but Michael sees his mother at his side, and, tears suffusing his eyes, the heat

* It is as curious as suggestive to find that the prologue and choruses of the "Henry V." and "Henry VIII." are apologies for the imperfections of the plots, and the folly of the multitude they catered to. As to the internal testimony of the authorship of these compositions, any reader can judge for himself. We expressed our own opinion, in the previous paper, as being that William

was no "jack of all trades," and could not have lived in the glare of a metropolis crowded with courtiers—in the age and days of Bacon * and Raleigh and Elizabeth—unknown save to a handful of his pot-fellows—and passed out of the world, unknown and unnoticed, fading from the memory of men without the passing of an item in their mouths!

This utter ignoring of William Shakespeare among the poets, if unjust, at least provoked no remonstrance from the immediate family or any kin of the Stratford lad. Either the Shakespeares, Ardens, and Hathaways were wonderfully destitute of family pride, or else the obscurity accorded their connection was perfectly just and proper. No voice of kin or affinity of William Shakespeare (at least we may say this with confidence) ever claimed immortality for him. "It is recorded by Oldys that one of his" (Shakespeare's) "younger brothers, who lived to a great age, when questioned in his last days about William, said he could remember nothing of his performance but seeing him 'act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to 'personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, and one of them sang a song.'"[†]

of the iron is neutralized, and fails to destroy the sight. So in "King John," Act IV., Scene I., Arthur says to Hubert:

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation.

This may be mere coincidence, but the dramas are crowded with such coincidences, and for that, if that only, are marvelous.

* We have already pointed out in our first paper that Lord Bacon was apt to embalm, in his own writings, the mention of his illustrious contemporaries, but that he does not seem to have ever so much as heard of any Shakespeare. If—as Judge Holmes believes—Lord Bacon were himself the only Shakespeare with which posterity cares to concern itself, all would be plain enough: my lord might be in the humor to deceive his own age; but yet not desire to mislead posterity. We confess—so far as we ourselves are concerned—that the argument of the anti-Baconians, that so self-admiring a man as Bacon would never have chosen to conceal his claim to anything illustrious, or to his own glorification, never appeared of any weight or value here; for, as we have once attempted to demonstrate, he could have hardly afforded, when Lord Chancellor, to have confessed to play-writing; and, after his disgrace, he could not have bettered but rather aggravated his calamity; besides, it is not impossible that he may have contemplated avowing the plays at a proper time, and have been overtaken by death before the proper time, in his own judgment, arrived.

† We take this quotation from Mr. Grant White's article on Shakespeare in Appletons' "American Cyclo-

We must remember, too, that William Shakespeare's granddaughter, Lady Barnard, was alive until 1670; his sister, Joan Hart, until 1646; and his daughters, Susannah Hall and Judith Queeny, until 1662. So that Dugdale at least, if not Wood and the rest of them, would not have had to go far to confirm any rumors they might have stumbled upon as to the acquirements and accomplishments of the man Shakespeare; but it seems that not even the partiality of his own kin, nor family fame, nor pride of ancestry, ever conceived the idea of palming off their progenitor as a giant of any build.

But Mr. Malone—and, being the first investigator, he would, doubtless, have been followed, as he has been, whatever the result of his inquiries—Mr. Malone, in spite of the silence of the authorities to whose pages he had recourse, not only assumed all he could not find authority for, but undertakes to tell us the precise dates at which his Stratford lad composed the plays themselves. He constructed an admirable scheme, which he christened "A Chronology" of the Shakespearean plays. This—with such speculative and fanciful additions as others have from time to time felt disposed to make to it—is the Shakespearean's authority to-day. It is a truly charming composition, to the full as readable as the Irish archbishop's "Historic Certainties as to the Early History of America," to which we have alluded, and quite as creditable to its author.

We will not rehearse the scope and burden of Mr. Malone's painstaking and wonderful labors, but, from one instance of the credulity which, once it has overmastered the ablest mind, can suppress and subordinate reason, judgment, and common sense to a zealous and silly search, we can judge of the calm historical value of Mr.

pædia." Mr. White's admirable contributions to our Shakespearean literature entitle his opinion to great weight in any mooted question as to William Shakespeare; and we must confess that, in some portions, his paper we have just mentioned almost suggests him as agreeing with us as to his subject. Mr. White says in another place: "Young lawyers and poets produced plays rapidly. Each theatrical company not only 'kept a poet,' but had three or four in its pay. At the time of his leaving Stratford the drama was rising rapidly in favor with all classes in London, where actors were made much of in a certain way. And where there was a constant demand for new plays, ill-provided younger sons of the gentry, and others who had been bred at the universities and the inns of court, sought to mend their fortunes by supplying this demand." And again: "We are tolerably well informed by contemporary writers as to the performances of the eminent actors of that time, but of Shakespeare's we read nothing." Mr. White admits, a few lines below the sentence just quoted, that Shakespeare's position in the stock of the Blackfriars was "general utility." We should rather call it, from the evidence, "first old man."

Malone's discoveries. In 1808 Mr. Malone published a pamphlet—"An Account of the Incidents from which the Title and Part of the Story of 'The Tempest' were derived, and the Date ascertained."* It seems that Mr. Malone finds reference to a hurricane that once dispersed a certain fleet of a certain nobleman, one Sir George Somers, in July, 1609, on a passage with provisions for the Virginia Colony; the above nobleman and a Sir Thomas Gates having been wrecked on the island of Bermuda. This discovery is warranty enough for Mr. Malone, and he goes on gravely to argue that William Shakespeare not only wrote his "Tempest" to commemorate this particular tempest—and, as will be seen by an examination of the premises, the relation between the occurrence and the play is confined merely to the word "tempest," and goes no further—but that he (Shakespeare) DID NOT place the scene of his shipwreck on the Bermudas, "because he could spread a greater glamour over the whole by not alluding to so well-known islands as the Bermudas." Mr. Malone here further remarks naively that, "without having read Tacitus, he [Shakespeare] well knew that 'omne ignotum pro magnifico est'!" Without pausing to wonder how Mr. Malone knew that Shakespeare of Stratford had never read Tacitus,† or to dwell on the most marvelous coincidence between the wreck of Sir George Somers and that of Prince Ferdinand (the coincidence, according to Malone, being, that one was wrecked on the Bermuda and the other wasn't), or to note that "the tempest" in the play of that name is an episode which covers only about a dozen lines of text, and which has absolutely nothing to do with the rest of the argument—without pausing for this, or to remark that Mr. Malone might have taken to himself the "omne ignotum pro magnifico est" of Tacitus more appositely than he applied it either to Sir George Somers or the Bermudas, had he reflected as generously as he took for granted—it is as well to take our leave of Mr. Malone and his labors at this point, with a compliment to their zeal and impressment which must be withheld from their results.

And the world would doubtless be as well off could we also here take leave of the rest of the Shakespeare-makers. But we are not allowed to do so. From the time of Malone onward, the Shakespeare-making, Shakespeare-mending, and Shakespeare-cobbling have gone on without relaxation. Each fresh rencontre with an emer-

gency in the Shakespearean text has necessitated at least one and often several new Shakespeares. And they have been prepared and forthcoming as fast as wanted. Was it found that the bard had, of all his worldly goods, left the wife of his bosom no recognition save the devise of a ramshackle old bedstead, a score of gentlemen hurried to the front to prove that, by law, history, logic, custom, and everything else, in those days a "second-best bed" was really the most priceless of possessions; of fabulous value, and a fortune in itself; and that in no other way could her immortal husband have so testified his tender regard and appreciation of Mrs. Shakespeare—the sweet Ann Hathaway of old, who had thrown herself away on a scapegrace butcher's son! The fact—as it appears, on inspection of the instrument itself, to be—that Mrs. Shakespeare was not even alluded to in the first draft of the testament—her name and the complimentary devise of the precious husband's precious "second-best bed" having been written in as "a poet's afterthought," and not appearing in the first draft at all—does not affect their statements in the least! They have even gone so far as to ascertain that William was no truant lord to willingly desert his lonesome lady. According to the very latest authority we are able to cite, the fault of the separation was wholly her own. We are assured by a very recent explorer that Mrs. Shakespeare "did not accompany her husband to London, objecting to the noise and turmoil of that city."*

It would seem to appear, therefore, that—even if the William Shakespeare we have portrayed in the paper, "The Shakespearean Myth," were our own creation—the creation is actually a nearer resemblance to the William Shakespeare known to those nearest to him in residence and time, than the inspired genius of the Shakespeares; who, from Malone downward, have, without a shred of fact, weaved their warp and woof of fiction (and that it is charming and absorbing fiction, we are eager to admit) around a vision of their own.

Nor have the Shakespeares rested their labors here. Having created a Shakespeare to fit the plays, it was necessary to proceed to create a face to fit the Shakespeare, and a cranial development wherein might lodge and whence might

* "Shakespeare and his Contemporaries." By William Tegg, F. R. H. S. London: William Tegg & Co. Chapter I., "Sketch of the Life of Shakespeare," p. 4. As every circumstance connected with William Shakespeare and Stratford is of interest in the connection, we may as well note that, according to Mr. Grant White, when William Shakespeare first went to London, he went into the office of a cousin of his, who was an attorney in that city. Like Mr. Tegg, Mr. White gives himself as an authority for this item.

* By Edmond Malone. London: printed by C. & R. Baldwin, Newbridge Street, 1808.

† What a slander on the omniscient Shakespeare—the man who read Plautus from the Greek manuscript, the author of "Julius Cæsar"—that he had not read a simple Latin historian!

spring the magic of the works he ought to have written. This may, very fairly, be called "the young ladies' argument." * "Look on his portrait," say the Shakespearians, "look at that magnificent head!"—and they point to the Chandos portrait—"is not that the head of a genius?" "Was there ever such a head?" We should say, yes, there might have been such another head created, even admitting the Chandos portrait to be the very counterfeit head of William Shakespeare. But it does not appear, on taking the trouble to look into the matter, either that the Chandos picture is a portrait, or that any other picture, styled a portrait of Shakespeare, is, in fact, a likeness. There is but one picture of him in existence which enjoyed anything in the semblance of a certification to its authenticity; and that certification was in rhyme, in the shape of a set of verses said to have been written by Ben Jonson (and, as we propose to show, are quite as likely to have been placed under the particular picture without Jonson's authority as with it); while, that they were written to fit the particular picture in question (for they are in the form of a sort of apostrophe to some picture or portrait, and will be hereafter quoted), there seems to be no information sufficient to form a belief either way. Besides, if they were written for that particular picture, and if that particular picture is a speaking likeness, then the phrenological, or at least the physiognomical, argument must droop away and die; for the personage represented seems to us to be about as stupefied, stultified, and insignificant a human countenance as was ever put upon an engraver's surface; and we doubt if a Shakespearean could be found to admit it as the image of his dream. But, of course, this is mere matter of personal opinion, and entitled to no weight whatever in the discussion. The question is, Is there any authentic portrait of William Shakespeare, as there is of Elizabeth, Bacon, Raleigh, Southampton, and other more or less prominent characters of the age in which William Shakespeare is known to have lived and died? Let us do the best we can toward investigating this question.

Of course, writing as we do in our library, we have no original sources of information. We have before us, however, a volume, "An Enquiry into the Authenticity of Various Pictures and Prints, which, from the Decease of the Poet to our own Times, have been offered to the Public as Portraits of Shakespeare. Containing a Careful Examination of the Evidence on which they claim to be received; by which the Pretended

* So the young ladies of New York were of opinion that Stokes should not be hanged for the murder of Fisk, "because he was so awfully good-looking."

Portraits have been rejected, the Genuine confirmed and established," etc., etc. By James Boaden, Esq.* We must content ourselves with a simple review of Mr. Boaden's labors. He was evidently a friend of Malone's, and a Shakespearean; a believer in the poet; and he writes under the shadow of the mighty name—the shadow from under which we of this age have stepped out, and so become able to inspect not only the facts of history, uncurtained by that shadow, but the shadow itself. But we will take every one of Mr. Boaden's statements for granted, nevertheless, and draw our opinions, when we venture on any, from the portraits which he has given in his book. At least Mr. Boaden is not a "Baconian," and not a "Raleigh man," and, whenever he finds it necessary to speak of Shakespeare's history, he follows Malone's own version. But for convenience we will change Mr. Boaden's numeration of the "portraits," preserving the designation, however, which he assigns them.

William Shakespeare dies in Stratford in 1616. In 1623 appears, on the title-page of Hemminge and Condell's first folio of the plays, what Mr. Boaden alludes to as "Martin Droeshout's portrait." It is an engraving, and, Mr. Boaden believes, a good engraving of some original picture from which it must have been taken. "For," he says, "there were good engravers in those days; for Chapman's 'Homer' was published in that year, with a very fine engraving of Chapman."

Under this engraving is printed a copy of Jonson's lines, as follows:

TO THE READER.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife †
With nature to outdo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face: the print would then surpasse
All that was ever done in brasse.
But, since he cannot, reader look,
Not on his picture but his booke.

In this picture the head of the subject is represented as rising out of an horizontal plain of collar appalling to behold. The hair is straight, combed down the sides of the face and bunched over the ears; the forehead is disproportionately high; the top of the head bald; the face has the

* London. Printed for Robert Triphook, 23 Old Bond Street, 1824.

† Look, when a painter would surpasse the life,
His art's with nature's handiwork at strife.
Venus and Adonis.

The "strife" must have been intense on the occasion above alluded to by Ben Jonson.

particularly wooden expression familiar in the Scotchmen and Indians used as signs by tobacco-shops, accompanied by an idiotic stare that would be but a sorry advertisement for the humblest establishment in the trade; and which we would be quite as unlikely to look for in the Stratford scapegrace as in the immortal bard of the Shakespearians. It is of this picture that Boaden quotes somebody's remark that "it is lucky these metrical commendations are not required to be delivered on oath." And Steevens says, on the supposition that Ben Jonson, and not the engraver, put the copy of verses on the title-page beneath the effigy: "Ben Jonson might know little about art, care less about the resemblance, and, never having compared the engraving from the picture, have rested satisfied with the recollection that the original was a faithful resemblance; and that, no doubt, the engraver had achieved all that his art could perform."

No. 2. The edition of the plays of 1690 is accompanied with what is known as "Marshall's picture," which so closely follows, as to face, forehead, hair, beard, and collar, the engraving above described, as to suggest that it was a copy either of that engraving, or of the unknown picture from which that was taken. But, if a copy, it is certainly, from a pictorial point of view, an improvement. It looks much more like a man. The simpleton stare around the eyes is toned down, and the wooden aspect modified into something like life. Marshall has taken liberties with the dress of No. 1, throwing in a sort of tunic over the left shoulder, hitching on an arm with a gauntleted hand grasping a sprig of laurel, etc., etc.

No. 3. The Felton Head.—"In the catalogue of the fourth exhibition and sale by private contract," says Boaden (page 81), "at the European Museum, King Street, St. James Square, 1792," this picture was announced to the public in the following words:

No. 359—a curious portrait of Shakespeare, painted in 1597.

On the 31st of May, 1792, a Mr. Felton bought it for five guineas, and, on requiring its credentials, received the following letter:

To Mr. S. Felton, Drayton, Shropshire—Sir: The head of Shakespeare was purchased out of an old house, known by the sign of "The Boar," in Eastcheap, London, where Shakespeare and his friends used to resort; and report says was painted by a player of that time, but whose name I have not been able to learn.

This letter was signed "J. Wilson," who was the conductor of the European Museum. This "J. Wilson" appears to have been the original

Barnum. Although Prince Hal and Falstaff are said in the play to have affected "The Boar's Head in Eastcheap," it does not appear, except from Mr. "J. Wilson," that "Shakespeare and his friends" ever resorted thither. There was an old inn in Eastcheap, but it was not called "The Boar's Head." There *was* an inn by that name, however, in Blackfriars, near the theatre, from which the manager might have borrowed it. Then, again, Mr. "J. Wilson" seemed to have forgotten the great fire in London in 1666, which, "in a few hours, in a strong east wind, left the whole of Eastcheap a mass of smoking ruins, and the wretched inhabitants could think of saving nothing but their lives." Mr. Wilson subsequently amended his story so as to read that "it was found between four and five years ago at a broker's shop at the Minories by a man of fashion, whose name must be concealed," etc., etc. Mr. Steevens, who scouted the other pictures as spurious, accepted this picture, for a time, as the original of the engravings we have called No. 1 and No. 2; but, finally, the whole thing exploded and was forgotten.

No. 4. The Bust in Stratford Church.—This was carved by nobody knows whom, from nobody knows what, nobody knows when. Says Boaden (page 31), "The performance is not too good for a native sculptor." In 1623 Leonard Digges alludes to it in a few verses well known. It seems to have been originally colored, but there is no testimony as to the original colors. In 1748, one hundred and twenty-five years after Digges, John Hall, a Stratford artist, "restored" it, painting the eyes a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. This was "a good enough" Shakespeare for all practical purposes for the next half hundred years or so. But in 1793 came Mr. Malone. He caused the bust—in deference, possibly, to a purer taste and a sense of churchly propriety—to be covered completely with a thick coat of white paint. From this bust a Mr. Bullock once took a cast, which is sometimes engraved as frontispiece to an edition of the plays, in which case it is entitled "Cast of the head of William Shakespeare, taken after death."*

The bust represents its subject as possessing a magnificent head, admirably proportioned, with no protruding "bumps." The face is represented as breaking into a smile. According to this effi-

* The statement "taken after death," at least, is strictly true, William being unquestionably dead at the time. While these pages are going through the press (April, 1879), however, we find a statement that the bust was made "by Gerard Johnson, a native of Amsterdam," and that within a year or two (and since this writer visited it) one Simon Collins has applied a bath to the bust—removing Malone's whitewash, and revealing the identical auburn hair and hazel eyes which tradition had asserted to be underneath.

gy, Shakespeare must have had an extraordinarily broad upper lip, the distance between the base of the nose and the mouth being remarkably out of proportion with the other facial developments; there seems to be a little difficulty, too, about the chin, which is pulled out into what appears to be a sort of extra nose; but, nevertheless, the Stratford bust represents a fine, soldierly-looking man, with a fierce military mustache cocked up at the ends, and a goatee. If Ben Jonson—knowing his friend William Shakespeare to have been the martial and altogether elegant-looking gentleman the Stratford bust represents him—authorized the verses we have already quoted to be placed under the “Droeshout engraving,” it was a deliberate libel on his part, and as gross as it was deliberate.

No. 5. “The Chandos Portrait.”—This picture, so termed because once the property of the Duke of Chandos, is the best known of all the so-called portraits—being, in fact, the one from which the popular idea of Shakespeare is derived; therefore, when a man is said to resemble Shakespeare, it is meant to be conveyed that he bears a likeness to the Chandos picture. Mr. Malone announced that it was painted in 1607, but never gave any other authority than his own *ipse dixit* for the statement, not even taking the trouble to refer, like Mr. J. Wilson, to “a man of fashion whose name must be concealed.” Mr. Boaden says (page 42) that he once saw it, and compared it “with what had been termed a fine copy, I think by Piamberg, and found it utterly unlike.” “Indeed,” he continues, “I never saw anything that resembled it.” He also says (pages 41, 42) that “the copies by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Humphrey were not only unlike the original, but unlike each other, one being smiling and the other grave.” That is to say, that not only have the romancers constructed “biographies,” but the artists have kept up with them; and we may, every one of us, select our own Shakespeare today—poet or potman, scholar or clown, tall or short, fair or dark; we may each suit our own tastes with a Shakespeare to our liking. Mr. Boaden continues (page 49): “It” (the Chandos) “was very probably painted by Burbage, the great tragedian, who is known to have handled the pencil; it is said to have been the property of Joseph Taylor, our poet’s Hamlet, who, dying about 1653, at the advanced age of seventy, left the picture by will to Davenant. At the death of Davenant in 1663 it was bought by Betterton, the actor, and when he died Mr. Robert Keck, of the Inner Temple, gave Mrs. Barry, the actress, forty guineas for it. From Mr. Keck it passed to Mr. Nichol, of Southgate, whose daughter married the Marquis of Caernarvon.”

Steevens, whom Boaden quotes (page 43), declined to be convinced by this genealogy, and

said, “Gossip rumor had given out that Davenant was more than Shakespeare’s godson.* What folly, therefore, to suppose that he should possess a genuine portrait of the poet, when his lawful daughters had not one! Mrs. Barry was an actress of acknowledged gallantry; as she received forty guineas for the picture, something more animated might have been included though not specified in the bargain,” etc., etc. Steevens was fond of calling this picture “the Davenantico-Battertono-Barryan-Keckian-Nicolsian-Chandosian portrait.” “There are,” says Boaden (page 53), “a few circumstances relating to the picture of which some notice should be taken in this examination. There is, it seems, a tradition that, no original picture of Shakespeare existing, Sir Thomas Clarges caused a” (i. e., this) “portrait to be painted from a young man who had the good fortune to resemble him” (i. e., Shakespeare. Query: How did Sir Thomas know that the young man resembled Shakespeare?). Mr. Malone traced this story to “The Gentleman’s Magazine” for August, 1759, and called on the writer for his authority; but the writer, whoever he was, never gave it, any more than Malone gave his authority for announcing its date to be 1607; but Malone himself says that “most reports of this kind are an adumbration of some fact, and indication of something in kind or degree similar or analogous.”

No. 6. This is a portrait, so called, by Zuccharo, which need not detain us, since Mr. Boaden himself demonstrates very clearly that it was not in any event painted from life, and, not improbably, did not originally claim to have been intended for Shakespeare at all.

Mr. Boaden’s No. 7 is the “Cornelius Jansen picture,” and to this Mr. Boaden pins his earnest faith. He says this “is now in the collection of the Duke of Somerset”; but he appears to make no attempt to connect it with William Shakespeare except as follows: Cornelius Jansen is said to have painted the daughter of Southampton—ergo, he might have been Southampton’s family painter, and Southampton might have been desirous to possess a portrait of his friend Shakespeare done by his own painter—ergo, Jansen might have had William Shakespeare for a sitter! This is all the authority for the authenticity; but that it is—judging from the engraving in Mr.

* There is a story that once, on the occasion of one of Shakespeare’s visits to Stratford, a villager, meeting young Davenant in the street, asked him where he was going. “To the inn, to see my godfather Shakespeare,” said the lad. “Beware how you take the name of God in vain, my lad,” said the other. The allusions to William’s gallantries are numerous. On the Stratford parish records there is entry of the birth of one “Thomas Green, alias Shakespeare.”

Boaden's book—a magnificent picture, we think there can be no question.

On the supposition that the Chandos is an authentic likeness of Shakespeare, this Jansen certainly bears a strong Shakespearean resemblance. In it the hair is curling, as in the Chandos, not straight, as in the Droeshout and the Marshall engravings. The mustache, which is cut tight to the face without being shaved, as in the Droeshout, and strong and heavy, as in the bust, is lighter than the Chandos, while the beard is fuller. There is nothing of the tremendous upper lip represented in the bust.

Mr. Boaden (page 195) describes it as an eyewitness, he having had access to it for the purposes of the book before us. He says: "It is an early picture by Cornelius Jansen, tenderly and beautifully painted. Time seems to have treated it with infinite kindness, for it is quite pure, and exhibits its original surface. . . . The portrait is on panel, and attention will be required to prevent a splitting of the oak, in two places, if my eye have not deceived me."

As for Earlom, who copied the picture, Boaden says: "He had lessened the amplitude of the forehead; he had altered the form of the skull; he had falsified the character of the mouth; and, though his engraving was still beautiful, and the most agreeable exhibition of the poet, I found it would be absolutely necessary to draw the head again, as if he had never exercised his talent upon it" (page 195). It has taken an army of novelists, painters, engravers, and essayists to erect simple William Shakespeare of Stratford into the god he ought to have been. Mr. Boaden specifies further the picture said to have once decorated the pair of bellows belonging to Queen Elizabeth's own private apartments, besides still one other, both of which he rejects as spurious.

Thus, on the best examination we are enabled to make, and according to the Shakespeareans themselves, there is nothing of certitude, nothing even of the certitude of conjecture, as to the features of the Stratford boy, whoever he was, and whatever his works. We should, perhaps, mention that Mr. Boaden surmises that the Droeshout picture is a portrait of William Shakespeare the actor, in the character of "Old Knowell," and that the Stratford bust was caused to be executed by Dr. Hall, a son-in-law of its subject, and was the work of one Thomas Stanton, who followed a cast taken after death. But, as Mr. Boaden admits, this is his surmise only. However insuperable, therefore—in the run of cases—the "young ladies' argument" to prove from the pictures that William Shakespeare WAS NOT author of the plays is quite weak enough, but, as an argument to prove that he WAS such author, it is weakness and impotence itself.

But one question now remains necessary to be asked, the ordinary question which a court would be obliged to ask concerning any exhibit produced before it, and claimed as authentic or authoritative—namely, where did the plays called Shakespeare's come from? how did they get into print? who, if anybody, delivered the "copy" to the printer, and vouched for its authorship? It is manifest that we have no business here with any question of criticism, or as to an authenticity between different editions of the same play; but the plays were written TO BE PLAYED: how did they come to be published so that millions of readers, who never entered a playhouse where they were performed, read and still read them?

In order to arrive at any supposition as to these considerations which would be of any value to our purpose in these papers, it will be necessary to glance at the state of literary property in the days between 1585 and 1606. Now, in those days, there was absolutely no legal protection for an author's manuscript. Once it had strayed beyond the writer's hand it was practically *publici juris*—anybody's property. The first law of copyright enacted in England was the act of Anne of April 10, 1710, more than one hundred years after the last date at which commentators claim the production of a Shakespearean play. Even the first authoritative pronouncement of a competent tribunal as to literary property at common law (which preceded, of course, all literary property definable by statute) was not made until 1769, fifty-nine years later. But the Court of Star Chamber (of obscure origin, but known to have been of powerful jurisdiction in the time of Henry VII.) was in the height of its ancient omnipotence in those years. And of the various matters of which it took cognizance, one of the earliest was the publishing, printing, and even the keeping and reading of books. Under date of June 23, 1585—the year that many commentators assign as that in which William Shakespeare first turned up in London—this Star Chamber, which had already issued many such, issued a decree that none should "print any book, work, or copy, against the form or meaning of any restraint contained in any statute or laws of this realm," etc., etc. Twenty-nine years before—in 1556—Philip and Mary had erected ninety-seven booksellers into a body called "The Stationers' Company," who were to monopolize the printing of books, if they so chose. They had given them power and authority—and their second charter, in 1558, confirmed them in it—to "break locks, search, seize," and, in short, to suppress any printed matter they did not choose to license, wherever they pleased. This the Worshipful Company of Stationers did not fail to do; they pursued, and the Star Chamber convicted. The

disgraceful record of infamous and inhuman prosecutions and punishments for reading, keeping, selling, or making books might well detain us here, did our scope permit.* Whatever literature accomplished in those days it accomplished by stealth, in defiance of the implacable and omnipotent Star Chamber and its bloodhound, the Stationers' Company, who ran in its victims.

It can not, we think, be doubted, by a student of those times,† that whatever literary property existed at common law then existed in the shape of a license TO PRINT a work, under permission of the Stationers' Company; and that what we understand by "copyright" to-day—namely, an author's or a proprietor's right to demand a royalty or percentage, or to exercise other control over the work when once printed and published—was altogether unclaimed. Whatever compensation the author of a work was able to obtain, he doubtless obtained beforehand by sale of his manuscript, and dreamed not of setting up a tangible property as against any one who had obtained the Stationers' Company's license to print it. The Stationers' Company, at the outset of its career, opened a record, in which it entered the name of every book it licensed—the date, and the name of the person authorized to print it.

It was under these circumstances and restrictions, and in times like these, that the Shakespearean plays began to appear in print. Where did they come from? They were written TO BE PLAYED. According to all accounts they were

very valuable to the theatre which produced them. Every personal and selfish interest of the proprietors, whether of the theatre or of the manuscript plays, dictated that they should be kept in secret—least of all that they should be printed and made accessible to the public outside of the theatre, who otherwise, to see them, must become patrons of the house where they were performed. That the author or authors of the plays could have made them of more profit by selling them to the printers than to the players, is doubtful; that they personally entered them, or such of them as were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, is certainly not the fact; the only persons to whose interest it was to print them were the printers themselves, and in all probability it was the printers who did cause them to be printed.

But where did these printers procure the "copy" from which to set up the plays they printed? The question will never be answered. Mr. Grant White admits,* as must everybody who examines into the matter, that whatever the printers printed was unauthorized and surreptitious. The manuscripts might have been procured by bribing individual actors, each of whom could have easily furnished a copy of his particular part, and so the whole be made up for the press. The fact that the plays never were printed without more or less of the stage directions or "business" included, lends probability to this theory.

But, having admitted this much, Mr. White is too ardent a Shakespearean not to make some effort to throw a guise of authenticity around the text he has so lovingly followed. In the article we have just quoted from in our foot-note, he says, "It is not improbable that, in case of great and injurious misrepresentation of the text of a play by" this surreptitious method of publication, "fair copies were furnished by the theatrical people at the author's request in self-defense." They might have found their way into print just as the comedy of "Play" found its way into print in 1868 (see *Palmer vs. De Witt*, 47 New York, 532), or the play of "Mary Warner" (in *Crowe vs. Aiken*, 2 Biss. R., 208), at about the same date.

* "Such of his plays as were published during his lifetime seem to have been given to the press entirely without his agency; indeed, his interest was against their publication. . . . It was the interest of all concerned, whether as proprietors, or only as actors, or, like himself, as both, that the theatre should have the entire benefit of whatever favor they enjoyed with the public. But the publishers, or stationers, as they were then called, eagerly sought copies of them for publication, and obtained them surreptitiously: sometimes, it would seem, by corrupting persons connected with the theatre, and sometimes, as the text which they printed shows, by sending short-hand writers to the performance."

* See "Omitted Chapters of the History of England," by Andrew Basset, 1864.

† "The person who first resolved on printing a book, and entered his design in that register, became thereby the legal proprietor of that work, and had the sole right of printing it."—Carte, quoted in "Reasons for a Further Amendment of the Act 54 George III., c. 15," London, 1817.

John Camden Hotten, "Seven Letters, etc., on Literary Property," London, Hotten, 1871, describes the modern Stationers' Company as intrusted with "a vested interest over somebody else's property, a prescriptive right to interfere with the future work of other people's hands."

‡ We are aware that this statement as to the condition of authors' rights in the days of Elizabeth will not pass unchallenged; but a review of the reported cases, as well as the extant records of the Stationers' Company, will, we think, support our conclusion. The first reported case of piracy was in 1735, when the Master of the Rolls enjoined publication of "The Whole Duty of Man" (Morgan's "Law of Literature," vol. ii., p. 672), although John Milton, in the "Areopagitica," speaks, in 1644, twenty-eight years after Shakespeare's death, of "the right of every man" to "his several copy, which God forbid should be gainsaid." The "Areopagitica" is the greatest state paper of the republic of letters. It is the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights of the liberty of literature. For the text of the "Areopagitica" and copious notes as to the history of the days which called it out, see edition of J. W. Hales, Clarendon Press Series, Macmillan & Co., Oxford, 1874.

At any rate the editors of the first folio speak of the "stolen and surreptitious copies" which had preceded them.

The first and second editions of "Hamlet," 1603 and 1604, might have been the result of such manoeuvres on the part of the pirates and the author. However this may be, "twenty of Shakespeare's plays were published by various stationers during his lifetime; they are known as the quartos, from the form in which they are printed. They are most of them full of errors. . . . Some of them seem to have been put in type from stage copies, or, not improbably, from an aggregation of the separate parts which were in the hands of the various actors." In other words, Shakespeare's works were so imperfectly printed, against his will, during his lifetime, that he himself authorized *other imperfect*—Mr. White says they were imperfect—versions to be likewise printed!

Mr. White might have looked nearer home to more purpose. Nobody knows, nobody can know better than he, that what is called the "accepted" or "received" text of Shakespeare (if there is, to speak minutely, any such to-day) has been arrived at and made up piecemeal, and in the course of time, by the commentators,* selecting from the folios and other original editions such "readings" as the judgment of scholarship or the taste of criticism has, on the whole, adopted; and anybody who cares to take the trouble to examine these original editions can see as much for himself. To suppose that this text, as it stands to-day, is the text as its author or authors wrote it, is to suppose at least ten thousand coincidences, every one of which is, to say the least, improbable.

But that William Shakespeare, of Stratford—author though he may have been of a touching "Epitaph on Elias James"—ever wrote, furnished to the printer, or authorized the publication of a single Shakespearean (for so, in deference to the designation by which they are best known, we call them) play, there is no atom of evidence; and, in our opinion, no warrant for supposing. We have seen the monopoly that overruled the press. We have seen that the Stationers' Company insisted upon recording the name and ownership of every printed thing; and their records are still extant, and bear no trace of any

* This emendation of the text began very early. "How his fellow scribblers good-humoredly bantered him on that bull he perpetrated in 'Julius Cæsar,' which fairly out-erins Erin:

Cæsar, thou dost me wrong!

Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause!

But the passage was early corrected, for the first folios give only the altered form.—"Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses"—"Appletons' Journal" for April, 1879.

such claimant as William Shakespeare. We have weighed the surmises of the Shakespeareans as to these times, and seen their probable value; and have found it just as impossible to connect the immortal fragments we call the Shakespearean plays to-day with William Shakespeare, of Stratford, as we have already found it to imagine him as having access to the material, the sealed records, and the hidden muniments employed in their construction.

But were these plays, so printed *outside*, the same plays as those acted *inside* the theatre? * When we recall the style of audiences that assembled in those days (M. Taine says the spectators caroused and sang songs while the plays progressed; that they drank great draughts of beer; and, if they drank too much, burned juniper instead of retiring; anon, they would break upon the stage, toss in a blanket such performers as pleased them not, tear up the properties, etc., etc.)—when we recall this, it is not the easiest thing in the world to imagine this audience so very highly delighted, for instance, with Wolsey's long soliloquy (which the actor of to-day delivers in a dignified, low, and unimpassioned monotone, without gesture), or Hamlet's philosophical monologues, or Isabella's pious strains. Some plays were highly popular inside those theatres. Were these the ones? Mr. Grant White has all reason, probability, and common sense on his side, when he insists that the theatre most jealously guarded the manuscripts of the plays that were making its fortune; and that it would have been suicide in it to have circulated them outside, in print. But may not the echo of the popularity of certain plays called "Hamlet," "King John," "Macbeth," etc., have induced others, outside the theatre, to have circulated plays, christened with these names (or with and under the popular name of Shakespeare), for gain among the "unco' guid" who would not, or the impecunious who could not, enter the theatre door? There is no need of opening up so hopeless a speculation—a speculation pure and simple, that can never, in the nature of things, be confronted by data either way. But the fact does remain that these marvelous plays appeared in print contemporaneously with the professional career of an actor

* Was "Hamlet" originally a comic part, written "heavy" for the low comedian; and was it so represented in the days of Samuel Johnson? It has been generally supposed that Englishmen allowed themselves to be bullied by that unkempt, dirty, and mannerless old man, solely because of his brilliant literary qualities and invaluable judgment. But, in a passage quoted in our first paper, Johnson says, "The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth." People, nowadays, do not giggle over "the pretended madness of Hamlet"; unless "Hamlet" was low comedy in Johnson's day, his eminent literary judgment must have nodded for once.

named William Shakespeare, and in the same town where he acted; that, if they were his, it would have been to his interest to have kept them out of print; and that their appearance in print he most certainly did not authorize: and who can claim that one guess is not as good as another, where history is silent, and tradition askew, and the truth buried under the dust of centuries, overtopped by the rubbish of conjecture?

We repeat, we have no warrant to intrude upon the domain of criticism. The Shakespearean text, as we possess it to-day, is too priceless, whatever its source, to be rudely touched. But, so far as is revealed by the record of its appearance among printed literature, there is no evidence, internal or external, as to William Shakespeare's production of it, and as to its origin we are as hopelessly in the dark as ever.

Dubious as is the chronicle of those days as to other matters, it is singularly clear as to what was printed and what was not. For those were the sort of days when men whose names were not written in the books of the Stationers' Company printed at the peril of clipped ears and slit noses, or worse; and those books are still extant. But, by the fatality which seems to follow and pervade the name of William Shakespeare, this record, like every other, national or local, yields nothing to the probe but disappointment and silence as to the man of Stratford and the actor of Blackfriars.

We have already considered as to whether the same intellect composed the "Hamlet" at one sitting, and at another located Bohemia on the seacoast; and whether, on inspection, it might not be strongly suggested that the two conceptions indicated geniuses of quite different orders and not one and the same person; that one showed the hand-marks of a poet and the other the hand-marks of the stage-manager, etc. If the limits of this paper permitted, we believe the same hand-marks might be collected from the treatment of the text of every play. For instance, the "Comedy of Errors" is supposed to occur during the days when Ephesus was ruled by a duke, and follows—as we have already shown—the unities of the Menæchmi of Plautus. But the ignoramus who doctored the paraphrase for the Blackfriars stage found it convenient, to bring on his stage effect, to introduce a Christian monastery into Ephesus at about that time, with a lady abbess who could refuse admission to the Duke himself, so inviolable and sacred was the sanctuary of consecrated Christian walls! The monastery was as convenient to bringing all the befogged and befooled and sadly mixed-up personages of the comedy face to face at the moment as was the seashore and the bear in "A Winter's

Tale" to account for the Princess Perdita among the shepherds, and so in they all go. These and the like brummagem and *ruses de convenance* are simple enough to understand, and detract in no degree whatever from the value of the plays: they can be retired or retained at pleasure and no harm done, if we only remember to whom and to what they are assignable. But, if we forget that, and insist that the very same pen which wrote the dialogue wrote the setting—wrote every entrance, exit, and direction to the scene-shifters and stage-carpenters, and therefore that every dot and comma, every call and cue, every "gag" and localism, is as sacred as Holy Writ, no wonder the scholars of the text are puzzled!

For example, we find that Mr. Wilkes and a very candid writer in the "American Catholic Review" for January, 1879—who otherwise believe the author of the Shakespearean plays to have been a Roman Catholic—are almost persuaded that he must have been a Protestant, because he finds occasion to make mention of an "evening mass." But let us assure Messrs. Wilkes and Harper that they need neither abandon nor adopt a theory on rencontre with so trivial a phenomenon. If William Shakespeare felt the need of an "evening mass" at any time, we may be fairly sure, from our experience of that worthy, that he put one in. He had bolted too many camels in his day to hesitate at such a gnat as that! The creator of a convent in old Ephesus and of a seacoast to Bohemia was not one to stick at a trifling "evening mass"!

The gentlemen above mentioned believe the author of the plays to have been a Romanist, mainly because the liturgy and priesthood of that Church are invariably treated with respect in the plays, while Dissenting parsons are poked fun at without stint. But we doubt if the fact justifies much of a conclusion either way. Doubtless in the modern drama the same rule will be perceived to obtain. The imperious liturgy and priesthood of the Roman or of the stately Anglican Church appear to be beyond the attempts of travesty; while the snivel and preach of mere Puritanism has always been too tempting an opportunity for "Aminadab Sleeks" and his type—to be resisted.* Besides, there is no call to insist that the stage, in epitomizing life into the compass of an hour, shall preserve every detail; nothing less than a Chinese theatre could answer a demand like that. There is a dramatic license even broader than the license accorded to poetry, and we would doubtless find the drama a sad bore if there were not. William Shakespeare, during his managerial career, appears to have understood this as well as

* Mr. Grant White says, "The same Rev. Mr. Davies who records his unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, also writes that he died a Papist."

anybody, nor have the liberties he took with facts and chronology befogged anybody except the daily lessening investigators, who believe him to be the original of the masterpieces he cut into playbooks for his stage.

It must not be supposed, however, that William Shakespeare never tried his hand at verse-making; he would have been a paragon almost equal to that he has been considered, had he resisted that! During the leisure of his later life at Stratford, no less than in the lampooning efforts of his vagrom youth, he seems to have turned his pen to rhyme. And the future may yet bring forth a Shakespearean honest enough to collect these verses—as they follow here—and to entitle them—

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EPITAPH ON ELIAS JAMES.*

When God was pleased, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature paid his debt,
And here reposes; as he liv'd he dyde;
The saying in him strongly verified—
Such life, such death; then, the known truth to tell,
He lived a godly lyfe, and dyde as well.

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS STANLEY.†

Ask who lyes here, but do not weepe:
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe;
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones,
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

Not monumental stone preserves our fame
Nor skye aspyring pyramids our name;
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands,
When all to Time's consumption shall be given;
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.

EPITAPH ON TOM-A-COMBE, OTHERWISE THIN-
BEARD.‡

Thin in beard and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse;
He went to the grave with many a curse,
The Devil and he had both one nurse.

* On the authority of "a MS. volume of poems by Herrick and others, in the handwriting of Charles I., in the Bodleian Library."

† On the authority of Sir William Dugdale ("Visitation Book"), who says, "The following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian."

‡ On the authority of Peck, "Memoirs of Milton," 4to, 1740.

WHOM I HAVE DRUNKEN WITH.*

Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillsborough and hungry Grafton;
With dancing Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom and drunken Bidford.

EPITAPH ON JOHN COMBES.†

Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved;
If any one ask, "Who lies in this tomb?"
"Oh! ho!" quoth the Devil, "'tis my John a
Combe!"

LAMPOON ON SIR THOMAS LUCY.‡

A Parliament member, a justice of peace—
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an asse;
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

He thinks himself great, but an asse in his state
We allow bye his eares but with asses to mate;
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

He's a haughty, proud, insolent knight of the shire,
At home nobody loves yet there's many that fear;
If Lucy is lowsie as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

To the Sessions he went, and did lowdly complain
His park had been robbed and his deere they were
slain;

This Lucy is lowsie as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

He sayd 'twas a ryot, his men had been beat,
His venison was stol'n and clandestinely eat:
So Lucy is lowsie as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

So haughty was he when the fact was confessed
He sayd 'twas a wrong that could not be redressed;
So Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

Though lues a dozen he wear on his coat,
His name it shall lowsie for Lucy be wrote;
For Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it—
We'll sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

If a juvenile frolic he cannot forgive,
We'll sing lowsie Lucy as long as we live;
And Lucy the lowsie a libel may call it—
We'll sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

* On the authority of John Jordan.

† Aubrey's version makes the first two lines read—

Ten in the hundred the Devil allows,
But Combes will have twelve, he swears and vows.

‡ On the authority of Aubrey. This is William Shakespeare's longest and most ambitious work.

INSCRIPTION FOR HIS OWN TOMB.*

Good friend for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here
Bless'd be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he who moves my bones.

These are all the poetical compositions William Shakespeare appears to have left behind him at his death in 1616; and there seems to be no reason why he could not have written them; and, unless he has written through a spirit medium, he has written nothing since.

It certainly would be unfair to insert, in this edition of Master Shakespeare's poetry, all that he borrowed and dressed up (and, according to Richard Greene, he borrowed and dressed up a great deal). We have already, in our former paper, quoted from Greene. It is fashionable with the Shakespearians to sneer at Greene, because he was "jealous" of Shakespeare. He appears to have had reason to be jealous! But no name is bad enough to bestow on poor Greene. Mr. Grant White says: "Robert Greene, writing from the fitting deathbed of a groveling debauchee, warns three of his literary companions to shun intercourse with," etc., "certain actors, Shakespeare among the rest." If Robert Greene died from over-debauch, it is no more than Shakespeare himself died of, according to an entry "in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, who was appointed Vicar of Stratford in 1662,"† and according to Mr. White himself, from whom we take this reference.

"It is not impossible," says Mr. White, "that this piece of gossiping tradition is true." He is right to call it "gossiping tradition," for it is piece and parcel of all the other mention of William Shakespeare of Stratford. If it were not for "gossiping tradition" we had never heard, and Mr. White had never written, of that personage. But Mr. White makes no reservation of "gossiping tradition" in the case of Robert Greene. Greene dies "on the fitting deathbed of a groveling debauchee," because he was jealous of William Shakespeare, and was so injudicious, and so far forgot himself, as to call that "jack of all trades" an "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," etc. To our ears we confess that poor Robert Greene's dying words—if they were his dying words—sound like an *ante-mortem* legacy of warning and prophecy to the ages which were to follow him. But they have not been heeded. His "upstart crow"

has not only kept all his borrowed feathers, but is arrayed each passing day with somebody's richer and brighter plumage. If Robert Greene could speak from the dust, he doubtless could tell us—as Jonson and the rest might have told us in their lifetimes, and they only would—whose all this plumage really was and is. But all are dust and ashes together now—dust and ashes three centuries old, and, as Miss Bacon said, "Who loses anything that does not find" the secret of that dust? However, not a Shakespearean stops to waste a sigh over the memory of poor Robert Greene, who saw his bread snatched from his mouth by a scissor of other men's brains, and who was too human to see and hold his peace; but over the drunken grave of the Stratford pretender—who was vanquished in his cups at Bidford and Peabworth, and lay all night under the thorn-tree, but who died bravely in them at the last—they weep as for one cut off untimely, as Dame Quickly over the lazed and lecherous clay of Sir John Falstaff: "Nay, sure, he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever a man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any Christom child." But let us not assume the appearance of unkindness to William Shakespeare. He lived a merry life; and, so far as we can know, wronged nobody except his own wife, poor Robert Greene, and perhaps the delinquent for corn delivered. He loved his own, but that is no wrong. And, so far as the world can ever know, he claimed not as his, save by his silence, the works a too flattering posterity has assigned him.

The appeal to history not only declines to set aside, but affirms with costs, the verdict rendered upon the evidence. And the sum is briefly this: If William Shakespeare wrote the plays, it was a miracle; everything else being equal, the presumption is against a miracle; but, here, everything else is not equal, for all the facts of history are reconcilable with the presumption and irreconcilable with the miracle; if history is history, then miracle there was none—in other words, if there were one miracle, then there must have been two. If there had lived no such man as William Shakespeare, that "William Shakespeare" would be as good a name as any other to designate the authorship of the Shakespearean page, who will consider it worth while to question? But to credit the historical man with the living page demands, in our estimation, an innocence of credulity that is almost physical blindness!

But what is the summing up on the other side? Upon what statement is the case for the respondent to be rested? Merely that Ben Jonson (a poet) once said (in poetry) that his fellow actor was the First of Poets!!! Merely this, and nothing more. Any one who cares to examine

* On the authority of common opinion in the vicinity of Stratford, but not traceable to any responsible source.

† This entry, as given by Mr. White, is as follows: "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merie meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

for himself will find the residue of the so-called "contemporary testimony" to be rather CRITICISM, as to the compositions, than CHRONICLE, as to the man. And these poets do not swear to their verses.

In our first paper we remarked of this gentry, who are never required to make oath to what they state, that "of the contemporaries of William Shakespeare who lamented his death in verse, *most* of their eulogies are quite vague as to whether they considered their departed friend as an actor or a poet, and may be construed either way." Right here a critic remarks, "This is absurd," and quotes Ben Jonson's lines:

Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

For a good poet's made as well as born,
And such wert thou—

which are supposed important enough to require meeting by themselves. We said "most of," not "all." As for these lines, we understand them to have been quoted to Lord Brougham (who went further than we have gone, and asserted that Lord Bacon was the concealed author of the plays). "Oh," said Brougham, "these fellows always hang together; or it's just possible Jonson may have been deceived with the rest." But the question is not "Was Shakespeare a poet?" but "Had he access to the material from which the plays are composed?" Admit him to have been the greatest poet, the most frenzied genius in the world, where did he get—not the poetry, but—the classical, philosophical, chemical, historical, astronomical, geological, etc., etc., information—the FACTS that crowd his pages? We have presented a mass of historical evidence in these two papers, going to prove that William Shakespeare of Stratford had not and could not have had such access. Are ten lines of poetry by Ben Jonson—his warm friend and fellow craftsman (not sworn to, of course, but we waive that; and we may add, not nearly as tropical or ecstatic as they might have been, and yet been quite justifiable under the rule *nil nisi*)—to outweigh all historic certainty? If his contemporary had written a life, or memoir, or "recollections," or "table-talk" of William Shakespeare, it might have been different. But he only gives us a few cheap lines of poetical eulogy; and fact is one thing, and poetry—except in this instance, as it seems—is conceded to be altogether another.

"If I go, who remains? If I remain, who goes?" said Dante to the Council of Florence. Take the Shakespearean pages away from English literature, and what remains? Retain them, and what departs? And yet are men to believe that the writer of these pages left no impress on

his age and no item in the chronicle of his time? * that, in the intensest focus of the clear, calm lime-light of nineteenth-century inspection and investigation, their author stands only revealed in the gossip of goodwives or the drivell of a pot-house clientage? Who is it—his reason and judgment once enlisted—who believes this thing?

Heaven forbid that we should rob the stage of Master William Shakespeare! The stage was the people's teacher then, and it is the people's teacher now. To the world it has taught—and nothing does it teach more earnestly to-day—the lesson of fortitude under adversity, of honor and of *noblesse oblige*; and, if for nothing else, the stage has been a godsend to the race. Let us not rob the stage of its own creations; and, whatever he was—poet or actor, philosopher or country gentleman—THAT—out of a vagabond—a nobody—a nothing at all—the stage created William Shakespeare!

APPLETON MORGAN.

* Mr. Grant White does not admit that Shakespeare was unappreciated in his own time. He says (Appletons' "American Cyclopædia," article "Shakespeare"): "The fact is quite otherwise. His 'Venus and Adonis' had run through five editions by 1602. Both it and 'Lucrece' are highly extolled by contemporary writers. Spenser alludes to him in 'Colin Clout,' written in 1594, as one

Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound.

Francis Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia"—1598—said that "the sweete wittie soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare: witness his "Venus and Adonis," his "Lucrece," his sugred sonnets among his private friends." "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage." And this was before his greatest works were written. Meres adds: "As Epilus Stolo said that the Muses would speake with Plautus' tongue if they would speake Latin, so I say that the Muses would speake with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they would speake English." We know, too, that his plays were as attractive to the public as they were satisfactory to those critics who were not his rivals. Leonard Digges, born in 1588, tells us, in verses not published till 1640, that when the audience saw Shakespeare's plays they were ravished, and went away in wonder; and that, though Ben Jonson was admired, yet, when his best plays would hardly bring money enough to pay for a sea-coal fire, Shakespeare's would fill "cockpit, galleries, boxes," and scarce leave standing room." And yet, after citing all this testimony to the sensation which THE PLAYS produced in the city and among the critics, Mr. White is honest enough to say, in another place in the same article, of THE MAN Shakespeare: "A century ago George Steevens wrote, 'All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is, that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there, went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried.' The assiduous researches of one hundred years have discovered little more than this."

THE LITERATURE OF THE VICTORIAN REIGN.

FIRST SURVEY.*

THE close of the Crimean war is a great landmark in the reign of Queen Victoria. This, therefore, is a convenient opportunity to cast a glance back upon the literary achievements of a period so markedly divided in political interest from any that went before it. The reign of Queen Victoria is the first in which the constitutional and Parliamentary system of government came fairly and completely into recognition. It is also the reign which had the good fortune to witness the great modern development in all that relates to practical invention, and more especially in the application of science to the work of making communication rapid between men. On land and ocean, in air and under the sea, the history of rapid travel and rapid interchange of message coincides with that of the present reign. Such a reign ought to have a distinctive literature. So in truth it has. Of course it is somewhat bold to predict long and distinct renown for contemporaries or contemporary schools. But it may perhaps be assumed without any undue amount of speculative venturesomeness that the age of Queen Victoria will stand out in history as the period of a literature as distinct from others as the age of Elizabeth or Anne, although not perhaps equal in greatness to the latter, and far indeed below the former. At the opening of Queen Victoria's reign a great race of literary men had come to a close. It is curious to note how sharply and completely the literature of Victoria separates itself from that of the era whose heroes were Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth. Before Queen Victoria came to the throne, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, and Keats were dead. Wordsworth lived, indeed, for many years after; so did Southey and Moore; and Savage Landor died much later still. But Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, and Landor had completed their literary work before Victoria came to the throne. Not one of them added a cubit or an inch to his intellectual stature from that time; some of them even did work which distinctly proved that their day was done. A new and fresh breath was soon after breathed into literature. Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable about the better

literature of the age of Queen Victoria than its complete severance from the leadership of that which had gone before it, and its evidence of a fresh and genuine inspiration. It is a somewhat curious fact, too, very convenient for the purposes of this history, that the literature of Queen Victoria's time thus far divides itself clearly enough into two parts. The poets, novelists, and historians who were making their fame with the beginning of the reign had done all their best work and made their mark before these later years, and were followed by a new and different school, drawing inspiration from wholly different sources, and challenging comparison as antagonists rather than disciples.

We speak now only of literature. In science the most remarkable developments were reserved for the later years of the reign. We use the words "remarkable developments" in the historical rather than in the scientific sense. It would be hardly possible to overrate the benefits conferred upon science and the world by some of the scientific men who made the best part of their fame in the earlier years of the reign. Some great names at once start to the memory. We think of Brewster, the experimental philosopher, who combined in so extraordinary a degree the strictest severity of scientific argument and form with a freedom of fancy and imagination which lent picturesqueness to all his illustrations and invested his later writings especially with an indefinable charm. We think of Michael Faraday, the chemist and electrician, who knew so well how to reconcile the boldest researches into the heights and depths of science with the sincerest spirit of faith and devotion; the memory of whose delightful improvisations on the science he loved to expound must remain for ever with all who had the privilege of hearing the unrivaled lecturer deliver his annual discourses at the Royal Institution. It is not likely that the name of Sir John Herschel, a gifted member of a gifted family, would be forgotten by any one taking even the hastiest glance at the science of our time—a family of whom it may truly be said, as the German prose-poet says of his dreaming hero, that their eyes were among the stars and their souls in the blue ether. Richard Owen's is, in another field of knowledge, a great renown. Owen has been called the Cuvier of England and the Newton of natural history, and there can not be any doubt that his researches

* This chapter from Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," volumes i. and ii. of which have just been published in London, is offered as a suitable supplement to Mr. Spencer Walpole's "English Literature," which appeared in the "Journal" for February and March of the present year.—EDITOR APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

and discoveries as an anatomist and paleontologist have marked a distinct era in the development of the study to which he devoted himself. Hugh Miller, the author of "The Old Red Sandstone" and "The Testimony of the Rocks," the devotee and unfortunately the martyr of scientific inquiry, brought a fresh and brilliant literary ability, almost as untutored and spontaneous as that of his immortal countryman, Robert Burns, to bear on the exposition of the studies to which he literally sacrificed his life. If, therefore, we say that the later period of Queen Victoria's reign is more remarkable in science than the former, it is not because we would assert that the men of this later day contributed in richer measure to the development of human knowledge, and especially of practical science, than those of the earlier time. But it was in the later period that the scientific controversies sprang up and the school arose which will be, in the historian's sense, most closely associated with the epoch. The value of the labors of men like Owen and Faraday and Brewster is often to be appreciated thoroughly by scientific students alone. What they have done is to be recorded in the history of science rather than in the general and popular history of a day. But the school of scientific thought which Darwin founded, and in which Huxley and Tyndall taught, is the subject of a controversy which may be set down as memorable in the history of the world. All science and all common life accepted with gratitude and without contest the contributions made to our knowledge by Faraday and Brewster; but the theories of Darwin divided the scientific world, the religious world, and indeed all society, into two hostile camps, and so became an event in history which the historian can no more pass over than, in telling of the growth of the United States, he could omit any mention of the great civil war. Even in dealing with the growth of science it is on the story of battles that the attention of the outer world must to the end of time be turned with the keenest interest. This is, one might almost think, a scientific law in itself, with which it would be waste of time to quarrel.

The earlier part of the reign was richer in literary genius than the later has thus far been. Of course the dividing line which we draw is loosely drawn, and may sometimes appear to be capricious. Some of those who won their fame in the earlier part continued active workers, in certain instances steadily adding to their celebrity, through the succeeding years. The figure of Thomas Carlyle is familiar still to all who live in the neighborhood of Chelsea. It was late in the reign of Victoria that Stuart Mill came out for the first time on a public platform in London

after a life divided between official work and the most various reading and study; a life divided too between the seclusion of Blackheath and the more poetic seclusion of Avignon, among the nightingales whose song was afterward so sweet to his dying ears. He came, strange and shy, into a world which knew him only in his books, and to which the gentle and grave demeanor of the shrinking and worn recluse seemed out of keeping with the fearless brain and heart which his career as a thinker proved him to have. The reign had run for forty years when Harriet Martineau was taken from that beautiful and romantic home in the bosom of the lake country to which her celebrity had drawn so many famous visitors for so long a time. The renown of Dickens began with the reign, and his death was sadly premature when he died in his quaint and charming home at Gad's Hill, in the country of Falstaff and Prince Hal, some thirty-three years after. Mrs. Browning passed away very prematurely; but it might well be contended that the fame, or at least the popularity, of Robert Browning belongs to this later part of the reign even though his greatest work belongs to the earlier. The author of the most brilliant and vivid book of travel known in our modern English, "Eothen," made a sudden renown in the earlier part of the reign, and achieved a new and a different sort of repute as the historian of the Crimean war during the later part. Still, if we take the close of the Crimean war as an event dividing the reign thus far into two parts, we shall find that there does seem a tolerably clear division between the literature of the two periods. We have therefore put in this first part of our history the men and women who had distinctly made their mark in these former years, and who would have been famous if from that time out they had done nothing more. It is with this division borne in mind that we describe the reign as more remarkable in the literature of the earlier and in the science of these later years. It is not rash to say that, although poets, historians, and novelists of celebrity came afterward and may come yet, the literature of our time gave its measure, as the French phrase is, in that earlier period.

Alike in its earlier passages and in its later the reign is rich in historical labors. The names of Grote, Macaulay, and Carlyle occur at once to the mind when we survey the former period. Mr. Grote's history of Greece is indeed a monumental piece of work. It has all that patience and exhaustive care which principally mark the German historians, and it has an earnestness which is not to be found generally in the representatives of what Carlyle has called the Dryasdust school. Grote threw himself completely into the life and the politics of Athens. It was

said of him with some truth that he entered so thoroughly into all the political life of Greece as to become now and then the partisan of this or that public man. His own practical acquaintance with politics was undoubtedly of great service to him. We have all grown somewhat tired of hearing the words of Gibbon quoted in which he tells us that "the discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." Assuredly the practical knowledge of politics which Grote acquired during the nine or ten years of his Parliamentary career was of much service to the historian of Greece. It has been said indeed of him that he never could quite keep from regarding the struggles of parties in Athens as exactly illustrating the principles disputed between the Liberals and the Tories in England. It does not seem to us, however, that his political career affected his historical studies in any way, but by throwing greater vitality and nervousness into his descriptions of Athenian controversies. The difference between a man who has mingled anywhere in the active life of politics, and one who only knows that life from books and the talk of others, is specially likely to show itself in such a study as Grote's history. His political training enabled Grote to see in the statesmen and soldiers of the Greek peoples men and not trees walking. It taught him how to make the dry bones live. Mr. Grote began life as what would have been called in later years a Philosophical Radical. He was a close friend of Stuart Mill, although he did not always agree with Mill in his opinions. During his Parliamentary career he devoted himself for the most part to the advocacy of the system of vote by ballot. He brought forward a motion on the subject every session as Mr. Charles Villiers did at one time for the repeal of the Corn Laws. He only gave up the House of Commons in order that he might be free to complete his great history. He did not retain all his radical opinions to the end of his life so thoroughly as Mill did, but owned with a certain regret that in many ways his views had undergone modification, and that he grew less and less ardent for political change, less hopeful, we may suppose, of the amount of good to be done for human happiness and virtue by the spread and movement of what are now called advanced opinions. It must be owned that it takes a very vigorous and elastic mind to enable a man to resist the growth of that natural and physical tendency toward conservatism or reaction which comes with advancing years. It is as well for society on the whole that this should be so, and that the elders as a

rule should form themselves into a guard to challenge very pertinaciously all the eager claims and demands for change made by hopeful and restless youth. No one would more readily have admitted the advantage that may come from this common law of life than Grote's friend Mill; although Mill remained to the close of his career as full of hope in the movement of liberal opinions as he had been in his boyhood; still, to quote from some noble words of Schiller, "reverencing as a man the dreams of his youth." In his later years Grote withdrew from all connection with active political controversy, and was indeed curiously ignorant of the very bearings of some of the greatest questions around the settlement of which the passions and interests of another hemisphere were brought into fierce and vast dispute.

We have already had occasion more than once to speak of Macaulay, the great Parliamentary debater and statesman. It is the less necessary to say much of him as an historian; for Macaulay will be remembered rather as a man who could do many things brilliantly than as the author of a history. Yet Macaulay's "History of England," whatever its defects, is surely entitled to rank as a great work. We do not know whether grave scholars will regard it as to the honor of the book or the reverse, that it was by far the most popular historical essay ever produced by an Englishman. The successive volumes of Macaulay's "History of England" were run after as the Waverley Novels might have been at the zenith of their author's fame. Living England talked for the time of nothing but Macaulay's "England." Certainly history had never before in our country been treated in a style so well calculated to render it at once popular, fascinating, and fashionable. Every chapter glittered with vivid and highly colored description. On almost every page was found some sentence of glowing eloquence or gleaming antithesis, which at once lent itself to citation and repetition. Not one word of it could have failed to convey its meaning. The whole stood out in an atmosphere clear, bright, and incapable of misty illusion as that of a Swiss lake in summer. No shade or faint haze of a doubt appeared anywhere. The admirer of Macaulay had all the comfort in his studies that a votary of the Roman Catholic Church may have. He had an infallible guide. He had no need to vex himself with doubt, speculation, or even conjecture. This absolute certainty about everything was, beyond question, one great source of Macaulay's popularity. That resolute conviction which readers of a more intellectual class are especially inclined to distrust has the same charm for the ordinary reader that it has for children, who never care to

hear any story if they suppose the narrator does not know all about it in such a way as to render question or contradiction impossible. But although this was one of the causes of Macaulay's popularity, it was not the most substantial cause. The brilliancy of his style, the variety and aptness of his illustrations, and the animated manner in which he contrived to set his ideas of men, places, and events before the reader—these were among the sources of success to which his admirers must look with the greatest satisfaction. It is of late somewhat the fashion to disparage Macaulay. He was a popular idol so long that in the natural course of things it has come to him to have his title to worship, or even to faith, very generally questioned. To be unreasonably admired by one generation is to incur the certainty of being unreasonably disparaged by the next. The tendency of late is to assume that because Macaulay was brilliant he must necessarily be superficial. But Macaulay was not superficial. He was dogmatic; he was full of prejudice; he was in all respects a better advocate than judge; he was wanting in the calm, impartial balancing faculty which an historian of the highest class ought to have; but he was not superficial. No man could make out a better and stronger case for any side of a controversy which he was led to espouse. He was not good at drawing or explaining complex characters. He loved indeed to picture contradictory and paradoxical characters. Nothing delighted him more than to throw off an animated description of some great person, who, having been shown in the first instance to possess one set of qualities in extreme prominence, was then shown to have a set of exactly antagonistic qualities in quite equal prominence. This was not describing a complex character. It was merely embodying a paradox. It was to "solder close," as Timon of Athens says, "impossibilities and make them kiss." There was something too much of trick about this, although it was often done with so much power as to bewilder the better judgment of the calmest reader. But, where Macaulay happened to be right in his view of a man or an event, he made his convictions clear with an impressiveness and a brilliancy such as no modern writer has surpassed. The world owes him something for having protested by precept and example against the absurd notion that the "dignity of history" required of historians to be grave, pompous, and dull. He was not a Gibbon, but he wrote with all Gibbon's delight in the picturesqueness of a subject, and Gibbon's resolve to fascinate as well as to instruct his readers. Macaulay's history tries too much to be an historical portrait gallery. The dangers of such a style do not need to be pointed out. They are amply illustrated in Macaulay's spar-

ling pages. But it is something to know that their splendid qualities are far more conspicuous still than their defects. Perhaps very recent readers of history too may feel disposed to be grateful to Macaulay for having written without any profound philosophical theory to expound. He told history like a story. He warmed up as he went along, and grew enamored, as a romancist does, of this character and angry with that other. No doubt he frequently thus did harm to the trustworthiness of his narrative where it had to deal with disputed questions, although he probably enhanced the charms of his animated style. But he did not set out with a mission to expound some theory as to a race or a tendency, and therefore pledged beforehand to bend all facts of the physical, the political, and the moral world to the duty of bearing witness for him and proclaiming the truth of his message to mankind.

Macaulay was not exactly what the Germans would call a many-sided man. He never was anything but the one Macaulay in all he did or attempted. But he did a great many things well. Nothing that he ever attempted was done badly. He was as successful in the composition of a pretty valentine for a little girl as he was in his history, his essays, his "Lays of Ancient Rome," and his Parliamentary speeches. In everything he attempted he went very near to that success which true genius achieves. In everything he just fell short of that achievement. But he so nearly attained it that the reader who takes up one of Macaulay's books or speeches for the first time is almost sure to believe, under the influence of the instant impression, that the genuine inspiration is there. Macaulay is understood to have for a long time thought of writing a romance. If he had done so, we may feel sure that many intelligent readers would have believed on the first perusal of it that it was almost on a level with Scott, and only as the first impression gradually faded, and they came to read it over again, have found out that Macaulay was not a Scott in fiction any more than he was a Burke in eloquence or a Gibbon in history. He filled for a long time a larger space in the public mind than any other literary man in England, and his style greatly affected literary men. But his influence did not pierce deeply down into public feeling and thought as that of one or two other men of the same period undoubtedly did, and does still. He did not impress the very soul of English feeling as Mr. Carlyle, for example, has done.

No influence suffused the age from first to last more strongly than that of Thomas Carlyle. England's very way of thinking was at one time profoundly affected by Carlyle. He introduced the English people to the great German authors, very much as Lessing had introduced the Ger-

mans to Shakespeare and the old English ballads. Carlyle wrote in a style which was so little like that ordinarily accepted as English, that the best thing to be said for it was that it was not exactly German. At one time it appeared to be so completely molded on that of Jean Paul Richter, that not a few persons doubted whether the new-comer really had any ideas of his own. But Carlyle soon proved that he could think for himself; and he very often proved it by thinking wrong. There was in him a strong, deep vein of the poetic. Long after he had evidently settled down to be a writer of prose and nothing else, it still seemed to many that his true sphere was poetry. The grim seriousness which he had taken from his Scottish birth and belongings was made hardly less grim by the irony which continually gleamed or scowled through it. Truth and force were the deities of Carlyle's especial worship. "The eternal verities" sat on the top of his Olympus. To act out the truth in life, and make others act it out, would require some force more strong, ubiquitous, and penetrating than we can well obtain from the slow deliberations of an ordinary Parliament, with its debates and divisions and everlasting formulas. Therefore, to enforce his eternal verities, Carlyle always preached up and yearned for the strong man, the poem in action, whom the world in our day had not found, and perhaps could not appreciate. If this man were found, it would be his duty and his privilege to drill us all as in some vast camp, and compel us to do the right thing to his dictation. It can not be doubted that this preaching of the divine right of force had a serious and sometimes a very detrimental effect upon the public opinion of England. It degenerated often into affectation, alike with the teacher and the disciples. But the influence of Carlyle in preaching earnestness and truth, in art and letters and everything else, had a healthy and very remarkable effect entirely outside the regions of the moralist, who in this country at least has always taught the same lesson. It is not probable that individual men were made much more truthful in England by Carlyle's glorification of the eternal verities than they would have been without it. But his influence on letters and art was peculiar, and was not evanescent. Carlyle is distinctly the founder of a school of history and a school of art. In the mean while we may regard him simply as a great author, and treat his books as literary studies and not as gospels. Thus regarded, we shall find that he writes in a style which every sober critic would feel bound to condemn, but which nevertheless the soberest critic is forced continually, despite of himself and his rules, to admire. For out of the strange jargon which he seems to have deliberately adopt-

ed, Carlyle has undoubtedly constructed a wonderfully expressive medium in which to speak his words of remonstrance and admonition. It is a mannerism, but a mannerism into which a great deal of the individuality of the man seems to have entered. It is not wholly affectation or superficiality. Carlyle's own soul seems to speak out in it more freely and strenuously than it would in the ordinary English of society and literature. No tongue, says Richter, is eloquent save in its own language; and this strange language which he has made for himself does really appear to be the native tongue of Carlyle's powerful and melancholy eloquence. Carlyle is endowed with a marvelous power of depicting stormy scenes and rugged, daring natures. At times strange wild piercing notes of the pathetic are heard through his strenuous and fierce bursts of eloquence like the wail of a clarion thrilling between the blasts of a storm. His history of the French Revolution is history read by lightning. Of this remarkable book John Stuart Mill supplied the principal material; for Mill at one time thought of writing a history of the Revolution himself, but, giving up the idea, placed the materials he had collected at the service of Carlyle. Carlyle used the materials in his own way. He is indebted to no one for his method of making up his history. With all its defects, the book is one of the very finest our age has produced. Its characters stand out like portraits by Rembrandt. Its crowds live and move. The picture of Mirabeau is worthy of the hand of the great German poet who gave us Wallenstein. But Carlyle's style has introduced into this country a thoroughly false method of writing history. It is a method which has little regard for the "dry light" which Bacon approved. It works under the varying glare of colored lights. Its purpose is to express scorn of one set of ideas and men, and admiration of another. Given the man we admire, then all his doings and ways must be admirable; and the historian proceeds to work this principle out. Carlyle's Mirabeau is as truly a creature of romance as the Monte Cristo of Dumas. This way of going to work became even more apparent, as the mannerisms became more incessant, in Carlyle's later writings—in the "Frederick the Great," for example. The reader dares not trust such history. It is of little value as an instructor in the lessons of the times and events it deals with. It only tells us what Carlyle thought of the times and the events, and the men who were the chief actors in them. Nor does Carlyle bequeath many new ideas to the world which he stirred by his stormy eloquence. That falsehood can not prevail over truth in the end, nor simulacra do the work of realities, is not after all a

lesson which earth can be said to have waited for up to the nineteenth century and the coming of Carlyle; and yet it would be hard to point to any other philosophical outcome of Mr. Carlyle's teaching. His value is in his eloquence, his power, his passion, and pathos; his stirring and lifelike pictures of human character, whether faithful to the historical originals or not; and the vein of poetry which runs through all his best writings, and sometimes makes even the least sympathetic reader believe that he has to do with a genuine poet.

In strongest contrast to the influence of Carlyle may be set the influence of Mill. Except where the professed teachers of religious creeds are concerned, there can be found no other man in the reign of Victoria who had anything like the influence over English thought that Mill and Carlyle possessed. Mill was a devoted believer in the possibilities of human nature and of liberty. If Rousseau was the apostle of affliction, Mill was surely the apostle of freedom. He believed that human society might be brought to something not far removed from perfection by the influence of education and of freedom acting on the best impulses and disciplining the emotions of men and women. Mill was a strange blending of political economist and sentimentalist. It was not altogether in humorous exaggeration that somebody said he was Adam Smith and Petrarch in one. The curious seclusion in which he was brought up by his father, the wonderful discipline of study to which in his very infancy he was subjected, would have made something strange and striking out of a commonplace nature; and Mill was in any case a man of genius. There was an antique simplicity and purity about his life which removed him altogether from the ways of ordinary society. But the defect of his teaching as an ethical guide was that he made too little allowance for the influence of ordinary society. He always seemed to act on the principle that with true education and noble example the most commonplace men could be persuaded to act like heroes, and to act like heroes always. The great service which he rendered to the world in his "Political Economy" and his "System of Logic" is of course independent of his controverted theories and teachings. These works would, if they were all he had written, place him in the very front rank of English thinkers and instructors. But these only represent half of his influence on the public opinion of his time. His faith in the principle of human liberty led him to originate the movement for what is called the emancipation of women. Opinions will doubtless long differ as to the advantages of the movement, but there can be no possible difference of judgment as to the

power and fascination of Mill's advocacy and the influence he exercised. He did not succeed in his admirable essay "On Liberty" in establishing the rule or principle by which men may decide between the right of free expression of opinion and the right of authority to ordain silence. Probably no precise boundary line can ever be drawn; and in this, as in so much else, law-makers and peoples must be content with a compromise. But Mill's is at least a noble plea for the fullest possible liberty of utterance; and he has probably carried the argument as far as it ever can be carried. There never was a more lucid and candid reasoner. The most difficult and abstruse questions became clear by the light of his luminous exposition. Something too of human interest and sympathy became infused into the most seemingly arid discussions of political economy by the virtue of his emotional and half-poetic nature. It was well said of him that he reconciled political economy with human feeling. His style was clear as light. Mill, said one of his critics, lives in light. Sometimes his language rose to a noble and dignified eloquence; here and there are passages of a grave, keen irony. Into the questions of religious belief which arise in connection with his works it is no part of our business to enter; but it may be remarked that his latest writings seem to show that his views were undergoing much modification in his closing years. His opponents would have allowed as readily as his supporters that no man could have been more sincerely inspired with a desire to arrive at the truth; and that none could be more resolute to follow the course which his conscience told him to be right. He carried this resolute principle into his warmest controversies, and it was often remarked that he usually began by stating the case of the adversary better than the adversary could have done it for himself. Applying to his own character the same truthful method of inquiry which he applied to others, Mill has given a very accurate description of one at least of the qualities by which he was able to accomplish so much. He tells us in his "Autobiography" that he had from an early period considered that the most useful part he could take in the domain of thought was that of an interpreter of original thinkers, and mediator between them and the public. "I had always a humble opinion of my own powers as an original thinker, except in abstract science (logic, metaphysics, and the theoretic principles of political economy and politics), but thought myself much superior to most of my contemporaries in willingness and ability to learn from everybody; as I found hardly any one who made such a point of examining what was said in defense of all opinions, however new or however

old, in the conviction that even if they were errors there might be a substratum of truth underneath them, and that in any case the discovery of what it was that made them plausible would be a benefit to truth." This was not assuredly Mill's greatest merit, but it was perhaps his most peculiar quality. He was an original thinker, despite his own sincere disclaimer; but he founded no new system. He could be trusted to examine and expound any system with the most perfect fairness and candor; and even where it was least in harmony with his own ideas to do the fullest justice to every one of its claims.

Harriet Martineau's career as a woman of letters and a teacher began, indeed, before the reign of Queen Victoria, but it was carried on almost without interruption during nearly forty years of the reign. She was political economist, novelist, historian, biographer, and journalist; and in no path did she fail to make her mark. Few women could have turned to the occupations of a political writer under greater physical disadvantages; and no man in this line of life, however well furnished by nature with physical and intellectual qualifications for success, could have done better work. She wrote some exquisite little stories, and one or two novels of more ambitious character. It is praise enough to give them when we say that, although fiction certainly was not work for which she was most especially qualified, yet what she did seems to be destined to live and hold a place in our literature. She was, so far as we know, the only Englishwoman who ever achieved distinct and great success as a writer of leading articles for a daily newspaper. Her strong prejudices and dislikes prevent her from being always regarded as a trustworthy historian. Her "History of the Thirty Years' Peace"—for it may be regarded as wholly hers, although Charles Knight began it—is a work full of vigorous thought and clear description, with here and there passages of genuine eloquence. But it is marred in its effect as a trustworthy narrative by the manner in which the authoress yields here and there to inveterate and wholesale dislikes; and sometimes, though not so often or so markedly, to an overwrought hero-worship. Miss Martineau had to a great extent an essentially masculine mind. She was often reproached with being unfeminine; and assuredly she would have been surprised to hear that there was anything womanish in her way of criticising public events and men. Yet in reading her "History" one is sometimes amused to find that that partisanship which is commonly set down as a specially feminine quality affects her estimate of a statesman. Hers is not by any means the Carlylean way of starting with a theory and finding all virtue and glory in the man

who seems to embody it, and all baseness and stupidity in his opponents. But when she takes a dislike to a particular individual, she seems to assume that where he was wrong he must have been wrong of set malign purpose, and that where he chanced to be in the right it was in mistake, and in despite of his own greater inclination to be in the wrong. It is fortunate that these dislikes are not many, and also that they soon show themselves, and therefore cease to be seriously misleading. In all other respects the book well deserves careful study. The life of the woman is a study still more deeply interesting. Others of her sex there were of greater genius, even in her own time; but no Englishwoman ever followed with such perseverance and success a career of literary and political labor.

"The blue-peter has long been flying at my foremast, and, now that I am in my ninety-second year, I must soon expect the signal for sailing." In this quaint and cheery way Mary Somerville, many years after the period at which we have now arrived in this work, described her condition and her quiet waiting for death. No one surely could have better earned the right to die by the labors of a long life devoted to the education and the improvement of her kind. Mary Somerville has probably no rival among women as a scientific scholar. Her summary of Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*," her treatise on the "Connection of the Physical Sciences," and her "Physical Geography" would suffice to place any student, man or woman, in the foremost rank of scientific expounders. The "Physical Geography" is the only one of Mrs. Somerville's remarkable works which was published in the reign of Queen Victoria; but the publication of the other two preceded the opening of the reign by so short a time, and her career and her fame so entirely belong to the Victorian period, that, even if the "Physical Geography" had never been published, she must be included in this history. "I was intensely ambitious," Mrs. Somerville says of herself in her earlier days, "to excel in something, for I felt in my own breast that women were capable of taking a higher place in creation than that assigned to them in my early days, which was very low." It is not exaggeration to say that Mrs. Somerville distinctly raised the world's estimate of woman's capacity for the severest and the loftiest scientific pursuits. She possessed the most extraordinary power of concentration, amounting to an entire absorption in the subject which she happened to be studying, to the exclusion of all disturbing sights and sounds. She had in a supreme degree that which Carlyle calls the first quality of genius, an immense capacity for taking trouble. She had also, happily for herself, an immense capacity for

finding enjoyment in almost everything: in new places, people and thoughts; in the old familiar scenes and friends and associations. Hers was a noble, calm, fully-rounded life. She worked as steadfastly and as eagerly in her scientific studies as Harriet Martineau did with her economics and her politics; but she had a more cheery, less sensitive, less eager and impatient nature than Harriet Martineau. She was able to pursue her most intricate calculations after she had passed her ninetieth year; and one of her chief regrets in dying was that she should not "live to see the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transit of Venus, and the source of the most renowned of rivers, the discovery of which will immortalize the name of Dr. Livingstone."

The paths of the two poets who first sprang into fame in the present reign are strangely remote from each other. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning are as unlike in style and choice of subject, and indeed in the whole spirit of their poetry, as Wordsworth and Byron. Mr. Tennyson deals with incident and picturesque form, and graceful legend, and with so much of doubt and thought and yearning melancholy as would belong to a refined and cultured intellect under no greater stress or strain than the ordinary chances of life among educated Englishmen might be expected to impose. He has revived with great success the old Arthurian legends, and made them a part of the living literature of England. But the knights and ladies whom he paints are refined, graceful, noble, without roughness, without wild or at all events complex and distracting passions. It may perhaps be said that Tennyson has taken for his province all the beauty, all the nobleness, all the feeling that lie near to or on the surface of life and of nature. His object might seem to be that which Lessing declared the true object of all art, "to delight"; but it is to delight in a somewhat narrower sense than was the meaning of Lessing. Beauty, melancholy, and repose are the elements of Tennyson's poetry. There is no storm, no conflict, no complication. Mr. Browning, on the other hand, delights in perplexed problems of character and life; in studying the effects of strange, contrasting forces of passion coming into play under peculiar and distracting conditions. All that lies beneath the surface; all that is out of the common track of emotion; all that is possible, that is poetically conceivable, but that the outer air and the daily walks of life never see, this is what specially attracts Mr. Browning. In Tennyson a knight of King Arthur's mythical court has the emotions of a polished English gentleman of our day, and nothing more. Mr. Browning would prefer, in treating of a polished English gentle-

man of our day, to exhibit him under some conditions which should draw out in him all the strange elementary passions and complications of emotion that lie far down in depths below the surface of the best-ordered civilization. The tendency of the one poet is naturally to fall now and then into the sweetly insipid; of the other to wander away into the tangled regions of the grotesque. It is perhaps only natural that under such conditions the one poet should be profoundly concerned for beauty of form, and the latter almost absolutely indifferent to it. No poet has more finished beauty of style and exquisite charm of melody than Tennyson. None certainly can be more often wanting in grace of form and delight of soft sound than Mr. Browning. There are many passages and even many poems of Browning which show that the poet could be melodious if he would; but he seems sometimes as if he took a positive delight in perplexing the reader's ear with harsh, untuneful sounds. Mr. Browning commonly allows the study of the purely psychological to absorb too much of his moods and of his genius. It has a fascination for him which he is seemingly unable to resist. He makes of his poems too often mere searchings into strange depths of human character and human error. He seldom abandons himself altogether to the inspiration of the poet; he hardly ever deserves the definition of the minstrel given in Goethe's ballad who "sings but as the song-bird sings." Moreover, Mr. Browning has an almost morbid taste for the grotesque; he is not unfrequently a sort of poetic Callot. It has to be added that Mr. Browning is seldom easy to understand, and that there are times when he is only to be understood at the expense of as much thought and study as one might give to a controverted passage in an ancient author. This is a defect of art, and a very serious defect. The more devoted of Mr. Browning's admirers will tell us, no doubt, that the poet is not bound to supply us with brains as well as poetry, and that if we can not understand what he says it is the fault simply of our stupidity. But an ordinary man who finds that he can understand Shakespeare and Milton, Dryden and Wordsworth, Byron and Keats, without any trouble, may surely be excused if he does not set down his difficulty about some of Browning's poems wholly to the account of his own dullness. It may be well doubted whether there is any idea so subtle that if the poet can actually realize it in his own mind clearly for himself the English language will not be found capable of expressing it with sufficient clearness. The language has been made to do this for the most refined reasonings of philosophical schools, for transcendentalists and utilitarians, for psychologists and metaphysicians. No

intelligent person feels any difficulty in understanding what Mill or Herbert Spencer or Huxley means; and it can hardly be said that the ideas Mr. Browning desires to convey to his readers are more difficult of exposition than some of those which the authors we name have contrived to set out with a white light of clearness all round them. The plain truth is, that Mr. Browning is a great poet in spite of some of the worst defects that ever stood between a poet and popularity. He is a great poet by virtue of his commanding genius, his fearless imagination, his penetrating pathos. He strikes an iron harp-string. In certain of his moods his poetry is like that of the terrible lyre in the weird old Scottish ballad, the lyre that was made of the murdered maiden's breastbone, and which told its fearful story in tones "that would melt a heart of stone." In strength and depth of passion and pathos, in wild humor, in emotion of every kind, Mr. Browning is much superior to Mr. Tennyson. The Poet Laureate is the completer man. Mr. Tennyson is beyond doubt the most complete of the poets of Queen Victoria's time. No one else has the same combination of melody, beauty of description, culture, and intellectual power. He has sweetness and strength in exquisite combination. If a just balance of poetic powers were to be the crown of a poet, then undoubtedly Mr. Tennyson must be proclaimed the greatest English poet of our time. The reader's estimate of Browning and Tennyson will probably be decided by his predilection for the higher effort or for the more perfect art. Browning's is surely the higher aim in poetic art; but of the art which he essays Tennyson is by far the completer master. Tennyson has undoubtedly thrown away much of his sweetness and his exquisite grace of form on mere triflings and pretty conceits; and perhaps as a retribution those poems of his which are most familiar in the popular mouth are just those which least do justice to his genuine strength and intellect. The cheap sentiment of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the yet cheaper pathos of "The May Queen," are in the minds of thousands the choicest representation of the genius of the poet who wrote "In Memoriam" and the "Morte d'Arthur." Mr. Browning, on the other hand, has chosen to court the approval of his time on terms of such disadvantage as an orator might who insisted in addressing an assemblage in some tongue which they but imperfectly understood. It is the fault of Mr. Browning himself if he has for his only audience and admirers men and women of culture, and misses altogether that broad public audience to which most poets have chosen to sing, and which all true poets, one would think, must desire to reach with their song. It is, on the other hand,

assuredly Mr. Tennyson's fault if he has by his too frequent condescension to the drawing-room, and even the young ladies' school, made men and women of culture forget for the moment his best things, and credit him with no higher gift than that of singing "*virginibus puerisque*." One quality ought to be mentioned as common to these two poets who have so little else in common. They are both absolutely faithful to nature and truth in their pictures of the earth and its scenes and seasons. Almost all the great poets of the past age, even including Wordsworth himself, were now and then content to generalize nature; to take some things for granted; to use their memory, or the eyes of others, rather than their own eyes, when they had to describe changes on leaf, or sky, or water. It is the characteristic of Tennyson and Browning that they deal with nature in a spirit of the most faithful loyalty. Not the branch of a tree, nor the cry of a bird, nor the shifting colors on sea or sky will be found described on their pages otherwise than as the eye sees for itself at the season of which the poet tells. In reading Tennyson's description of woodland and forest scenes one might almost fancy that he can catch the exact peculiarities of sound in the rustling and moaning of each separate tree. In some of Mr. Browning's pictures of Italian scenery every detail is so perfect that many a one journeying along an Italian road, and watching the little mouse-colored cattle as they drink at the stream, may for the moment almost feel uncertain whether he is looking on a page of living reality or recalling to memory a page from the author of "The Ring and the Book." The poets seem to have returned to the fresh simplicity of a far-distant age of poetry, when a man described exactly what he saw and was put to describing it because he saw it. In most of the intermediate times a poet describes because some other poet has described before, and has said that in nature there are such and such beautiful things which every true poet must see, and is bound to acknowledge accordingly in his verse.

These two are the greatest of our poets in the earlier part of the reign; indeed, in the reign early or late so far. But there are other poets also of whom we must take account. Mrs. Browning has often been described as the greatest poetess of whom we know anything since Sappho. This description, however, seems to carry with it a much higher degree of praise than it really bears. It has to be remembered that there is no great poetess of whom we know anything from the time of Sappho to that of Mrs. Browning. In England we have hardly had any woman but Mrs. Browning alone who really deserves to rank with poets. She takes a place al-

together different from that of any Mrs. Hemans or such singer of sweet, mild, and innocent note. Mrs. Browning would rank highly among poets without any allowance being claimed for her sex. But estimated in this way, which assuredly she would have chosen for herself, she can hardly be admitted to stand with the foremost even of our modern day. She is one of the most sympathetic of poets. She speaks to the hearts of numbers of readers who think Tennyson all too sweet, smooth, and trivial, and Robert Browning harsh and rugged. She speaks especially to the emotional in woman. In all moods when men or women are distracted by the bewildering conditions of life, when they feel themselves alternately dazzled by its possibilities and baffled by its limitations, the poems of Elizabeth Browning ought to find sympathetic ears. But the poems are not the highest which merely appeal to our own moods and echo our own plaints; and there was not much of creative genius in Mrs. Browning. Her poems are often but a prolonged sob; a burst of almost hysterical remonstrance or entreaty. It must be owned, however, that the egotism of emotion has seldom found such exquisite form of outpouring as in her so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese"; and that what the phraseology of a school would call the emotion of "altruism" has rarely been given forth in tones of such piercing pathos as in "The Cry of the Children."

Mr. Matthew Arnold's reputation was made before this earlier period had closed. He is a maker of such exquisite and thoughtful verse that it is hard sometimes to question his title to be considered a genuine poet. On the other hand, it is likely that the very grace and culture and thoughtfulness of his style inspire in many the first doubt of his claim to the name of poet. Where the art is evident and elaborate, we are all too apt to assume that it is all art and not genius. Mr. Arnold is a sort of miniature Goethe; we do not know that his most ardent admirers could demand a higher praise for him, while it is probable that the description will suggest exactly the intellectual peculiarities which lead so many to deny him a place with the really inspired singers of his day. Of the three men whom we have named we should be inclined to say that Mr. Arnold made the very most of his powers, and Mr. Browning the very least. Mr. Arnold is a critic as well as a poet: there are many who relish him more in the critic than in the poet. In literary criticism his judgment is refined, and his aims are always high if his range be not very wide; in politics and theology he is somewhat apt to be at once fastidious and fantastic.

The "Song of the Shirt" would give Thom-

as Hood a technical right, if he had none other, to be classed as a poet of the reign of Queen Victoria. The "Song of the Shirt" was published in "Punch" when the reign was well on; and after it appeared "The Bridge of Sighs"; and no two of Hood's poems have done more to make him famous. He was a genuine though not a great poet, in whom humor was most properly to be defined as Thackeray has defined it—the blending of love and wit. The "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" made themselves a kind of monumental place in English sympathies. The "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" was written several years before. It alone would have made for its author a reputation. The ballad of "Fair Inez" is almost perfect in its way. The name of Sir Henry Taylor must be included with the poets of this reign, although his best work was done before the reign began. In his work, clear strong intelligence prevails more than the emotional and the sensuous. He makes himself a poet by virtue of intellect and artistic judgment; for there really do seem some examples of a poet being made and not born. We can hardly bring Procter among the Victorian poets. Macaulay's ringing verses are rather the splendid and successful *tours de force* of a clever man than the genuine lyrics of a poet. Arthur Clough was a man of rare promise, whose lamp was extinguished all too soon. Philip James Bailey startled the world by his "Festus," and for a time made people believe that a great new poet was coming; but the impression did not last, and Bailey proved to be little more than the comet of a season. A spasmodic school which sprang up after the success of "Festus," and which was led by a brilliant young Scotchman, Alexander Smith, passed away in a spasm as it came, and is now almost forgotten. "Orion," an epic poem by Richard H. Horne, made a very distinct mark upon the time. Horne proved himself to be a sort of Landor *mangé*—or perhaps a connecting link between the style of Landor and that of Browning. The earlier part of the reign was rich in singers; but the names and careers of most of them would serve rather to show that the poetic spirit was abroad, and that it sought expression in all manner of forms, than that there were many poets to dispute the place with Tennyson and Browning. It is not necessary here to record a list of mere names. The air was filled with the voices of minor singers. It was pleasant to listen to their piping, and the general effect may well be commended; but it is not necessary that the names of all the performers in an orchestra should be recorded for the supposed gratification of a posterity which assuredly would never stop to read the list.

Thirty-six years have passed away since Mr. Ruskin leaped into the literary arena, with a spring as bold and startling as that of Kean on the Kemble-haunted stage. The little volume, so modest in its appearance and self-sufficient in its tone, which the author defiantly flung down like a gage of battle before the world, was entitled "Modern Painters: their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters; by a Graduate of Oxford." It was a challenge to established beliefs and prejudices; and the challenge was delivered in the tone of one who felt confident that he could make good his words against any and all opponents. If there was one thing that more than another seemed to have been fixed and rooted in the English mind, it was that Claude and one or two others of the old masters possessed the secret of landscape painting. When, therefore, a bold young dogmatist involved in one common denunciation "Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Ruysdael, Paul Potter, Canaletto, and the various Van-somethings and Koek-somethings, more especially and malignantly those who have libeled the sea," it was no wonder that affronted authority raised its indignant voice and thundered at him. Affronted authority, however, gained little by its thunder. The young Oxford graduate possessed, along with genius and profound conviction, an imperturbable and magnificent self-conceit, against which the surges of angry criticism dashed themselves in vain. Mr. Ruskin sprang into literary life simply as a vindicator of the fame and genius of Turner. But as he went on with his task he found, or at least he convinced himself, that the vindication of the great landscape painter was essentially a vindication of all true art. Still further proceeding with his self-imposed task, he persuaded himself that the cause of true art was identical with the cause of truth, and that truth, from Ruskin's point of view, inclosed in the same rules and principles all the morals, all the science, industry, and daily business of life. Therefore, from an art-critic he became a moralist, a political economist, a philosopher, a statesman, a preacher—anything, everything that human intelligence can impel a man to be. All that he has written since his first appeal to the public has been inspired by this conviction: that an appreciation of the truth in art reveals to him who has it the truth in everything. This belief has been the source of Mr. Ruskin's greatest successes, and of his most complete and ludicrous failures. It has made him the admiration of the world one week and the object of its placid pity or broad laughter the next. A being who could be Joan of Arc to-day and Voltaire's Pucelle to-morrow, would hardly exhibit a stronger psychical paradox than

the eccentric genius of Mr. Ruskin sometimes illustrates. But, in order to do him justice, and not to regard him as a mere erratic utterer of eloquent contradictions, poured out on the impulse of each moment's new freak of fancy, we must always bear in mind the fundamental faith of the man. Extravagant as this or that doctrine may be, outrageous as to-day's contradiction of yesterday's assertion may sound, yet the whole career is consistent with its essential principles and beliefs. It may be fairly questioned whether Mr. Ruskin has any great qualities but his eloquence and his true, honest love of nature. As a man to stand up before a society of which one part was fashionably languid and the other part only too busy and greedy, and preach to it of Nature's immortal beauty, and of the true way to do her reverence, Ruskin has and had a position of genuine dignity. This ought to be enough for the work and for the praise of any man. But the restlessness of Ruskin's temperament, combined with the extraordinary self-sufficiency which contributed so much to his success where he was master of a subject, sent him perpetually intruding into fields where he was unfit to labor, and enterprises which he had no capacity to conduct. Seldom has a man contradicted himself so often, so recklessly, and so complacently as Mr. Ruskin. It is venturesome to call him a great critic even in art, for he seldom expresses any opinion one day without flatly contradicting it the next. He is a great writer as Rousseau was—fresh, eloquent, audacious, writing out of the fullness of the present mood, and heedless how far the impulse of to-day may contravene that of yesterday. But as Rousseau was always faithful to his idea of truth, so Ruskin is always faithful to nature. When all his errors, and paradoxes, and contradictions shall have been utterly forgotten, this will remain to his praise. No man since Wordsworth's brightest days did half so much to teach his countrymen, and those who speak his language, how to appreciate and honor that silent Nature "which never did betray the heart that loved her."

In fiction as well as in poetry there are two great names to be compared or contrasted when we turn to the literature of the earlier part of the reign. In the very year of Queen Victoria's accession appeared "The Pickwick Papers," the work of the author who the year before had published the "Sketches by Boz." The public soon recognized the fact that a new and wonderfully original force had come into literature. The success of Charles Dickens is absolutely unequalled in the history of English fiction. At the season of his highest popularity Sir Walter Scott was not so popular an author. But that happened to Dickens which did not happen to Scott.

When Dickens was at his zenith, and when it might have been thought that any manner of rivalry with him was impossible, a literary man who was no longer young, who had been working with but moderate success for many years in light literature, suddenly took to writing novels, and almost in a moment stepped up to a level with the author of "Pickwick." During the remainder of their careers the two men stood as nearly as possible on the same level. Dickens always remained by far the more popular of the two; but on the other hand it may be safely said that the opinion of the literary world in general was inclined to favor Thackeray. From the time of the publication of "Vanity Fair" the two were always put side by side for comparison or contrast. They have been sometimes likened to Fielding and Smollett, but no comparison could be more misleading or less happy. Smollett stands on a level distinctly and considerably below that of Fielding; but Dickens can not be said to stand thus beneath Thackeray. If the comparison were to hold at all, Thackeray must be compared to Fielding, for Fielding is not in the least like Dickens; but then it must be allowed that Smollett wants many of the higher qualities of the author of "David Copperfield." It is natural that men should compare Dickens and Thackeray; but the two will be found to be curiously unlike when once a certain superficial resemblance ceases to impress the mind. Their ways of treating a subject were not only dissimilar but were absolutely in contrast. They started, to begin with, under the influence of a totally different philosophy of life, if that is to be called a philosophy which was probably only the result of peculiarity of temperament in each case. Dickens set out on the literary theory that in life everything is better than it looks; Thackeray with the impression that it is worse. In the one case there was somewhat too much of a mechanical interpretation of everything for the best in the best possible world; in the other the savor of cynicism was at times a little annoying. As each writer went on, the peculiarity became more and more of a mannerism. But the writings of Dickens were far more deeply influenced by his peculiarities of feeling or philosophy than those of Thackeray. A large share of the admiration which is popularly given to Dickens is undoubtedly a tribute to what people consider his cheerful view of life. In that, too, he is especially English. In this country the artistic theory of France and other Continental nations, borrowed from the æsthetic principles of Greece, which accords the palm to the artistic treatment rather than to the subject, or the purpose, or the way of looking at things, has found hardly any broad and general acceptance. The popularity

of Dickens was therefore in great measure due to the fact that he set forth life in cheerful lights and colors. He had of course gifts of far higher artistic value; he could describe anything that he saw with a fidelity which Balzac could not have surpassed; and like Balzac he had a way of inspiring inanimate objects with a mystery and motive of their own which gave them often a weird and fascinating individuality. But it must be owned that if Dickens's peculiar "philosophy" were effaced from his works the fame of the author would remain a very different thing from what it is at the present moment. On the other hand, it would be possible to cut out of Thackeray all his little cynical, melancholy sentences and reduce his novels to bare descriptions of life and character, without affecting in any sensible degree his influence on the reader or his position in literature. Thackeray had a marvelously keen appreciation of human motive and character within certain limits. If Dickens could draw an old quaint house or an odd family interior as faithfully and yet as picturesquely as Balzac, so on the other hand not Balzac himself could analyze and illustrate the weaknesses and foibles of certain types of character with greater subtlety of judgment and force of exposition than Thackeray. Dickens had little or no knowledge of human character, and evidently cared very little about the study. His stories are fairy tales made credible by the masterly realism with which he described all the surroundings and accessories, the costumes, and the ways of his men and women. While we are reading of a man whose odd peculiarities strike us with a sense of reality as if we had observed them for ourselves many a time, while we see him surrounded by streets and houses which seem to us rather more real and a hundred times more interesting than those through which we pass every day, we are not likely to observe very quickly, or to take much heed of the fact when we do observe it, that the man acts on various important occasions of his life as only people in fairy stories ever do act. Thackeray, on the other hand, cared little for descriptions of externals. He left his readers to construct for themselves the greater part of the surroundings of his personages from his description of the characters of the personages themselves. He made us acquainted with the man or woman in his chapters as if we had known him or her all our life; and knowing Pendennis or Becky Sharp we had no difficulty in constructing the surroundings of either for ourselves. Thus it will be seen that these two eminent authors had not only different ideas about life, but absolutely contrasting principles of art. One worked from the externals inward; the other realized the unseen, and left

the externals to grow of themselves. Three great peculiarities, however, they shared. Each lived and wrote of and for London. Dickens created for art the London of the middle and poorer classes; Thackeray did the same for the London of the upper class and for those who strive to imitate their ways. Neither ever even attempted to describe a man kept constantly above and beyond the atmosphere of mere egotism by some sustaining greatness or even intensity of purpose. In Dickens, as in Thackeray, the emotions described are those of conventional life merely. This is not to be said in disparagement of either artist. It is rather a tribute to an artist's knowledge of his own capacity and sphere of work that he only attempts to draw what he thoroughly understands. But it is proper to remark of Dickens and of Thackeray, as of Balzac, that the life they described was after all but the life of a coterie or a quarter, and that there existed side by side with their field of work a whole world of emotion, aspiration, struggle, defeat, and triumph, of which their brightest pages do not give a single suggestion. This is the more curious to observe because of the third peculiarity which Dickens and Thackeray had in common—a love for the purely ideal and romantic in fiction. There are many critics who hold that Dickens in "Barnaby Rudge" and the "Tale of Two Cities," Thackeray in "Esmond," exhibited powers which vindicated for their possessors a very rare infusion of that higher poetic spirit which might have made of both something greater than the painters of the manners of a day and a class. But to paint the manners of a day and a class as Dickens and Thackeray have done is to deserve fame and the gratitude of posterity. The age of Victoria may claim in this respect an equality at least with that of the reign which produced Fielding and Smollett; for if there are some who would demand for Fielding a higher place on the whole than can be given either to Dickens or to Thackeray, there are not many on the other hand who would not say that either Dickens or Thackeray is distinctly superior to Smollett. The age must claim a high place in art which could in one department alone produce two such competitors. Their effect upon their time was something marvelous. People talked Dickens or thought Thackeray.

Passion, it will be seen, counted for little in the works of Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens, indeed, could draw a conventionally or dramatically wicked man with much power and impressiveness; and Thackeray could suggest certain forms of vice with wonderful delicacy and yet vividness. But the passions which are common to all human natures in their elementary moods made but little play in the novels of either writ-

er. Both were in this respect, for all their originality and genius in other ways, highly and even exclusively conventional. There was apparently a sort of understanding in the mind of each—indeed, Thackeray has admitted as much in his preface to "Pendennis"—that men and women were not to be drawn as men and women are known to be, but with certain reserves to suit conventional etiquette. It is somewhat curious that the one only novel-writer who during the period we are now considering came into any real rivalry with them, was one who depended on passion altogether for her material and her success. The novels of a young woman, Charlotte Brontë, compelled all English society into a recognition not alone of their own sterling power and genius, but also of the fact that profound and passionate emotion was still the stuff out of which great fiction could be constructed. "Exultations, agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind" were taken by Charlotte Brontë as the matter out of which her art was to produce its triumphs. The novels which made her fame, "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," are positively aflame with passion and pain. They have little variety. They make hardly any pretense to accurate drawing of ordinary men and women in ordinary life, or at all events under ordinary conditions. The authoress had little of the gift of the mere story-teller; and her own peculiar powers were exerted sometimes with indifferent success. The familiar on whom she depended for her inspiration would not always come at call. She had little genuine relish for beauty, except the beauty of a weird melancholy and of decay. But when she touched the chord of elementary human emotion with her best skill, then it was impossible for her audience not to feel that they were under the spell of a power rare indeed in our well-ordered days. The absolute sincerity of the author's expression of feeling lent it great part of its strength and charm. Nothing was ever said by her because it seemed to society the right sort of thing to say. She told a friend that she felt sure "Jane Eyre" would have an effect on readers in general because it had so great an effect on herself. It would be possible to argue that the great strength of the books lay in their sincerity alone; that Charlotte Brontë was not so much a woman of extraordinary genius as a woman who looked her own feelings fairly in the face, and painted them as she saw them. But the capacity to do this would surely be something which we could not better describe than by the word genius. Charlotte Brontë was far from being an artist of fulfilled power. She is rather to be regarded as one who gave evidence of extraordinary gifts which might with time and care, and under happier artistic auspices, have been

turned to such account as would have made for her a fame with the very chiefs of her tribe. She died at an age hardly more mature than that at which Thackeray won his first distinct literary success; much earlier than the age at which some of our greatest novelists brought forth their first completed novels. But she left a very deep impression on her time, and the time that has come and is coming after her. No other hand in the age of Queen Victoria has dealt with human emotion so powerfully and so truthfully. Hers are not cheerful novels. A cold, gray, mournful atmosphere hangs over them. One might imagine that the shadow of an early death is forecast on them. They love to linger among the glooms of Nature, to haunt her darkling, wintry twilights, to study her stormy sunsets, to link man's destiny and his hopes, fears, and passions somehow with the glare and gloom of storm and darkness, and to read the symbols of his fate as the foredoomed and passion-wasted Antony did in the cloud-masses that are "black vesper's pageants." The supernatural had a constant vague charm for Charlotte Brontë, as the painful had. Man was to her a being torn between passionate love and the more ignoble impulses and ambitions and common-day occupations of life. Woman was a being of equal passion, still more sternly and cruelly doomed to repression and renunciation. It was a strange fact that in the midst of the splendid material successes and the quietly triumphant intellectual progress of this most prosperous and well-ordered age, when even in its poetry and its romance passion was systematically toned down and put in thrall to good taste and propriety, this young writer should have suddenly come out with her books all thrilling with emotion, and all protesting in the strongest practical manner against the theory that the loves and hates of men and women had been tamed by the process of civilization. Perhaps the very novelty of the apparition was in great measure a part of its success. Charlotte Brontë did not, indeed, influence the general public, or even the literary public, to anything like the same extent that Thackeray and Dickens did. She appeared and passed away almost in a moment. As Miss Martineau said of her, she stole like a shadow into literature and then became a shadow again. But she struck very deeply into the heart of the time. If her writings were only, as has been said of them, a cry of pain, yet they were such a cry as once heard lingers and echoes in the mind for ever after. Godwin declared that he would write in "Caleb Williams" a book which would leave no man who read it the same that he was before. Something not unlike this might be said of "Jane Eyre." No one who read it was exactly the

same that he had been before he opened its weird and wonderful pages.

No man could well have made more of his gifts than Lord Lytton. Before the coming up of Dickens and Thackeray he stood above all living English novelists. Perhaps this is rather to the reproach of the English fiction of the day than to the renown of Lord Lytton. But even after Dickens and Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë and later and not less powerful and original writers had appeared in the same field, he still held a place of great mark in literature. That he was not a man of genius is, perhaps, conclusively proved by the fact that he was able so readily to change his style to suit the tastes of each day. He began by writing of fops and *roués* of a time now almost forgotten; then he made heroes of highwaymen and murderers; afterward he tried the philosophic and mildly didactic style; then he turned to mysticism and spiritualism; later still he wrote of the French Second Empire. Whatever he tried to do he did well. Besides his novels he wrote plays and poems; and his plays are among the very few modern productions which manage to keep the stage. He played, too, and with much success, at being a statesman and an orator. Not Demosthenes himself had such difficulties of articulation to contend against in the beginning; and Demosthenes conquered his difficulties, while some of those in the way of Lord Lytton proved unconquerable. Yet Lord Lytton did somehow contrive to become a great speaker, and to seem occasionally like a great orator in the House of Commons. He was at the very least a superb phrase-maker; and he could turn to account every scrap of knowledge in literature, art, or science which he happened to possess. His success in the House of Commons was exactly like his success in romance and the drama. He threw himself into competition with men of far higher original gifts, and he made so good a show of contesting with them that in the minds of many the victory was not clearly with his antagonists. There was always, for example, a considerable class, even among educated persons, who maintained that Lytton was in his way quite the peer of Thackeray and Dickens. His plays, or some of them, obtained a popularity only second to those of Shakespeare; and, although nobody cared to read them, yet people were always found to go and look at them. When Lytton went into the House of Commons for the second time he found audiences which were occasionally tempted to regard him as the rival of Gladstone and Bright. Not a few persons saw in all this only a sort of superb *charlatanerie*; and indeed it is certain that no man ever made and kept a genuine success in so many different fields as

those in which Lord Lytton tried and seemed to succeed. But he had splendid qualities; he had everything short of genius. He had indomitable patience, inexhaustible power of self-culture, and a capacity for assimilating the floating ideas of the hour which supplied the place of originality. He borrowed from the poet the knack of poetical expression, and from the dramatist the trick of construction; from the Byronic time its professed scorn for the false gods of the world; and from the more modern period of popular science and sham mysticism its extremes of materialism and magic; and of these and various other borrowings he made up an article which no one else could have constructed out of the same materials. He was not a great author; but he was a great literary man. Mr. Disraeli's novels belong in some measure to the school of "Pelham" and "Godolphin." But it should be said that Mr. Disraeli's "Vivian Grey" was published before "Pelham" made its appearance. In all that belongs to political life Mr. Disraeli's novels are far superior to those of Lord Lytton. We have nothing in our literature to compare with some of the best of Mr. Disraeli's novels for light political satire and for easy, accurate characterization of political cliques and personages. But all else in Disraeli's novels is sham. The sentiment, the poetry, the philosophy—all these are sham. They have not half the appearance of reality about them that Lytton has contrived to give to his efforts of the same kind. In one at least of Disraeli's latest novels the political sketches and satirizing became sham also.

"Alton Locke" was published nearly thirty years ago. Then Charles Kingsley became to most boys in Great Britain who read books at all a sort of living embodiment of chivalry, liberty, and a revolt against the established order of class-oppression in so many spheres of our society. For a long time he continued to be the chosen hero of young men with the youthful spirit of revolt in them, with dreams of republics and ideas about the equality of man. Later on he commanded other admiration for other qualities, for the championship of slave systems, of oppression, and the iron reign of mere force. But though Charles Kingsley always held a high place somewhere in popular estimation, he is not to be rated very highly as an author. He described glowing scenery admirably, and he rang the changes vigorously on his two or three ideas—the muscular Englishman, the glory of the Elizabethan discoveries, and so on. He was a scholar, and he wrote verses which sometimes one is on the point of mistaking for poetry, so much of the poet's feeling have they in them. He did a great many things very cleverly. Perhaps if he had done less he might have done

better. Human capacity is limited. It is not given to mortal to be a great preacher, a great philosopher, a great scholar, a great poet, a great historian, a great novelist, and an indefatigable country parson. Charles Kingsley never seems to have made up his mind for which of these callings to go in especially, and being with all his versatility not at all many-sided, but strictly one-sided and almost one-ideaed, the result was, that while touching success at many points he absolutely mastered it at none. Since his novel "Westward Ho," he never added anything substantial to his reputation. All this acknowledged, however, it must still be owned that failing in this, that, and the other attempt, and never achieving any real and enduring success, Charles Kingsley was an influence and a man of mark in the Victorian age.

Perhaps a word ought to be said of the rattling romances of Irish electioneering, love-making, and fighting which set people reading "Charles O'Malley" and "Jack Hinton," even when "Pickwick" was still a novelty. Charles Lever had wonderful animal spirits and a broad, bright humor. He was quite genuine in his way. He afterward changed his style completely, and with much success; and will be found in the later part of the period holding just the same relative place as in the earlier, just behind the foremost men, but in manner so different that he might be a new writer who had never read a line of the roistering adventures of *Light Dragoons* which were popular when Charles Lever first gave them to the world. There was nothing great about Lever, but the literature of the Victorian period would not be quite all that we know it without him. There were many other popular novelists during the period we have passed over, some in their day more popular than either Thackeray or Charlotte Brontë. Many of us can remember, without being too much ashamed of the fact, that there were early days when Mr. James and his cavaliers and his chivalric adventures gave nearly as much delight as Walter Scott could have given to the youth of a preceding generation. But Walter Scott is with us still, young and old, and poor James is gone. His once famous solitary horseman has ridden away into actual solitude, and the shades of night have gathered over his heroic form.

The founding of "Punch" drew together a host of clever young writers, some of whom made a really deep mark on the literature of their time, and the combined influence of whom in this artistic and literary undertaking was on the whole decidedly healthy. Thackeray was by far the greatest of the regular contributors to "Punch" in its earlier days. But "The Song of the Shirt" appeared in its pages, and some

of the brightest of Douglas Jerrold's writings made their appearance there. "Punch" was a thoroughly English production. It had little or nothing in common with the comic periodicals of Paris. It ignored absolutely and of set purpose the whole class of subjects which make up three fourths of the stock in trade of a French satirist. The escapades of husbands and the infidelities of wives form the theme of by far the greater number of the humorous sketches with pen or pencil in Parisian comicalities. "Punch" kept altogether aloof from such unsavory subjects. It had an advantage, of course, which was habitually denied to the French papers—it had unlimited freedom of political satire and caricature. Politics and the more trivial troubles and trials of social life gave subjects to "Punch." The inequalities of class, and the struggles of ambitious and vain persons to get into circles higher than their own, or at least to imitate their manners—these supplied for "Punch" the place of the class of topics on which French papers relied when they had to deal with the domestic life of the nation. "Punch" started by being somewhat fiercely radical, but gradually toned away into a sort of intelligent and respectable Conservatism. Its artistic sketches were from first to last admirable. Some men of true genius

wrought for it with the pencil as others did with the pen. Doyle, Leech, and Tenniel were men of whom any school of art might well be proud. A remarkable sobriety of style was apparent in all their humors. Of later years caricature has had absolutely no place in the illustrations to "Punch." The satire is quiet, delicate, and no doubt superficial. It is a satire of manners, dress, and social ways altogether. There is justice in the criticism that of late more especially the pages of "Punch" give no idea whatever of the emotions of the English people. There is no suggestion of grievance, of bitterness, of passion or pain. It is all made up of the pleasures and annoyances of the kind of life which is inclosed in a garden party. But it must be said that "Punch" has thus always succeeded in maintaining a good, open, convenient, neutral ground, where young men and maidens, girls and boys, elderly politicians and staid matrons, law, trade, science, all sects and creeds, may safely and pleasantly mingle. It is not so, to be sure, that great satire is wrought. A Swift or a Juvenal is not thus to be brought out. But a votary of the present would have his answer simple and conclusive: "We live in the age of 'Punch'; we do not live in the age of Juvenal or Swift."

THE REACTION OF GENIUS.

I.

GUERNSEY.

"JOHN A. SMITH!"

In slow response to the call, a student ascended the platform of the class-room, and stood at the blackboard, his troubled countenance toward the terrible Professor of Mathematics, awaiting his doom. Long and lean, his ill-fitting clothes hanging loosely about his awkward limbs—a general yellowishness, too, about the entire man, as well as his face and hands—the poor fellow looked like nothing in the world so much as a stalk of Indian corn upon an autumnal field; the sandy disorder of his lank hair answering wonderfully to the silk of the ripened grains. Against every impulse of his own nature, yielding to the importunity of his friends, he was preparing for the ministry; this being his junior year at the university, with two or three years to follow at the theological seminary after being

graduated. All along he had charged his dullness upon himself as a deadly sin. No soldier of Cæsar's legions had toiled to keep up with his general as he had done while reading the Roman's "Commentaries"—the campaigns of this recruit being of longer duration, as well as more painful. Not a Greek of "Xenophon's Ten Thousand" suffered so much as he from that disastrous retreat, for he moistened every "parasang" with a sweat which gushed from deeper sources than does the blood. But the worst of his incurable wickedness was where mathematics were concerned, as now.

"Mr. Smith," the Professor said to him, as he stood at the board, "please explain to the class the simplest problem of the integral calculus. Given—" and at the wave of his hand the student wrote: " $\frac{dy}{dx} = r'(x)$, to find $r(x)$."

Having written the hieroglyphics, the pupil paused. Arrived at the edge of a precipice, he could go no farther. Before him was the empti-

ness of utter space. For the time his own existence was a blank. The silence as of ages seemed to lapse as he stood.

"You are supposed," the Professor said at last in satirical accents, "to have mastered the differential calculus long ago. You know very well, sir, that it is the object of differentiation to show how to obtain the various differentials of those few simple functions of quantity which are recognized in analysis, whether they are presented singly or in any form of combination. Please invert the process."

Had the Professor spoken in Chaldaic, the other would have understood him just as well. There was not a gleam of pity in the eyes of the Professor. To him the man who could not understand a thing so simple ceased to have the rights of a human being; was merely a mosquito, lower still, a weed. For the time the poor fellow at the board was as bereft of intellect as if he were such. There were some "hard cases" among the hundred students upon the benches, and even they pitied their luckless comrade. The Professor sat perfectly still. With his black eyes half closed, his sarcastic lips curled, he seemed to be feeding upon his helpless prey. Possibly he had forgotten his existence.

Suddenly there was a low cough in the silence. It was as that of a child, but the Professor colored at the sound to the very tips of his ears, well knowing who had coughed, and made conscious, on the instant and by it, of his unkindness.

"Very well, sir," he said, the confusion transferred to himself now; "perhaps I fail to state matters clearly. We will excuse you for to-day." And Mr. J. A. Smith stumbled back to his seat he hardly knew how. There was a pregnant pause. Even a stranger would have felt that there was something in the air. Glancing up and down the list in his hand, merely to give himself time to modulate his voice as he desired, the Professor said:

"Mr. Guernsey!"

A stranger would have been struck with the tones in which it was uttered, with the peculiar stir among the students, but much more with the person who rose in reply, and came limping slowly down the aisle, and then up the steps of the platform. The prompt question of such a stranger would have been, "What has that child to do among these grown men?" For it was seemingly a mere child who now took up the chalk and stood before the instructor at the blackboard. He was not larger than a boy of fourteen years old, his fair and abundant hair curling negligently about his neck and wide and white forehead. The unusual breadth of the shoulders showed that his growth had been arrested in some manner. His cheeks, however,

were as round and plump as those of a cherub, although without a particle of color; the gentleness of the large brown eyes accompanying like music the curve and fullness of the lips. The pallor of the countenance had in it a shadow of brown, adding thereby to the softness of the aspect, which was as open and as simple as that of a babe.

The Professor had roused himself from his lounging posture before calling the name.

"Mr. Guernsey, will you be so kind as to state this problem?" he said; and, as he gave it out, the other wrote it upon the board with the rapidity of perfect familiarity, almost as if in advance of the Professor.

Poor Smith need not have gazed so despairingly upon the characters traced upon the board; they were only a little less bewildering to every student present. In fact, the most difficult of equations had been given, and on the face of the Professor and of the students alike there was the eager enjoyment with which a celebrated racer is watched as it starts on its course.

"If you please," the Professor said, as he ended the statement and closed the book. There was not a breath of pause on the part of the student. He continued writing as if he were still being dictated to. Gently, easily, without anything which resembled boastfulness any more than it did effort, he wrote. Beginning at one end of the blackboard, from as high as he could reach down to the bottom, and then from top to bottom again, moving on toward the other end, he wrote, and wrote, and wrote. No student even tried to follow the calculations, nor did the Professor. It was like witnessing fermentation, crystallization, like watching any one of the processes of nature, processes not more mysterious than they are certain, until at last the student ceased, laid the chalk upon its ledge at the farthest end of the blackboard covered with figures, and brushed his hands quietly together.

"I hope I am—" he began, with that gentleness of tone which always goes with the highest certainty—

"Correct! You are, sir," the Professor said, having listened, so to speak, as if to the perfect performance of a piece of music beyond his own powers, the pleasure being as much more exquisite as the workings of pure intellect are superior to the dexterities of fingers and sounds.

"You had, perhaps, worked it out before?" he asked, with deference.

"No, sir," the other replied, with some surprise in his childish face.

The Professor said nothing, but his silence was itself of the nature of an exclamation. He had read of blind negroes, of idiots, and the like, who were gifted with similar talents for

mathematics, but Guernsey was known to be equally a genius in every branch of knowledge, and without any of the offensive peculiarities of extraordinary talent. He was, therefore, the more surprised as the student proceeded carefully to rub out his work before leaving the platform. There was almost a regret at seeing him do so, it was as if he were destroying a work of art.

"Will you allow me, sir, to ask your assistance?" the student said when he had cleaned the board very thoroughly.

"Certainly, sir," the Professor said, but his face grew still paler as the genius of the university proceeded to write out a brief but terrible problem at the extreme left-hand uppermost corner of the board. Evidently it was something for which the whole surface would be needed. It was an unheard-of thing for a student to do, but then it was Guernsey who did it. There was a certain palpitating color in his cheek as he said, at last:

"A moment before I came up a little problem occurred to me. If you would have the kindness—" and with the utmost modesty he bowed, replaced the chalk, and went to his seat, limping as he always did.

The Professor did not have eyes of such penetrating blackness for nothing. He saw through the device of the spoiled child of nature on the spot. J. A. Smith was, of all men living, the room-mate of Guernsey. If the Professor could indulge in cruelty, the other could in revenge. There was but one way to meet the emergency, that was to solve the problem in a flash. Of course! Only the day before this distinguished instructor, whose mathematical works were textbooks throughout the land, had told his class that not until they could handle the idea of twoness as perfectly as they did that of oneness could they consider themselves as prepared even to enter upon the science of numbers and quantities.

"When you shall have graduated in the higher mathematics, gentlemen—when you shall," he said to them, "have mastered the 'Principia' of Newton, even then you will have got but the first smattering of this science."

It was imperative, then, that he should solve that little problem on the spot. It was such a small one, too—not two dozen places of quantities in all. Alas, that was the tightness of the knot! It was a very small statement, because it was of the nature of a sublimated essence. No man was quicker of perception than the Professor. He knew perfectly what he should do, but he knew also as perfectly what he *could* do. At a glance he saw through the purpose of Guernsey, but he also saw that he did not see through the problem.

"With pleasure," he said coolly. "I will hand the solution to you in a day or two," and he proceeded to call, "Alexander Starke!"

But Mr. Starke had an easy time of it in comparison with the Professor. The nerves of the entire class had been strung up by all that went before, and they understood the whole thing. To a man they would have died on the spot for Guernsey; meanwhile they were convulsed with laughter, the more so that it had to be suppressed. The unconcern upon the face of the Professor was so desperate, too, as to be comical. Alexander Starke, also, was a chronic sophomore who could not settle down, as he should have done, into a junior. He blundered along at the board upon the problem assigned him, well aware that nobody was following him. In the midst of it, however, the discomfiture of the Professor came to him afresh in a subdued giggle from the class. In trying to suppress his own laughter by pressing his unoccupied hand upon his mouth, it burst out instead through his nose. At the sound the whole class gave way to its mirth, open, unanimous, uproarious.

"It is evident, gentlemen," their instructor said, pale but cool, "that something amuses you. Possibly you may regain your equilibrium by Wednesday afternoon next. You are dismissed."

But the campus rang with their mirth as they emerged from the building. It was not that the joke was at all remarkable. It was Guernsey who had done it! He was always doing wonderful things, but never before anything of *that* sort. Had the victim been any other of the forty professors, it would have created only the laugh of the moment; but in this case it was the professor who had left the scars of his sarcastic severity upon almost every soul in the class. For the first time he had himself been hit where it had hurt most; and it was so unexpected, too!

II.

THE GENESIS OF GENIUS.

GENERALLY Guernsey was, as he walked to and from chapel and secret society, refectory and class-room, the soul of an almost adoring group of friends. Wherever he went there were dozens of his friends about him, listening and laughing, proud to repeat afterward his bright sayings as having been said to them in person. With a heart as big and as active as his brain, he always laid affectionate hold, as he limped along, upon the one nearest to him, glancing his eyes merrily up at his companions as he went, and talking with the wit of a man and the artlessness of a child. As the class came out from

recitations on this occasion, however, all held aloof from him, knowing how sensitive he would be in regard to the event of the afternoon; and so he was left to limp along, clinging to the arm of his chum, the J. A. Smith whom he had avenged. It was his exquisite sensitiveness which kept, as all knew, his lightest talk (and he did chatter an amazing quantity of nonsense, genius though he was) from any other than the most respectful joking when a professor was concerned. Not that the learning of the wisest of the faculty hedged him in by its divinity from Guernsey. So slight was the effort with which he mastered every study, that each in turn seemed to him to be as a something of the familiar past, which merely needed to be recalled to mind. That was a reason why he had not an atom of conceit about him; he was unconscious of having done anything in particular. His respect for his instructors was merely that which he had for himself and for everybody; a chastity which seemed to be as inseparable a quality of his genius as purity is of light.

"But we *had* him, didn't we?" Guernsey remarked to his companion, when he had been helped by him up all the stone steps to their room. "I ought not to have done it, Jack, but I was mad at the way he treated you; and it seemed to me on the spot so clearly the thing to do, that I did it before I thought. Things seem so *clear* to me, Jack," he added as gleefully as a child. "There is no more exertion about it than there is in your seeing that chair, and as little merit; and a really good joke is a bit of science. The Professor is such a sharp flint that a little steel makes the fire flash. Did you see his eye when I asked him? The essence of fun, Jack, is surprise; and," Guernsey continued, with the round, full face of a laughing child, "it was fun alive to see— Ah, God!"

As he spoke he fell upon the floor with the sudden age in his white and wilted face of a man of sixty. His room-mate did not show the least surprise; he was too long accustomed to it. Drawing off his outer coat he laid it methodically away; then, kneeling beside his companion, he managed to draw off his overcoat also, with the strength of a man and yet with the tenderness of a woman. Next he locked the door. After that he placed every chair out of reach of the sufferer, who was rolling hither and thither in the agonies of that spinal disease which, as with Robert Hall, was but another name for his genius. Next Smith took from its familiar shelf, and poured into a cup ready for it, an inky narcotic. Seating himself beside the afflicted man, and holding him firmly as he did so, the room-mate held the cup to the lips, blue and writhing with anguish. Half the dose would have killed

any other person; but, watching his friend with the anxiety of a mother, Smith saw that it had no apparent effect in dulling the pain. Getting up, he filled a pipe with strong tobacco, lighted it with a whiff or two, although not without a grimace of disgust, then, seating himself upon the floor, he took the afflicted student between his knees and put the pipe in his eager lips, the sufferer sucking at it with the frantic hunger as of a starving babe at the breast of its mother. His chum held his own eyes closely shut, his face getting more and more yellow with nausea of the smoke in which he was enveloped. Pipe after pipe was tried, but it did no good. Another and larger dose of the medicine followed in vain. Then Guernsey broke away from his friend and rolled hither and thither upon the floor in unendurable anguish. His companion sat and looked at him. The best medical advice in the cities around had been tried; no doctor could do anything. The only known anesthesia in this case was death.

Years of use had no more hardened Jack Smith to the sight than they had his friend to the endurance of the pain. He stepped into the next room, dropped upon his knees, rose again almost immediately. Alas! prayer no more brought relief to his chum than it did brightness to his own brain. It was not the will of Heaven. Seating himself again by Guernsey, rolling and screaming upon the floor, the room-mate began, in queer variety upon his devotions, to sing "Dandy Jim ob Caroline" in a voice the discord of which was the most comical of all. It did as little good as what went before. In despair of anything else, the good fellow tried "Nelly Bly," eking out his song by dancing a break-down. It was too absurd as he circled about the sufferer upon the floor, his preposterous legs flying wildly about as he waved his long arms over his head, snapping his fingers in time to his song, stamping and wheeling about. There was a religious earnestness in the effort that brought a smile to Guernsey's face, still rolling upon the floor to and fro. Encouraged by this, the other changed his singing to the doleful lament—

Dar was an old nigger,
An' his name was Uncle Ned,
An' he's dead long ago, long ago.

So sepulchral were the tones in which he croaked, and so very copious were the tears which the minstrel affected to shed, using with great effect a night-shirt he had snatched from his bed as a handkerchief, that, as he kept up his dismal chant, the other laughed long and loud. It was merely a variation upon the expression of his anguish, but the laugh seemed to do him

good, the tears running still more freely down his pallid face.

"Once I had an awful toothache, Guernsey," the other said, when he had ceased his lament, "and nothing did me any good until I happened to put my head through a plate-glass window. You see, I thought the window was up, and it cured me like a shot. I'm going to have a big looking-glass handy next time you are taken, or a big pane—"

"That is," the other interrupted him, "a pain driven out by a pane—homœopathy, you know: *similia similibus curantur*, eh? But, where is that—that—" and he glanced about the room as he lay.

"Just at your elbow; and now do be quiet and let a fellow study," his friend said, as he took up one of his detested text-books.

Guernsey was quiet enough. The thing he had asked for apparently was a photograph album. He opened it beside him on the floor, and turned to one picture in it.

"I am undoubtedly the thickest-headed dunce now living," the other said, as he opened his book, and in a way which showed that he had made the remark very often before.

"Would you have what they call my talent at the expense of having my pain, Jack?" Guernsey asked. As he did so he worked himself into a more comfortable position upon the floor, his room-mate bolstering him up with pillows. "Would you, Jack?" His face was all wet with tears, and still more with the perspiration of his paroxysm; he seemed so exhausted that he could hardly handle the photographic album as he asked the question.

"Yes," his gawky companion said, as he seated himself again to his books—"yes, sir, I would. That is, if it would prepare me to preach some day. It is a terribly mean thing, Guernsey, to disappoint one's friends so, a whole church of them; don't you see? And to think of the years I have been hammering at it, *and* the money I have spent! I sometimes think my conscience hurts me as much as your spine does you. And what is the use? God *won't* make me any smarter, for, if ever a poor fellow has prayed hard to be smart, I have. I thought you were a special providence to help me in my studies. But, smart as you are, you are not smart enough for that. The very desperation of trying to understand what a vanishing fraction is stupefies me. It is like trying to climb into the air, not a thing to hold on to. I can plow, and I can mow, and I can dig potatoes; but," and the poor fellow let his books slide out of his lap as he got up, "I can not study! I will be"—in the extremity of his despair he clutched at the invisible with both hands and yielded to blasphemy, preparing

for the pulpit though he was—"I will be—yes, I don't care if I *do* say it—I will be *doggoned* if I can!"

The other bolstered himself up higher, not even smiling, as his friend, startled at his own wicked language, sunk back into his chair.

"Jack," he said, "you know how clearly my pain makes me see things. Now I see as clearly that you are a fool as I do that—that you are the best fellow that ever lived. Yes, a fool."

"Hadh't you better tell me something I don't know?" said the other.

"Yes, a fool. You are," said his friend, "as big a fool as any old monk that ever scourged himself to death to please God. Your thick-headedness lies in *that*, man. Religion! Your religion, so far as it keeps you trying to do what God never intended you to do, is just as blind and stupid a superstition as that of any Hindoo who swings himself upon hooks in his flesh. Jack!—I say, Jack!"

"Well?" the other said eagerly.

"Listen to the man God has appointed to tell you so. Your field"—and Guernsey said it with the self-evidencing power which always goes with fact—"your field is—the corn-field!"

Jack Smith had listened to his friend with his mouth open as well as his eyes. He had got something. Closing eyes and mouth upon it, he sat, his books lying forgotten at his feet, and he thought and thought. Then he got up and went into his bedroom.

But Guernsey had forgotten his existence for the time. Perhaps it was the strong doses he had taken. Possibly it was the tobacco. It may have been his exhaustion from suffering. In any case, he lay on the floor among his pillows absorbed in the likeness of a young woman which he had turned to in the album. It was merely the fresh face of Mary Gardner, an innocent-looking country girl. Had you come upon it in the album, you would not have glanced at it more than a moment. And yet, to this man who saw as into the inmost essences of things, the sweet and simple countenance was as that of an angel of light. Why it was so happened in this wise:

During their freshman year in the university, Guernsey had formed an absurd friendship for Smith, awkward rustic as he was. There was the working in this of that cunning nature which keeps the world from tumbling to pieces by clasping its extremes together as one does a belt. We all know how much Charles Dickens delighted in such idiots as Barnaby Rudge, Tom Pinch, Joe Gargery, and the like. Visitors at Abbotsford trembled for the sanity of Sir Walter Scott when they saw what pleasure he took in the companionship of a stupid scamp whom he called Rigdum-funnidos. Any one can see that Shakespeare

had an enjoyment, shared by none of the uninspired, in such cattle as Launce and Speed, Trinculo and Stephano, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and the rest of the army—worse than Falstaff's recruits—of his clowns. It may be Genius disgusted with itself, Genius reacting against itself—who knows what? In any case, Guernsey had gone with Smith, on their first vacation, to Smith's dull country home at Oak Hollow, for a week's fishing and clouted cream. Being pretty much his own master, Guernsey had staid at Oak Hollow till term time again; and had gone back there almost every vacation for three years now. Jack Smith lived with an uncle, and a Mr. Isaac Gardner was his next neighbor. Mary Gardner was that farmer's daughter. When it is added that she was a sensible girl, rosy-cheeked, although with plenty of freckles; with an unusual supply of silky brown hair, and not the least idea of how to dispose of it; having sincere eyes to match her hair; a pretty mouth, perfect teeth, and a dumpling figure, the whole story is told. They would never have known at Oak Hollow that Guernsey was a genius, had not Jack told them, there not being a dozen books in the house, and certainly no blackboard. They were not aware in Oak Hollow of the existence of the Calculus, except as it affected the kidneys, but they understood pain perfectly, and were very kind to their visitor during his paroxysms. For years, now, he had been almost as one of the Gardner household, in and out during his vacation, whenever he pleased, seeming to them to be a singular sort of grown-up child, pure and gentle, rather than a young man. He said a thousand astonishing things, chattering like a child, laughing and helping himself to whatever he could find that was good to eat in orchard, or cupboard, or kitchen.

That was all. Jack Smith was the dullest man in the university, yet Guernsey cared more for him than for all the rest. In the same way he loved Mary Gardner. He had never hinted it to her or to Jack Smith; but that was the reason why, as he lay among his pillows upon the floor, exhausted, he cared nothing for anything on earth beyond the woman upon whose picture he was gazing. Guernsey rested from his pain upon her likeness as a child does upon its mother; the profound dependence of man upon woman, as woman, was in it. He could write brilliant essays, genuine poetry, in addition to his mastery of many a language as if it were his native tongue, of mathematics as if the brain fed on numbers by a process as natural as the mouth on food. It seems absurd to say it, and yet, when Mary Gardner was in comparison, he did not care the snap of his finger for the university and all it taught. Others climbed up its steeples of knowledge from below—the

climbing being a goodly part of the pleasure. But he did not have to climb; he alighted, somehow, on its summits from above—alighted to find those mountain-heights but bald rock. Others enjoyed the ever-expanding range of vision as they ascended; the one spot in all the landscape to his eye was Oak Hollow. He was tired to death—there was that excuse for him—and in Mary Gardner he found rest. Had she been very beautiful—worse still, had she been as well educated as city-bred girls generally are—he would have cared nothing for her. He loved her because she was one of the simplest of country girls, honest and gentle and good.

III.

OUT OF SCHOOL.

AT the end of the session the room-mates hastened to Oak Hollow. Guernsey had taken a very high grade at examination—had taken it almost as indifferently in leaving as he had taken his hat. Jack Smith took the lowest of grades. Even that was tossed to him as a penny is to a beggar, the faculty having serious scruples as to the morality upon their part of giving him even that. But it was little he cared. His friend had confirmed what had long ago been the teachings of his own good sense, and Smith announced to the church of Oak Hollow that he had given up all further intention of studying for the ministry. The grief of his friends was only less than his own. He, too, half feared, as they did, that, like gambling or drunkenness, his was a form of apostasy. But he was firm. All his purpose now was to earn enough money upon the farm to repay what had been wasted upon his education.

"I declare," Guernsey said to Mary Gardner two months after, "it is hard to believe that Jack is the same man." Mary, with a check apron on, her sleeves rolled up, a white handkerchief tied over her head, was making up, at the kitchen table, when Guernsey said it, the Saturday afternoon's batch of cakes and pies. An unusual supply had to be made, Guernsey ate such a quantity at every meal instead of the pork and greens he should have done, to say nothing of the way in which he helped himself between meals.

"You know what a homely fellow Jack used to be?" Guernsey remarked to Mary.

"No, I didn't; was he?" she replied. The fact that there was a smutch of flour across her wholesome face rather added than otherwise to her looks, her companion thought.

"Of course he was. Jack," Guernsey continued, "was the best fellow in the university and the ugliest. All the world knew that."

The genius of that institution had perched himself upon an edge of the kitchen table, and was as happy as a child, talking eagerly upon whatever came up; the more nonsensical it was, so much the better. He had always brought Mary some valuable present or other when he came. She had never refused to accept his gifts. Though over twenty, he was so small as to size, so much more childlike still in face and in ways, that whatever he did was accepted as the whim of a very lovable and extraordinary child rather even than a boy, let alone a man. This last time he had given Mary a gold watch and chain. She had hesitated a good deal at first to receive it, but he had seemed so hurt and had said, "It is only *me*, you know," that there was nothing to do but to consent. They could not understand at all the awe Jack Smith had for the intellect and acquirements of their guest. He was humored and spoiled for what he was wholly apart from that.

"Look at Jack now. He rises early," Guernsey continued, "works hard, eats heartily, sleeps like a log. I watched him mowing in the meadow yesterday. Those ridiculous legs of his did not seem a bit too long. He puts on airs of superiority toward me—wants to protect *me*!—Give us another cake, Miss Pulcherrima."

"My name is Mary. But why shouldn't he protect you? He is a good deal the big—I mean the strongest," the girl said.

"I didn't know Jack could laugh before. I said something funny, and how he laughed! It was in the meadow, only a mile off," continued Guernsey; "didn't you hear him?" and the mathematician nibbled around the edges of his cake, red-hot from the oven, until it should be cool enough for a contemplated bite into the soft, brown center.

"Do you know what Homeric means?" he asked.

"I know a town named Homer," Mary replied.

"Well, Jack laughs like the people living there. Homeric laughter it is called. His inextinguishable laughter shook the skies.—That's right, have another cake ready, and after that I'll try and wait until supper.—Jack is going back," the epicure added, "to the stone age. He is resuming the freedom and the amplitude of the cosmos."

"What nonsense!" Mary added. "Don't, Mr. Guernsey! What do you mean?" For, as she spoke, her companion had seized with both hands upon her bared arm, and was looking into her eyes with a wild pain as of a hunted animal. The next moment he had seated himself, as by a strong effort, on the wide oaken seat, white and with hands clinched about her wrist.

"Don't call any one, please don't," he said, conquering his pains as by a stern effort. "It is one of my little attacks. Please, please, let there be no one but *you*. It doesn't hurt me *very* much," he continued, setting his teeth, but holding her eyes in his with a grasp like that of his hands. "If I can only have you with me it will pass off."

"But can't I *do* anything?" the frightened girl added. "Isn't there any medicine to get? Mother knows all about pain. Let me call Jack."

"No, no, no!" the other said, framing the words with difficulty. "No medicine can do me any good. Everything fails. Nobody can help me but you—you. Please let me hold your hand for a little while, just a moment—a moment," he panted, the great drops standing upon his forehead, which was so broad and deadly white. "Nobody else," he groaned, "but you. Do I hurt your hand?" for he was holding it in a vise-like grasp. "I won't do so any more. But please bear with me a moment longer."

His head drooped forward as he spoke under the weight of his overmastering agony. The terrified girl managed to seat herself by his side, her hand still held in his, while, with frame rigid with suffering, his head rested upon her shoulder.

"O Mr. Guernsey!" she kept saying, the tears streaming down her face, "if I only knew what to do! I'm so sorry mother is gone out. But there is such a nice pain-killer on that shelf when we scald ourselves! You can take it inside, and you can rub it on outside. It burns, but it don't smell bad one bit. Once I burned myself with a pot-lid. Let go, only one moment, please."

"No, no," her companion said. "Nothing but *you*! It will do no good. The pain will pass off in a—in a little while."

A cry of anguish rang from his lips as he spoke, and the poor girl gave way to a wild weeping.

"Let me get the things out of the oven," she sobbed at last. He did not hear her. His hold never relaxed. Face to face with pain in the worst shape known to men, he endured the flickering heat of the furnace sevenfold heated in which something more lasting than her dainties was being prepared.

With his head still upon her shoulder, his eyes shut, he was murmuring to himself the prayer of Hildebert:

"Tu intrare me non sinas,
Infernales officinas,
Ubi mæror, ubi metus,
Ubi fœtor, ubi fletus,
Ubi tortor semper cadens.

"Tortor," he repeated—"tortor!"—

"O Mr. Guernsey, what nonsense!" the girl exclaimed, trying in vain to gather some meaning out of the words. Her tears were falling fast. She was near him, and yet in a world so far away from him. He seemed soothed by her presence or by his words as he murmured them line after line. "'Me receptet,' " he said at last—

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David urbs tranquilla—"

"Mr. Guernsey," she exclaimed, "I *must* go! Don't you smell them? All the pies and cookies are burning!"

"Are they?" he said. "Don't you remember? No, you don't, but it is a fact:

Cujus Faber Auctor lucis,
Cujus porta signum crucis."

"I *will* go!" his companion said, trying to wring her hand from his—"somebody *must* go for the doctor; it will kill you!"

"Will it? I shall be so glad," he said wearily. "I ought not to have held you so. I did not think. I never had the pain as terribly bad before. It was so bad I had some hope it was finishing me this time. I hoped so. It was a shame to hold you so! But I have got nothing else in the world to hold to, Mary," he added, his pallid face damp with perspiration, panting, barely able to breathe. "Please kiss me," and he closed his eyes.

She was the last as well as the dearest thing left on earth to him, and he clung to her so because he truly supposed himself to be dying. Beyond her pity for him, who can tell what she felt? She did not hesitate a moment, but kissed him tenderly, wiping the moisture from his pallid face with her check apron. Then, as she made another effort to release herself, he said:

"The pain is passing off. It is not all gone yet. But you may go now, Mary."

He had never called her by her name before, and something in his tones made her blush, she knew not why, as she hastened to rescue her burning pastry.

"And you don't think Jack is ugly?" he said, panting. "I am glad he is back on the farm. He will make a splendid farmer. I am getting so much better. You see, I will outgrow it some day. As soon as I leave studying, I intend to be a farmer, too." But he was so shaken from his pain that he had to hold himself up by his chair as he spoke.

Of course Mary Gardner told her wise old mother the whole story as soon as she could, and she told her husband.

"Old man," she added, "do you think Mr. Guernsey act'ally thinks of our Mary?"

"No," the husband exclaimed, "not one bit.

It's only his way. An' what good would *he* be on a farm?"

But they all felt that Guernsey did not care to have his attack alluded to, and they treated him with a new tenderness. In a few days he seemed to be as well as ever—if possible, a great deal livelier than before. He would ask the girl at breakfast, "What are you going to do next?"

"Milk the cows—but what do you want to know for?" she would reply.

"The very thing I was going to do," he would say. "You will have to go with me. I will teach you how to milk. Next thing?"

"Mary, you must pare those apples for drying to-day," her mother would say, looking at him instead over her kindly spectacles.

"Remarkable coincidence!" the genius of the university exclaimed, "the very thing I was going to do. It's a shame the way I've put it off. You must help me. We have some darning to do next, or is it ironing?"

And so he rattled on, laughing, talking, never opening a book, making himself very much at home, happier than any boy on a holiday, all the restless energies of his intellect having their outlet, somehow, through his heart.

Vacation came to an end only too soon, and he went reluctantly to the university, leaving Jack Smith behind him, this time hard at work fencing, plowing, hoeing, hauling. It seemed strange that old Mrs. Gardner did not understand. She was so shrewd, too, in the making of quilts and pickles. Seeing that Mary was their only child, also, she ought to have comprehended matters. Old Mr. Gardner resembled nothing so much as an apple which had clung, yellow and shriveled, to its bough all winter.

"I can't say I altogether make out Mr. Guernsey," he said, the day their boarder left. "That about his having Mary's photograph, for instance, that Jack Smith was telling us about. I do believe he really likes us, and I like him mightily."

"Oh, that is only Mr. Guernsey's nonsense," Mary said; "like his being so fond of our cookies.—Mother, hadn't I better dye that yarn to-day?"

IV.

THE LAW OF FORCES.

JACK SMITH was waiting at the station when his friend came back for his next vacation. Guernsey's face was as full and as smooth as before, his eyes were as bright and confiding, but there was an intensity under it all which Jack Smith had never observed before. Was it the sharp

edge produced by study? by his old pain? Perhaps it was his gladness at getting back, as he called it, to nature. Never had he seemed so overflowing with high spirits, so eager, impatient. He seized upon his solid and stolid friend, and swung him hither and thither in the exuberance of his joy. The wagon was rejected with disdain.

"Put my trunk in it, Jack, and get somebody to drive it to the house. You and I will walk. I'm like a bird out of a cage," he explained. "I can't bear the confinement of a wagon even, I've been so cooped up. But I am done with the university, Jack. I have taken a perfect grade on my whole course, Jack—a round hundred. They are all wild about me. I am to graduate with tremendous honor. The Governor of the State is to be there, the President of the United States, too, with his Cabinet; it is his Alma Mater, you know. I am to make a blazing address to them, old fellow. There are about thirty yards of silk in my commencement gown. They're pressing a professorship on me; funny idea, isn't it? But I came to consult Oak Hollow first."

He said this holding on to his friend as he used to do, laughing gayly, looking up at the other with his happy and birdlike eyes, limping eagerly along. "But, what a fool I am," he continued, "to talk about myself so! How are you coming on?" And he listened with interest, asking incessant questions while his friend told him of his slow but steady progress toward paying off his debts and establishing himself as a farmer.

"Debts be hanged!" he said. "I forgot to tell you that I'm come into my property since I saw you. I have millions of money, and don't know what to do with it. Have some. It will be a favor to me. How would they like me to build a new church for them out here? a five-story schoolhouse? a hospital for infirm farmers or something of the kind? I'm ready!"

To the dull and steady-going young farmer his friend was like a sort of electric storm, clinging so to him, shaking him as they walked; yet almost womanly too in his affection and eager sincerity. And he was so happy, too happy! His gladness was as excessive as were his seasons of suffering. It was impossible for him to be still.

"I got tired of writing ten letters to your one," he said at last. "But I know how it is, of course. You come in of nights tired out with hard work. Naturally you don't feel like writing; and I know how you hated to write when you were in the university. We will talk up arrears, and I will do it for both. I have got something to tell you, Jack—something superlative.

Not just yet. But it almost makes me a poet to think of it—crazy that means, you know. I haven't thought of anything else since I saw you. You know what Juvenal says about the children trooping to school along the streets of Rome to get their shilling's worth of Minerva. I won't bore you with the Latin. Well, I've got all of the old lady they had on hand, and I don't value it a turnip. I've been reading up 'The Bucolics.' I'm going to be a farmer, and live in Oak Hollow. But that isn't my secret, though it is next door to it. How are old Mr. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner? and how is— But I'll ask her myself. Tell a fellow something more about yourself."

"Ahem!" his companion stammered, his face lighting up under the influence of the other as the harvest moon does under the shining of the sun; "I wanted to tell you before I saw you off the last time, but somehow I couldn't. I have written to you about it, dozens of times, but I always tore the letters up. She told me I must tell you to-day."

"She?" his companion asked; and Jack Smith might have observed that the hand of his friend suddenly lay like lead on his arm, if he had not been so much taken up, coloring all over his homely face as he did so, with what he was saying.

"Yes, we've been engaged for a long time," he continued; "but we kept it close to ourselves. It was out of the question for me to think of marrying for years. But that was one reason I couldn't study. I am doing so well paying off the debt to the church people, you see. Mr. Gardner and his wife have found me so handy on the farm, and then they are getting so old. Besides, it *would* come out; she is their only daughter, you know—"

The other hung of a sudden so heavily upon the arm of Jack Smith, his head fallen upon his bosom as he limped along, that the farmer stopped. "You are not going to have your pain, Guernsey?" he asked anxiously.

"No," the other said slowly and in a strange tone; "but let me sit down on this log a moment."

The new-comer had adopted for country wear a felt hat, which was slouched down, now, over his face, and, stooping over as he sat, he seemed to be trying to tie his shoe, but it was with feeble and wandering hands as if he was blind. Jack Smith was absorbed just then in his own matters. Moreover, he had never dreamed of such a thing. To him Guernsey was as much a creature of another grade as if he had been an eagle circling in the sky far above Oak Hollow and all it contained. The visits Guernsey had made there, and the pleasure he had taken in its people, were

to Jack Smith merely whims of genius; only the freaks of a loving but eccentric nature. The countryman stood looking down at his friend, wondering what new whim this was. His companion seemed to be suddenly drawn up upon himself, more like a wounded worm than an eagle.

"You had better let me hurry home and get your medicine, Guernsey," he said. "Let me have the key of your trunk."

"There it is," the other said, producing the key with some difficulty, and handing it to him without looking up. "By the by," he added slowly, "there are some little things in the trunk for the old people, and for Mary—for Miss Gardner. Please tell her to take them out."

"Plenty of time for that—but," the other added, lingering, "I hate to leave you. I'll hurry back with the wagon as soon as I can. How is the pain now?"

"It isn't the pain," the stricken man replied. "I want to go back to the depot. I've lost something. Go!" he added with a gesture, trying to lift up his head—"go!"

Jack Smith had become used to obeying every caprice of his friend, and he started off. "I wonder," he said to himself, as he struck into his usual gait for a long walk, "what Guernsey is up to now? I wouldn't be surprised if those are wedding presents he has brought for Mary. He is so sharp, of course he knew it." He stopped when he had got to the bend of the road, and looked back. Guernsey was still seated upon the wayside log, coiled up upon it as it were. "He's in terrible pain, I guess," said Jack Smith; "I'll make haste."

Mary Gardner was waiting upon the old, unpainted porch when Smith got to her house. The wagon was standing there, the trunk still in it, waiting till Jack should come to take it out.

"I'll drive back with it," Jack said, when he had explained the circumstances; "he can lay his hand on his things right off. Jump in and ride back with me, Mary. You know he always thought the world of you."

"Did you tell him, Jack?" she asked, holding back. She was a good deal browner and plumper than she had been, and was quite dressed up in honor of Mr. Guernsey's coming.

"Oh, yes, I told him," her lover said. "In with you, Mary—how pretty you do look!"

"That's because I've been baking cookies all the morning for Mr. Guernsey.—Don't, Jack!" she added, as they drove off. "Not till we get out of sight of the house anyhow. Him suffering so, too. Be-have yourself, Jack!"

They did not think of Mr. Guernsey again until they had made the turn of the forest-road which brought them in sight of the railroad

bridge. The bridge for wagons and foot-passengers was not a dozen yards down to the right hand, but outside of the heavy framework of the railroad crossing of the river was a narrow ledge for the convenience of the hands upon the road—a ledge which was the dread of the mother of every child in Oak Hollow—the boys at least *would* use it.

"I told him to wait. But it's just like him!" Jack Smith exclaimed, as he came in full view of this ledge, which was on the side of the bridge toward them.

Guernsey was in the act of crossing upon it, the river flowing underneath, narrow, swift, and black as ink from the saw-mills above.

"Take the reins, Mary. I'll make him stop," Jack Smith said; and, putting the tips of two of his fingers in his mouth, as when he called his dog from a distance, he gave a shrill whistle. Sure enough, his friend heard. He looked up and saw the farmer and the woman he was to marry seated beside him. It was a pity. Perhaps Guernsey missed his footing as he looked up, for he always walked with difficulty. Possibly he was seized just then with his terrible pain.

"Oh, catch him!" Mary Gardner shrieked, springing to her feet in the wagon and grasping toward him with her hands, for, on the instant, Guernsey fell headlong into the river!

It was more than a year after this that a tall, severe-faced gentleman called at the Gardners'. Nobody was at home but Mary, now Mrs. Smith. She had never been anything more than a plain country girl, and she was even plainer now as a married woman, what was plump having become portly. Although the visitor seemed to know everything about Guernsey already, he asked many questions, looking curiously at her as he did so. This sharp-featured stranger had felt for years the deepest interest in Guernsey. After the death of the genius of the university he had proposed the case to himself as a problem of the highest of all possible mathematics, had taken the necessary steps to that end, and had solved it!

"It was ever so long," Mrs. Smith told him, "before we got the body. We put off our wedding a whole month. My husband was with him where they studied," she continued, "and says he was one of the smartest men in the world. I don't know as to that, I'm sure. But he was so good, so fond of us all, and so fond of his fun, too! I never bake cookies Saturdays without thinking of him. He was a nice man. We all liked him ever so much. Why, sir, my husband he wanted dreadfully to name our baby there after him. But pa wouldn't have liked it, so we call baby Ebenezer, after him. But," the good

woman added, "we all liked Mr. Guernsey so much—we thought the world of him!"

"Reaction," her visitor said, looking at her as if he did not see her, "is always equal to action. If he had been less of a genius, the reaction would not have been so dreadful. But it was best," the visitor added, as he rose to leave, although not addressing the woman, "that he should have died in *that* manner; it was swifter than if he had had his foolish way.—Good day, madam."

"I didn't like him at all," Mrs. Smith said to her husband when he came in at night. "He never looked at the baby once, and he kept looking at me as if I was a kind-of—of bug. Who could it have been, Jack? He barely bowed to me as he went out, and he never asked after you once. Who *could* it have been?"

"I know who it was," her husband said very thoughtfully. "It was our Professor of Mathematics!"

W. M. BAKER.

L A S C A S A S.*

THE period which embraces the life of this extraordinary priest is a creative period. The latter half of the fifteenth century, and the former half of the sixteenth, have such virtue for the production of great men that the human race seems of superior origin, almost angelic. Never have the presages of time beheld stars of the first magnitude such as appeared in this dazzling age. It might be said that the modern spirit, in forming itself, emitted from itself, like magic scintillations, souls illumined and fired with the passion of celestial inspirations. All things flourished in those days, from the material earth which we tread with our feet of clay, to the impalpable spirit whose faculties unite us to God with their ideas of light. Would that we might have beheld that crepuscle, in which the Gothic element bloomed only to die, and the triumphal arches of the Renaissance arose to wait for liberty; in which legions of statuesque forms, animated by a breath of the new life, and beautified by new graces, sprang from the roseate Gothics, whose brightness was as that of the setting sun; in which

classic antiquity transmitted, by the coming of the Hellenes to our Western world, all the treasure of its sciences, and by the Roman excavations opened all the treasure of its arts; in which the painters, divinely inspired, instilled the ideas of Christianity with all its mysticism into Greek beauty with all its harmony; in which even the Pontificate from the height of the Vatican invoked all the dioceses, conjuring them to revive the state in all its ancient splendor, while the bold reformers lifted above the exuberant paganism the disk of human conscience and its immaculate purity; in which there in heaven was fixed the sun, heretofore regarded as a satellite of earth, now as the center of the planets, while here on earth was discovered a New World, so beautiful that it seemed to offer to the human race, revindicating its liberty, an immaculate paradise for expansion and enjoyment.

Those days beheld Da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Gonzalez de Cordoba, Columbus, Luther, Copernicus, Savonarola, Machiavelli, Charles V., Titian, the greatest men perhaps of modern times. Much glory should he have who shone in those heavens and amid those spheres. And with true glory shone Fray BARTOLOME DE LAS CASAS, whose voice obtained a hearing in a choir of voices so divine, and whose figure stood forth amid a legion of shapes so gigantic. It is true that to reach this he was born with two splendid virtues—the virtue of believing, and the virtue of feeling what he believed. In the soul, intelligence is the ethereal light which illumines, and sensibility is the vivid heat which fecundates.

Without ideas one is as though blind, and without sentiment as though dead. Thought is the exercise of a spirit so divine that it exceeds the limits of our nature; and feeling what we think, diffusing it, embodying it in a living reality, is human ministry *par excellence*. Therefore

* This essay, by the renowned Spanish orator and statesman, Emilio Castelar, was published in "La Epoca," a daily political journal of Madrid, January 30, 1879, and was suggested by a recent literary production on the same subject by Carlos Gutierrez. Few writers are more difficult to translate than Castelar, both because of the habitual lengthiness of Spanish phrasing, which is hardly elegant in English, and because of the characteristic floweriness and delicate imagery of his language. Perhaps, in order to convey his words more literally, I have sometimes, in my translation, sacrificed the smoothness of the English. All who have listened to Castelar himself know, however, that his written essays are but poor shadows of his spoken orations: his words fall unhesitatingly from his impassioned lips—or, to speak more comprehensively, from his animated being—like a sun-reflecting cascade, never tiring, never repeating, and with all its varied and subtle changes of color and phase.

—TRANSLATOR.

universal gratitude withdraws itself from those solitary thinkers, rigid as statues, with a pale star upon their brows, in inaccessible regions; while it bows before him who will struggle with courage and die in the sacrifice, giving his heart to the people. Plato will have disciples, but Socrates will have adorers, because, if the one knew how to think, the other knew how to die. Las Casas thought first, like the recluses of his time, given up to religion and science; and afterward he felt with keen sensibility that which he thought. This exercise of sensibility and intelligence, this harmony of idea and action, these multiplied vocations which made of him an apostle and a warrior, a philosopher and a martyr—all these qualities gave him the truly extraordinary characteristics which elevated him to an ideal place in history.

Las Casas did not fix his inclinations in the early days of his life. On the contrary, at the beginning he seemed to have vocations quite opposed to those which were afterward his torment and his glory. Descended from those French crusaders who came to the Occident to the rescue of Toledo and Seville, as well as went to the Orient to deliver Jerusalem and Constantinople, his blood inherited the ardor, his nerves the restlessness, his character the force, his muscles the energy, his nature all the innate daring, of those destined in the continuous dramas of history by the designs of Providence to live and die in strife. The son of a navigator who accompanied the discoverer of the New World on his first voyages, he was tempted to try the adventures, the navigations, the conflicts with the fury of the elements and the passions of men, the marvelous undertakings, the overcoming of great obstacles, thinking to gain for himself power and renown. He who had seen the author of his days fade from view on the unexplored ocean, and bring again a new creation from the immense abyss, might well believe all the barriers obliterated which separate desire from its object, hope from its consummation, idea from its realization, and phantasy from its sad social realities.

The son of one of the discoverers of the New World might, with sufficient reason, believe himself born to redeem the inhabitants of that world. Also the city of Seville, his birthplace, was one to move the imagination to daring speculations and the enterprise of hazardous schemes. Its brilliant sky, of hues so varied, elevates the mind to the spiritual realms of multitudinous ideas; its river, of whose perfumed waters sang the first poets of the world, murmurs as an eternal accompaniment to the cantos of an eternal epic. Its towers, upon whose summits one looks to discern still the white figures of the Arab astronomers; its gardens, among whose paths resound the echoes of the *guslas* and the romances, mingled

with the din of arms; the orange-groves which shade us and delight us with their aromas; from the sails floating on the Guadalquivir, to the palms waving in the forest; from the stars sown in its nightly heavens, to the lustrous eyes of its women—all things provoke one, not only to the conception of many ideas, and the *fantasia* of many dreams, but also to their realization and completion.

To see what were the men of that age one has only to enter the nave of the cathedral, erected on so grand a scale that posterity declares its constructors to have been mad; beneath its vaults one glides, as though impelled by a celestial breeze, in immeasurable spaces and cerulean depths of ether divine. Would it not seem that race, origin, blood, cradle, education, all that belonged to him and all that environed him, might move Fray Bartolomé de las Casas to great enterprises?

And yet late—very late—he fixed upon the vocation which, like his firmness and his intensity, may be said to have been congenital with the heat of his life, and stirred with the first movement of his will and of his spirit. There are other examples of this in history. No one would discover the first writer of the eighteenth century, Rousseau, in the musician who composed inharmonious symphonies and mediocre operas, as no one would discover the saint who would renew the wounds of Christ, Francis of Assisi, in the youth crowned with flowers, king of festivities, who sang serenades on dark nights, and made love in extravagant language to all the girls of his village. But it can not be doubted that these late vocations are decisive.

It is not in our (Spanish) national character and disposition to write memoirs. The pudicity which hides good actions is as strong as the shame which conceals bad ones. We think that neither our virtues nor our vices are of importance to others. A certain native pride, a certain lofty self-sufficiency, a certain reliance upon our internal law, a certain individualism somewhat excessive, bring us to this indifference to foreign opinion, although it may have the universality and importance of historical judgment—an indifference which never is understood by those people who, like the French, for example, eminently sociable, are therefore easily intimidated before the tribunal of history; and for the same reason they endeavor to deserve well of their contemporaries, and of posterity also, by defenses, allegations, histories, and autobiographies. We, on the contrary, judge ourselves well enough repaid by appearing well to ourselves alone.

Thus it is that in all Spanish literature there does not exist a book like the "Confessions" of St. Augustine or the "Confessions" of Rous-

seau; and, because of this indisposition, we ignore the private life of our great men, which would perhaps explain entire phases of their public life. Concerning the youth of Las Casas, we ought to say that this theologian of the Dominican Order, called "Jauria de Dios," was a professor of jurisprudence; that this strenuous defender of the Indians held an Indian slave in Salamanca; that this reformer, whose invectives were hurled against the appropriation of fellow men, began his life in that New World with *ranchos* and rations; that this bishop, shod with sandals, girded with sackcloth, with the crucifix in his hands and mystic ardor in his eyes, landed on the shores of America like the most vulgar adventurer stung by the most ordinary appetite, the thirst for gold. How, for what cause, from what motive, by what impulse of intelligence, for what affection, did he change his vocation? Mysteries of history! The certainty is that the lawyer of Seville, the master of an Indian slave, the searcher for riches, was converted into a missionary, a redeemer of serfs, a priest of God and of liberty.

Arrived at a certain period of his life, an evangelical idea took complete possession of Fray Bartolomé de las Casas—the idea of equality among men. And idea works upon the will as the *motor in movil* of Aristotle upon universal motion. As in all applied force there is something of cosmic force, in every concrete action there are general motives, and in every motive, general or particular, there are pure ideas. The very soul of Las Casas was in his sentiment of natural equality, and the motive of motives in his friendship toward the Indians. Almost all the natural inclinations of humanity are found united fundamentally in each individual. The generative cause of genius is non-equilibrium, which gives to some faculties the exclusive predominance over all the others conjoined, and with this predominance supersalient aptitudes meriting supersalient glory. It happens with human motives as with human tastes. The aliment that to some savors with pleasure produces nausea in others; the melody which charms a refined ear is lost upon a coarser one; the incentive which moves some to well-doing and love to their neighbor moves others to evil, and at times even to the destruction of themselves.

The limit with which exterior deeds curb every action disconcerts the weak and fortifies the strong. Fray Bartolomé de las Casas would not have struggled with so much tenacity had he not encountered so many and so diverse oppositions in his way. Such historical phenomena are often repeated in the world. Every redeemer must pass through his passion. Doubts assail him, sorrows discourage him, friends betray him,

error or evil report calumniate him, the most beloved disciples abandon him, and at last come the stake, the hemlock, the crucifixion, the death in despair and anguish. But, as fatality reigns in nature, so liberty reigns in history. While we do not ask the stone the reason of its falling, we ask it of man. The fatalism of brute nature has nothing to do with morality, and our actions are essentially moral. Therefore goodness, truth, an upright action, a work of charity, an effort in behalf of the oppressed, light carried to the conscience of the ignorant, combat for justice and right, may fail transitorily; but in the general movement of humanity they achieve sooner or later, surely, a grand and definite success. Those who were defended with so much eagerness by Las Casas inhabit to-day the land of democracy, of liberty, and of republicanism.

The New World was discovered at the end of the middle ages, but under the ideas of the middle ages. Although its appearance, expanding the planet, should have expanded the spirit of the age, yet the effects of the so sudden revolution were not recognizable until manifested by the impulses of the times and the natural development of events. The discoverers were guided by the ancient idea that all that is conquered is naturally captive, and all that is captive is naturally enslaved. The appropriation of man by man still obtained throughout the world because the idea of the inequality of men still reigned in the conscience. Even Columbus, that prophet of nature, that seer of earth, that martyr to his own genius, immortal, like all redeemers, for his ideas and misfortunes, brought as a present, on his return from his first voyage, besides the products of the soil and the riches of the earth, several groups of Indians, as he would bring several head of cattle. One of these Indians Las Casas drew as a prize in a lottery, whom, in the thoughtlessness of his youth, he reserved for his house, and held enslaved in his service until a royal mandate deprived him of such property.

Doubtless some movement of his heart, like that of Paul on the way to Damascus; some revelation of his conscience, like that of Loyola on his couch of suffering—transformed that artificial nature which, through education or custom, overgrew his natural disposition, and moved him to seek, submerged within himself in those unfathomable depths which every soul conceals, those treasures of piety, those bursts of passion, those ideas of right, which elevated him to an immense height among the conquerors and the conquered; that he might defend innocence with full sacrifice of his tranquillity and continual risk of his life, developing passions like a sword of fire which flamed in his hands; and ideas like words of redemption which fell as though in-

spired by the Divine Spirit upon the aching wounds of misery. It is certain that in that society dominated by the conquest, and just subjected to the yoke of absolutism, Las Casas saw in the conquered the brothers of the conquerors; in that universal intolerance, when the Catholic kings expelled the Jews, when Torquemada set fire to the Inquisition, when Cisneros poured holy water over the flesh of the Moors who cried out as though sprinkled with molten lead, even then Las Casas called the idolaters to the bosom of the Church by charity and not by violence, in that perversion of thought which even from the pulpit launched Aristotle's apothegms upon the natural destiny of certain men to vassalage and the natural destiny of other men to the domination of empires. Las Casas felt as a divination the claims based upon human equality; face to face with the powers that were every day more and more puffed up with their authority and more tempted to confound themselves with God, Las Casas maintained that we can not dispose of men contrary to their choice, nor govern a people against its sovereign will.

We do not deny, else were we blind, that in this work he was inflamed, sustained, drawn on, by exaggerated passions. Las Casas, from the beginning to the end of his life, was, before all, a man of passion; and, being impassioned, was given to violence in his proceedings and brusqueness in his language.

Without this fervor, which believed all things possible, he could not have striven as he did, nor endured as he did; yet none the less could he have enlarged as he did in his conception of humanity and in the gratitude of history. As all his most valuable qualities were accompanied with the most extraordinary defects, according as his nature was excited he was proportionally irreflective and incautious. But can we ask genius to shine without this inequilibrium of faculties and virtues? One can not put into the apostle the cold reasoning of the statesman, nor into the prophet the exact calculation of the mathematician, nor into the martyr the instincts of self-preservation by which the egoist lives to grow old. The generosity of Las Casas might have been native or acquired, the result of his heart's impulses or of the habits of his life; but he possessed characteristics truly marvelous, and an incredible fecundity of heroic actions. Thus, to the vehement desire for good was united the sure hope of realizing and accomplishing it. This hope spurred him to action and freed him from irresolution, because neither his understanding admitted doubts nor his will allowed weakness or discouragement. Gifted with true courage, he engaged in dubious enterprises, although he often fell into that temerity which aspires to

the impossible. Sound of body and mind, he was not touched by the irony which usually tempts the feeble and infirm; robust morally and physically, he never desponded like the weak and cowardly; compassionate, he suffered with all who suffered, and wept with all who wept; capable of deep resentment, keenly alive to injustice, he hated oppressors as he loved the oppressed; subject to a fever of continual ecstasy, he reached even fanaticism in fury, but it was the fury of those whom philosophy denominated as fired with enthusiasm and not pale and green with envy. Thus he had in his trials the greatest of internal consolations, the certainty of having done well, and against all insults and maledictions the surest refuge, the satisfaction and contentment with himself—uniting in truth, like few men, the idea and the action.

During a certain period of his life he was carried along by vulgar motives; he speculated, he traded, he grew rich by appropriation of his neighbors' goods; what horror, what bitter pain must this have caused later to his penitent heart!

The strength of his remorse ruled his conscience to retrieve his faults; and the sight of a massacre of the Indians stirred his feelings to the point of concentrating all his faculties in the one supreme purpose of dedicating himself exclusively to the relief and cure of so much and so terrible misery. The better to accomplish this, he became a priest. In fact, the renunciation of all family except that of the disinherited and the oppressed; the exclusive love and eternal marriage to his idea of justice; the temple for a home; the altars of sacrifice whereon to burn his life; the daily communion with Heaven by the sacraments; succor to all distress and consolation to all pain, offered as a strict observance of the most rudimentary duties; aid to the dying and prayers for the dead—all these exercises, while they drew him nearer to God, moved him also to serve and to honor humanity. Surrounded by Indians newly converted to religion, and by conquerors whom he proposed to convert to charity; in presence of those seas but lately disturbed by our keels; in the shade of those gigantic forests among whose foliage rustled the already vivifying breath of creation—he said the first mass, in which perhaps he had no wine, as though chance had designed that of the New World should be all the offerings which should direct all the thoughts of the exalted priest toward the New World. And from this point began his career, so rich in incidents: the emancipation of his own slaves, thereby despoiling a very large fortune; preaching in the open air with evangelical zeal for the liberty of those reduced to servitude; perilous journeys from Santo Domingo to Cuba, and from Cuba to Spain, in

search of the consummation and realization of his ideal; praying constantly upon the deck of his ship, in the presence of infinity, that the Divine Spirit would assist him and further him in his enterprise; conferences with the astute Catholic King Ferdinand, with the ardent Cardinal Cisneros, with the pious Adrian of Utrecht, and with the ministers of Charles V.; engaging in disputes and even waging war with the avaricious prelate of Burgos and the covetous monks of St. Jerome; bitterness, swallowed with resignation but without disheartenment, caused by the ingratitude and betrayal of those to whom he confided his undertaking and to whom he intrusted his representation and his name; trying to exact settlements from prevaricating judges who received beneficent laws and excused themselves from compliance therewith; stormy debates in the royal chamber and with the august councilors of state; tedious voyages; beneficent plans utterly frustrated by the intrigues of court; hazardous intercession between the Spaniards and the Indians; solitude in the wildernesses of the New World, subject to double danger from the elements and the savages; incredible disappointments with the colonists brought from Spain to aid in his work in the wilds of America; immense difficulties as well from the massacres of the Indians as of the Spaniards; the refusal of absolution to those who held in bondage their brothers in God, their equals by nature and rights; missions, like the apostolic voyages, from the Antilles to Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Nicaragua, and to Spain, challenging all the rigors of nature and all the ire of men; conflicts, like a warrior, with the faithful of his own bishopric moved to rebellion by his zeal in sustaining his excommunication of the cruel and tyrannical; his final renunciation of his ministry, and his seclusion in the convents of Spain; and as a termination of the whole, his most powerful influence on the maxims and on the humane tendency of the laws toward the Indians, a recompense certainly due to the fervor of his creed and the exaltation of his zeal.

Two grave accusations have been directed toward the Padre Las Casas: first, that in his enthusiasm for the emancipation of the Indians he contributed toward the slavery of the negroes; and, second, that in his zeal for the native races of the New World he came, if not to deny the right of our domination as necessary at the moment of his apostolate, at least to accuse it of being the most cruel of those which obtained the rights consequent to conquest. The first accusation seems to me victoriously refuted and even vanished, considering only that the expeditions for the blacks turn out to have been much anterior to the preaching of Las Casas, and were

moved and promoted more by the general tendency of the times than by the particular counsel of our apostle. As to the second charge, it appears much more difficult to excuse, although easy to comprehend and explain by the ardent heat of his combats and the vehement love of goodness, the indignation toward violence, and the force given to argument—the natural blindness, amid the dense smoke of a war which, notwithstanding its religious nature, was none the less always painful, and at times even cruel and sanguinary.

There is no doubt that historic sentiment has long considered the conquest of America as the most cruel of all conquests. And this sentiment has passed into general opinion so entirely that it has been unanimously adopted by the descendants of those same discoverers—without realizing that, in insulting their forefathers, they insult themselves, and, suicides that they are, they ignore in the face of the world the most glorious achievements of their race! I do not for love of my country excuse the crimes committed in America, as I do not for love of my liberty excuse those committed therefor in terror. I declare rather that America has obtained modern civilization certainly at a much less price than Europe. All the peoples guard the memory of a dolorous exit from paradise, in appearance a religious tradition, in reality a poetical teaching of the change from innocence and life in the bosom of nature to the horrors of combat and the hardships of labor, which vex, which afflict, which dismay, though they at the same time prepare man for great progress and for dominion over the planet, and for the foundation of a society based upon laws of justice.

No race has ever rent this veil of nature without cleaving the earth which bears it; as no foetus ever comes forth to light and air without opening the womb which carried it. The guilt of knowledge, the fatigue of advancing, the effort of inquiry, toil in all its phases and aspects, is not initiated into human societies but by means of dolorous and incessant sacrifices. The civilization which we carried to the New World we did not acquire at small cost. The fatherland is soaked with blood, covered with bones, converted into a vast cemetery for conquerors and conquered, for vanquishers and vanquished. The irruptions of Celts, Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Latins, Vandals, Arabs, Africans, these were much more cruel than the Spanish invasion of the New World. Upon that soil which was strongly impressed by nature, we planted the religion of the Spirit.

We showed them one of the marvels of the world, the richest and most harmonious language which men have spoken in modern times; we

gave them arts which were resplendent almost equally with the arts of Italy; we founded cities superior to those of our own peninsula. Instead of exterminating the Indians, or of banishing them to the wilderness, as did our haughty Saxon rivals, we admitted them to our communities. The laws, civil as well as ecclesiastic, favored them more than ourselves. And on our separation from America to give place to so many independent republics, destined to shine on earth as do the stars in heaven, if we left them but little aptitude for governing themselves (because the absolutism into which each and all had fallen rendered it impossible), on the other hand, we bequeathed to them a social state so progressive that they could abolish slavery without passing through the tremendous war in which the Great Republic almost met its ruin.

In cursing us, our offspring must curse the sublime discoverer who foresaw them when they were yet hidden in their motionless innocence; the explorers who vanquished the mysteries of their forests, and scaled the heights of their Andes, and followed their coasts and rivers; the missionaries who taught them the religion of the Spirit, the religion of liberty; the legislators who gave them laws and institutions under which they still live and progress.

The United States of North America have most justly placed in the Capitol at Washington, by the side of the names and effigies of the apostles of their own republic, the names and effigies

of the Spaniards who discovered the most beautiful forests and traced for the first time the most abundant rivers of their tremendous territory.

Señor Gutierrez has written the life of his hero under the influence of two sentiments much allied to those which animated Las Casas—the religious feeling, and the spirit of liberality. In reading this work one is present in the times of the apostolate, and one knows the life of the apostle. Many points are treated with veritable profundness, as for instance the conversion of a life in which predominated a great covetousness of riches, to a life ruled by charity and self-sacrifice. In his analysis it appears that Las Casas had, with a certain presentiment of natural rights, a certain profound conviction of social sovereignty. Nothing is more probable in one who, on the one hand, recognized human equality, and, on the other hand, the right of the people to govern themselves, and to interpose in the vote and the impost of taxes. It would be worthy of study to see how the democratic current which the monastic orders brought with them, and which produced Francis of Assisi in Umbria, Jerome Savonarola in Tuscany, and Las Casas in America, was not arrested until, in an evil hour, the rule of the Jesuit reaction came to interrupt it.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

A CHAPTER FROM FROUDE'S "CÆSAR."*

IT remains to offer a few general remarks on the person whose life and actions I have endeavored to describe in the preceding pages.

In all conditions of human society distinguished men are the subjects of legend; but the character of the legend varies with the disposition of the time. In ages which we call heroic the saint works miracles, the warrior performs exploits beyond the strength of natural man. In ages less visionary which are given to ease and enjoyment, the tendency is to bring a great man down to the common level, and to discover or invent faults which shall show that he is or was but a little man, after all. Our vanity is soothed by evidence that those who have eclipsed us in the race of life are no better than ourselves, or in

some respects are worse than ourselves; and if to these general impulses be added political or personal animosity, accusations of depravity are circulated as surely about such men, and are credited as readily, as under other influences are the marvelous achievements of a Cid or a St. Francis. In the present day we reject miracles and prodigies, we are on our guard against the mythology of hero-worship, just as we disbelieve in the eminent superiority of any one of our contemporaries to another. We look less curiously into the mythology of scandal, we accept easily and willingly stories disparaging to illustrious persons in history, because similar stories are told and retold with so much confidence and fluency among the political adversaries of those who have the misfortune to be their successful rivals. The absurdity of a calumny may be as evident as the absurdity of a miracle; the ground for belief may

* *Cæsar: A Sketch.* By James Anthony Froude, M. A. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1879.

be no more than a lightness of mind, and a less pardonable wish that it may be true. But the idle tale floats in society, and by and by is written down in books and passes into the region of established realities.

The tendency to idolize great men and the tendency to depreciate them arises alike in emotion; but the slanders of disparagement are as truly legends as the wonder-tales of saints and warriors; and anecdotes related of Cæsar at patrician dinner-parties at Rome as little deserve attention as the information so freely given upon the habits of modern statesmen in the *salons* of London and Paris. They are read now by us in classic Latin, but they were recorded by men who hated Cæsar, and hated all that he had done; and that a poem has survived for two thousand years is no evidence that the author of it, even though he might be a Catullus, was uninfluenced by the common passions of humanity.

Cæsar, it is allowed, had extraordinary talents, extraordinary energy, and some commendable qualities; but he was, as the elder Curio said, "omnium mulierum vir et omnium virorum mulier"; he had mistresses in every country which he visited, and he had *liaisons* with half the ladies in Rome. That Cæsar's morality was altogether superior to that of the average of his contemporaries is in a high degree improbable. He was a man of the world, peculiarly attractive to women, and likely to have been attracted by them. On the other hand, the indiscriminating looseness attributed to him would have been peculiarly degrading in a man whose passions were so eminently under control, whose calmness was never known to be discomposed, and who, in everything which he did, acted always with deliberate will. Still worse would it be if, by his example, he made ridiculous his own laws against adultery and indulged himself in vices which he punished in others. What, then, is the evidence? The story of Nicomedes may be passed over. All that is required on that subject has been already said. It was never heard of before Cæsar's consulship, and the proofs are no more than the libels of Bibulus, the satire of Catullus, and certain letters of Cicero's which were never published, but were circulated privately in Roman aristocratic society.* A story is suspicious which is first produced after twenty years in a moment of political excitement. Cæsar spoke of it with stern disgust. He replied to Catullus with an invitation to dinner; otherwise he passed it over in silence—the only answer which an honorable man could give. Suetonius quotes a loose song sung by Cæsar's soldiers at his triumph. We know in what terms British

sailors often speak of their favorite commanders. Affection, when it expresses itself most emphatically, borrows the language of its opposites. Who would dream of introducing into a serious life of Nelson catches chanted in the forecabin of the Victory? But which of the soldiers sang these verses? Does Suetonius mean that the army sang them in chorus as they marched in procession? The very notion is preposterous. It is proved that during Cæsar's lifetime scandal was busy with his name; and that it would be so busy, whether justified or not, is certain from the nature of things. Cicero says that no public man in Rome escaped from such imputations. He himself flung them broadcast, and they were equally returned upon himself. The surprise is rather that Cæsar's name should have suffered so little, and that he should have been admitted on reflection by Suetonius to have been comparatively free from the abominable form of vice which was then so common.

As to his *liaisons* with women, the handsome, brilliant Cæsar, surrounded by a halo of military glory, must have been a Paladin of romance to any woman who had a capacity of admiration in her. His own distaste for gluttony and hard drinking, and for the savage amusements in which the male Romans so much delighted, may have made the society of cultivated ladies more agreeable to him than that of men, and if he showed any such preference the coarsest interpretation would be inevitably placed upon it. These relations, perhaps, in so loose an age assumed occasionally a more intimate form; but it is to be observed that the first public act recorded of Cæsar was his refusal to divorce his wife at Sylla's bidding; that he was passionately attached to his sister; that his mother, Aurelia, lived with him till she died, and that this mother was a Roman matron of the strictest and severest type. Many names were mentioned in connection with him, yet there is no record of any natural child save Brutus, and one other whose claims were denied and disproved.

Two intrigues, it may be said, are beyond dispute. His connection with the mother of Brutus was notorious. Cleopatra, in spite of Oppius, was living with him in his house at the time of his murder. That it was so believed a hundred years after his death is, of course, indisputable; but in both these cases the story is entangled with legends which show how busily imagination had been at work. Brutus was said to be Cæsar's son, though Cæsar was but fifteen when he was born; and Brutus, though he had the temper of an Orestes, was devotedly attached to his mother in spite of the supposed adultery, and professed to have loved Cæsar when he offered him as a sacrifice to his country's liberty.

* Suetonius, "Julius Cæsar," 49.

Cleopatra is said to have joined Cæsar at Rome after his return from Spain, and to have resided openly with him as his mistress. Supposing that she did come to Rome, it is still certain that Calpurnia was in Cæsar's house when he was killed. Cleopatra must have been Calpurnia's guest as well as her husband's; and her presence, however commented upon in society, could not possibly have borne the avowed complexion which tradition assigned to it. On the other hand, it is quite intelligible that the young Queen of Egypt, who owed her position to Cæsar, might have come, as other princes came, on a visit of courtesy, and that Cæsar after their acquaintance at Alexandria should have invited her to stay with him. But was Cleopatra at Rome at all? The only real evidence for her presence there is to be found in a few words of Cicero: "*Reginæ fuga mihi non molesta*" ("I am not sorry to hear of the flight of the queen").* There is nothing to show that the "queen" was the Egyptian queen. Granting that the word Egyptian is to be understood, Cicero may have referred to Arsinoë, who was called Queen as well as her sister, and had been sent to Rome to be shown at Cæsar's triumph.

But enough and too much on this miserable subject. Men will continue to form their opinions about it, not upon the evidence, but according to their preconceived notions of what is probable or improbable. Ages of progress and equality are as credulous of evil as ages of faith are credulous of good, and reason will not modify convictions which do not originate in reason.

Let us pass on to surer ground.

In person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark-gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits. He was a great bather, and scrupulously clean in all his habits, abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding. In Gaul, as has been said already, he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let

no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it was observed of him that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On an occasion when he was dining somewhere, the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground.

In his public character he may be regarded under three aspects, as a politician, a soldier, and a man of letters.

Like Cicero, Cæsar entered public life at the bar. He belonged by birth to the popular party, but he showed no disposition, like the Gracchi, to plunge into political agitation. His aims were practical. He made war only upon injustice and oppression; and when he commenced as a pleader he was noted for the energy with which he protected a client whom he believed to have been wronged. At a later period, before he was prætor, he was engaged in defending Masintha, a young Numidian prince, who had suffered some injury from Hiempsal, the father of Juba. Juba himself came to Rome on the occasion, bringing with him the means of influencing the judges which Jugurtha had found so effective. Cæsar in his indignation seized Juba by the beard in the court; and when Masintha was sentenced to some unjust penalty Cæsar carried him off, concealed him in his house, and took him to Spain in his carriage. When he rose into the Senate, his powers as a speaker became strikingly remarkable. Cicero, who often heard him, and was not a favorable judge, said that there was a pregnancy in his sentences and a dignity in his manner which no orator in Rome could approach. But he never spoke to court popularity; his aim from first to last was better government, the prevention of bribery and extortion, and the distribution among deserving citizens of some portion of the public land which the rich were stealing. The Julian laws, which excited the indignation of the aristocracy, had no other objects than these; and had they been observed they would have saved the Constitution. The obstinacy of faction and the civil war which grew out of it obliged him to extend his horizon, to contemplate more radical reforms—a large extension of the privileges of citizenship, with the introduction of the provincial nobility into the Senate, and the transfer of the administration from the Senate and annually elected magistrates to the permanent chief of the army. But his objects

* To Atticus, xiv., 8.

throughout were purely practical. The purpose of government he conceived to be the execution of justice; and a constitutional liberty under which justice was made impossible did not appear to him to be liberty at all.

The practicality which showed itself in his general aims appeared also in his mode of working. Cæsar, it was observed, when anything was to be done, selected the man who was best able to do it, not caring particularly who or what he might be in other respects. To this faculty of discerning and choosing fit persons to execute his orders may be ascribed the extraordinary success of his own provincial administration, the enthusiasm which was felt for him in the north of Italy, and the perfect quiet of Gaul after the completion of the conquest. Cæsar did not crush the Gauls under the weight of Italy. He took the best of them into the Roman service, promoted them, led them to associate the interests of the empire with their personal advancement and the prosperity of their own people. No act of Cæsar's showed more sagacity than the introduction of Gallic nobles into the Senate; none was more bitter to the Scipios and Metelli, who were compelled to share their august privileges with these despised barbarians.

It was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession of a soldier; yet perhaps no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius. The conquest of Gaul was effected by a force numerically insignificant, which was worked with the precision of a machine. The variety of uses to which it was capable of being turned implied, in the first place, extraordinary forethought in the selection of materials. Men whose nominal duty was merely to fight were engineers, architects, mechanics of the highest order. In a few hours they could extemporize an impregnable fortress on an open hillside. They bridged the Rhine in a week. They built a fleet in a month. The legions at Alesia held twice their number pinned within their works, while they kept at bay the whole force of insurgent Gaul, entirely by scientific superiority. The machine, which was thus perfect, was composed of human beings who required supplies of tools, and arms, and clothes, and food, and shelter, and for all these it depended on the forethought of its commander. Maps there were none. Countries entirely unknown had to be surveyed; routes had to be laid out; the depths and courses of rivers, the character of mountain passes, had all to be ascertained. Allies had to be found among tribes as yet unheard of. Countless contingent difficulties had to be provided for, many of which must necessarily arise, though the exact nature of them could not be anticipated. When room for accidents is left open, accidents do not fail to be

heard of. Yet Cæsar was never defeated when personally present, save once at Gergovia, and once at Durazzo; and the failure at Gergovia was caused by the revolt of the Ædui; and the manner in which the failure at Durazzo was retrieved, showed Cæsar's greatness more than the most brilliant of his victories. He was rash, but with a calculated rashness, which the event never failed to justify. His greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He traveled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads, and crossing rivers without bridges. No obstacles stopped him when he had a definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode; but he was more often on foot, bareheaded, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. Again and again by his own efforts he recovered a day that was half lost. He once seized a panic-stricken standard-bearer, turned him round, and told him that he had mistaken the direction of the enemy. He never misled his army as to an enemy's strength, or if he misstated their numbers it was only to exaggerate. In Africa, before Thapsus, when his officers were nervous at the reported approach of Juba, he called them together and said briefly, "You will understand that within a day King Juba will be here with ten legions, thirty thousand horse, a hundred thousand skirmishers, and three hundred elephants. You are not to think or ask questions. I tell you the truth, and you must prepare for it. If any of you are alarmed, I shall send you home."

Yet he was singularly careful of his soldiers. He allowed his legions rest, though he allowed none to himself. He rarely fought a battle at a disadvantage. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger, and the loss by wear and tear in the campaigns in Gaul was exceptionally and even astonishingly slight. When a gallant action was performed, he knew by whom it had been done, and every soldier, however humble, might feel assured that if he deserved praise he would have it. The army was Cæsar's family. When Sabinus was cut off, he allowed his beard to grow, and he did not shave it till the disaster was avenged. If Quintus Cicero had been his own child, he could not have run greater personal risk to save him when shut up at Charleroy. In discipline he was lenient to ordinary faults, and not careful to make curious inquiries into such things. He liked his men to enjoy themselves. Military mistakes in his officers too he always endeavored to excuse, never blaming them for misfortunes, unless there had been a defect of courage as well as judgment. Mutiny and

desertion only he never overlooked. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him. He brought the insurgent Tenth Legion into submission by a single word. When the civil war began and Labienus left him, he told all his officers who had served under Pompey that they were free to follow if they wished. Not another man forsook him.

Suetonius says that he was rapacious, that he plundered tribes in Spain who were allies of Rome, that he pillaged shrines and temples in Gaul, and destroyed cities merely for spoil. He adds a story which Cicero would not have left untold and uncommented on if he had been so fortunate as to hear of it: that Cæsar when first consul took three thousand pounds weight of gold out of the Capitol and replaced it with gilded brass. A similar story is told of the Cid and of other heroes of fiction. How came Cicero to be ignorant of an act which, if done at all, was done under his own eyes? When prætor, Cæsar brought back money from Spain to the treasury; but he was never charged at the time with peculation or oppression there. In Gaul the war paid its own expenses; but what temples were there in Gaul which were worth spoiling? Of temples he was, indeed, scrupulously careful. Varro had taken gold from the Temple of Hercules at Cadiz. Cæsar replaced it. Metellus Scipio had threatened to plunder the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Cæsar protected it. In Gaul the Druids were his best friends: therefore he certainly had not outraged religion there; and the quiet of the province during the civil war is a sufficient answer to the accusation of gratuitous oppression.

The Gauls paid the expenses of their conquests in the prisoners taken in battle, who were sold to the slave-merchants; and this is the real blot on Cæsar's career. But the blot was not personally upon Cæsar, but upon the age in which he lived. The great Pomponius Atticus himself was a dealer in human chattels. That prisoners of war should be sold as slaves was the law of the time, accepted alike by victors and vanquished; and the crowds of libertini who assisted at Cæsar's funeral proved that he was not regarded as the enemy of these unfortunates, but as their special friend.

His leniency to the Pompeian faction has already been spoken of sufficiently. It may have been politic, but it arose also from the disposition of the man. Cruelty originates in fear, and Cæsar was too indifferent to death to fear anything. So far as his public action was concerned, he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice; and he moved through life calm and irresistible, like a force of nature.

Cicero has said of Cæsar's oratory that he

surpassed those who had practiced no other art. His praise of him as a man of letters is yet more delicately and gracefully emphatic. Most of his writings are lost; but there remain seven books of commentaries on the wars in Gaul (the eighth was added by another hand), and three books upon the civil war, containing an account of its causes and history. Of these it was that Cicero said, in an admirable image, that fools might think to improve on them, but that no wise man would try it; they were *nudi omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste detracta*—bare of ornament, the dress of style dispensed with, like an undraped human figure perfect in all its lines as nature made it. In his composition, as in his actions, Cæsar is entirely simple. He indulges in no images, no labored descriptions, no conventional reflections. His art is unconscious, as the highest art always is. The actual fact of things stands out as it really was, not as mechanically photographed, but interpreted by the calmest intelligence, and described with unexaggerated feeling. No military narrative has approached the excellence of the history of the war in Gaul. Nothing is written down which could be dispensed with; nothing important is left untold; while the incidents themselves are set off by delicate and just observations on human character. The story is rendered attractive by complimentary anecdotes of persons; while details of the character and customs of an unknown and remarkable people show the attention which Cæsar was always at leisure to bestow on anything which was worthy of interest, even when he was surrounded with danger and difficulty. The books on the civil war have the same simplicity and clearness, but a vein runs through them of strong if subdued emotion. They contain the history of a great revolution related by the principal actor in it; but no effort can be traced to set his own side in a favorable light, or to abuse or depreciate his adversaries. The coarse invectives which Cicero poured so freely upon those who differed from him are conspicuously absent. Cæsar does not exult over his triumphs or parade the honesty of his motives. The facts are left to tell their own story; and the gallantry and endurance of his own troops are not related with more feeling than the contrast between the confident hopes of the patrician leaders at Pharsalia and the luxury of their camp with the overwhelming disaster which fell upon them. About himself and his own exploits there is not one word of self-complacency or self-admiration. In his writings, as in his life, Cæsar is always the same—direct, straightforward, unmoved save by occasional tenderness, describing with unconscious simplicity how the work which had been forced upon him was accomplished. He wrote with ex-

treme rapidity in the intervals of other labor; yet there is not a word misplaced, not a sign of haste anywhere, save that the conclusion of the Gallic war was left to be supplied by a weaker hand. The "Commentaries," as an historical narrative, are as far superior to any other Latin composition of the kind as the person of Cæsar himself stands out among the rest of his contemporaries.

His other compositions have perished, in consequence, perhaps, of the unforgiving republican sentiment which revived among men of letters after the death of Augustus—which rose to a height in the "Pharsalia" of Lucan—and which leaves so visible a mark in the writings of Tacitus and Suetonius. There was a book, "De Analogiâ," written by Cæsar after the conference at Lucca, during the passage of the Alps. There was a book on the Auspices, which, coming from the head of the Roman religion, would have thrown a light much to be desired on this curious subject. In practice Cæsar treated the auguries with contempt. He carried his laws in open disregard of them. He fought his battles careless whether the sacred chickens would eat or the calves' livers were of the proper color. His own account of such things in his capacity of Pontifex would have had a singular interest.

From the time of his boyhood he kept a commonplace-book, in which he entered down any valuable or witty sayings, inquiring carefully, as Cicero takes pains to tell us, after any smart observation of his own. Niebuhr remarks that no pointed sentences of Cæsar's can have come down to us. Perhaps he had no gift that way, and admired in others what he did not possess.

He left in verse "an account of the stars"—some practical almanac, probably, in a shape to be easily remembered; and there was a journal in verse also, written on the return from Munda. Of all the lost writings, however, the most to be regretted is the "Anti-Cato." After Cato's death Cicero published a panegyric upon him. To praise Cato was to condemn Cæsar; and Cæsar replied with a sketch of the Martyr of Utica as he had himself known him. The pamphlet, had it survived, would have shown how far Cæsar was able to extend the forbearance so conspicuous in his other writings to the most respectable and the most inveterate of his enemies. The verdict of fact and the verdict of literature on the great controversy between them have been summed up in the memorable line of Lucan:

"Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

Was Cato right, or were the gods right? Perhaps both. There is a legend that at the death of Charles V. the accusing angel appeared in heaven with a catalogue of deeds which no advocate could palliate—countries laid desolate,

cities sacked and burned, lists of hundreds of thousands of widows and children brought to misery by the political ambition of a single man. The evil spirit demanded the offender's soul, and it seemed as if mercy itself could not refuse him the award. But at the last moment the Supreme Judge interfered. The Emperor, he said, had been sent into the world at a peculiar time, for a peculiar purpose, and was not to be tried by the ordinary rules. Titian has painted the scene: Charles kneeling before the throne, with the consciousness, as became him, of human infirmities, written upon his countenance, yet neither afraid nor abject, relying in absolute faith that the Judge of all mankind would do right.

Of Cæsar too it may be said that he came into the world at a special time and for a special object. The old religions were dead, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, and the principles on which human society had been constructed were dead also. There remained of spiritual conviction only the common and human sense of justice and morality; and out of this sense some ordered system of government had to be constructed, under which quiet men could live and labor and eat the fruit of their industry. Under a rule of this material kind there can be no enthusiasm, no chivalry, no saintly aspirations, no patriotism of the heroic type. It was not to last for ever. A new life was about to dawn for mankind. Poetry, and faith, and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity. But the life which is to endure grows slowly; and as the soil must be prepared before the wheat can be sown, so before the Kingdom of Heaven could throw up its shoots there was needed a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by violence nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions. Such a kingdom was the Empire of the Cæsars—a kingdom where peaceful men could work, think, and speak as they pleased, and travel freely among provinces ruled for the most part by Gallios who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions. "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death," was the complaint of the Jewish priests to the Roman governor. Had Europe and Asia been covered with independent nations, each with a local religion represented in its ruling powers, Christianity must have been stifled in its cradle. If St. Paul had escaped the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, he would have been torn to pieces by the silversmiths at Ephesus. The appeal to Cæsar's judgment-seat was the shield of his mission, and alone made possible his success.

And this spirit, which confined government

to its simplest duties, while it left opinion unfettered, was especially present in Julius Caesar himself. From cant of all kinds he was totally free. He was a friend of the people, but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, as Cicero did, a Providence in which he did not believe. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality. He held to the facts of this life and to his own convictions; and, as he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave, he did not pretend to expect it. He respected the religion of the Roman state as an institution established by the laws. He encouraged or left unmolested the creeds and practices of the uncounted sects or tribes who were gathered under the eagles. But his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He never pretended that Jupiter was on

his side. He thanked his soldiers after a victory, but he did not order "Te Deums" to be sung for it; and in the absence of these conventionalisms he perhaps showed more real reverence than he could have displayed by the freest use of the formulas of pietism.

He fought his battles to establish some tolerable degree of justice in the government of this world; and he succeeded, though he was murdered for doing it.

Strange and startling resemblance between the fate of the founder of the kingdom of this world and of the Founder of the kingdom not of this world, for which the first was a preparation. Each was denounced for making himself a king. Each was maligned as the friend of publicans and sinners; each was betrayed by those whom he had loved and cared for; each was put to death; and Caesar also was believed to have risen again and ascended into heaven and become a divine being.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE PARTY BROKE UP.

ANTHONY HAMBLIN closed the door and sought the study again; he stood there before the fire, all the sunshine gone from his face, and sought to put the situation into words. "Nothing like words," he said to himself, with a wintry smile, "for presenting the real facts, the whole truth."

On the table lay the journal of the woman, dead twenty years ago. His hand trembled as he laid it in a drawer and locked it up, for greater safety.

"Now I must put on a bold front," he said, "and face them all, Stephen among the number, who know nothing and suspect nothing. How to break the thing to Alison?—with what words can I go to her and say, 'Your—' I can not do it. And it must all come out, the shameful story—it must be published in the papers; she must learn what all the rest of the world will learn. Poor Alison! poor girl!"

The odd thing was, as Miss Nethersole had observed, connecting the fact naturally with an obdurate and unrepentant heart, that Anthony

Hamblin spoke as if this thing was only to be regretted because some third person would be affected by it. Therefore the good lady went away with an uncomfortable feeling; much as if, being an Instrument of Heaven, she had made the mistake of sticking the knife into somebody else, not the victim ordained.

The surprise and disgust of an exposed criminal she had marked in his countenance. So far that was satisfactory; but she could not observe the slightest trace of terror or remorse. The criminal looked at the crime and its consequences from an outside point of view, and dared to discuss it with her, as if it concerned some one else. This unexpected way of receiving her intelligence was exasperating. It made the Instrument the more resolved upon carrying out her revenge to the utmost extent permitted in a truly Christian land. No lamentation at all—no repentance—no terror. Why, it was as if a murderer on the way to Tyburn Tree were openly to lament the lot of another unfortunate going to be hanged beside him for the same crime.

In his study, Anthony Hamblin reflected on a new aspect of the case. There were others to consider besides Alison; there was the respectability of the family. The parent trunk had many

branches, and there was not one rotten bough among them. Disgrace and shame would fall upon the name for the first time, the unhappy man reflected, through the main branch, the most respected of all, and there was no hope of averting the blow: the hard and determined face of the woman, triumphant in the prospect of her revenge, forbade that hope. The blow would fall, as she promised, on the Monday following.

Here his thoughts were interrupted by a gentle knock at the door. He started, as if it was the knock of a police-constable already arrived with a warrant for his arrest, and handcuffs.

It was Alison herself; she had grown anxious about the protracted absence of her father.

"What is it, papa dear?" she asked. "Has anything happened? See, you dropped the card of your visitor, and I picked it up—'Rachel Nethersole, Olivet Lodge.' Who is Rachel Nethersole, papa? and where is Olivet Lodge?"

This is one of those critical moments which abound in life, but which we at the time so little heed. Had he taken the girl in his arms and told her everything—hiding nothing—the future misery might yet have been spared. But he did not. It was in the nature of Anthony Hamblin to avoid the infliction of pain, even when it was most necessary and just that pain should be inflicted. He missed this opportunity.

"Miss Nethersole, Alison, is a lady whom I once knew intimately. I have not seen her for many years. She revived the memory of a very painful business which happened before ever you were born. Let us forget it and go up stairs."

The young men and maidens were dancing another waltz. They always do drop into continuous waltzing, these young people of the present day, unless restrained by the severer sense of their elders. Mr. Stephen Hamblin, upon whom his brother's eyes fell with a strange expression, was standing by the fire, looking into it with a dark and dour gaze, as if to justify his epithet among the ladies of the Hamblin cousinhood, the "Black" Hamblin. Near him stood Mr. Alderney Codd, talking to one of the partners. His animated face still reflected the consciousness of wealth. This, to a man of imagination, was difficult to avoid in a house which breathed of wealth.

"All this is nothing, Augustus," he was saying airily. "We who wish to increase our wealth have but to look round us, and the opportunities come of themselves. How many good things have I not chanced upon, for instance!"

Augustus Hamblin glanced involuntarily at the frayed shirt-cuffs and ragged collar of the speaker. Did he really mean it? But no one was ignorant of Alderney Codd's actual poverty.

"I look round," he continued cheerily, "and watch the market. I see my opening. It may

be a modest ten thousand, worth the picking up; it may be a colossal fortune, which wants nothing but capital to start it and intelligence to direct it."

"Ah, yes. Very true, indeed. But you must persuade your capitalist, Alderney, and you must find your intelligence."

"The intelligence," said Alderney, tapping his bosom, "is here. The capitalist—" Just then Anthony came back with Alison. "The capitalist, Cousin Augustus—" he gently raised his voice.

"Another scheme, Alderney?" said Anthony, forcing a smile. "Let us consider it in the morning."

And then a constraint fell upon the party. Everybody saw that Anthony Hamblin, the giver of the feast, was nervous and agitated. He spoke fast, but he did not talk well. Alison watched him furtively. The mirth went out of the party, even down to the boys, who yawned and wished it was supper-time. The dancing languished, the laughter was forced, the singing lost its freshness. When supper-time came, everybody was relieved.

Two or three days later, Augustus Hamblin, talking over the event that had just happened, remarked that it seemed that night as if the shadow of Fate was upon his unfortunate cousin.

"I almost begin," he said, "to believe in prognostics, second-sight, all that sort of thing. Poor Anthony became melancholy in a sudden way that night, and he never rallied. He forced himself to talk, he drank a great deal of champagne, he made a little speech; but it was impossible not to feel that there was something wrong with him. It was the impending sword, and he saw its shadow before him. At least, that is what my wife says."

The hour for separation arrived; the guests were departing. In the conservatory still lingered a couple alone—the young man who had been hovering about Alison all the evening, and Alison herself. He was holding her hand, and his eyes, falling on the graceful head of the girl, were full of the tenderness of love newly awakened.

"Alison," he whispered, "my darling, my own!"

She was silent, but she did not withdraw her hand.

"To-morrow," he went on, "I shall see your father. He is the kindest-hearted of men. He will not refuse his consent. Good night."

He pressed his lips upon her forehead hurriedly and was gone. The host was in the hall exchanging farewells with his guests, most of whom were already gone. Gilbert Yorke waited about until there were only three left—himself, Mr. Alderney Codd, and Stephen Hamblin.

"I want to see you to-morrow," said Anthony sharply to his brother. Gilbert Yorke noticed how his fingers nervously plucked at the kid glove he had taken off. "I want to see you very particularly."

"On business?" asked Stephen, looking at him suspiciously. "What business?"

The only business he could think of between himself and his brother was that of borrowing money. Did Anthony propose to lend him more, and without being asked, or was he going to be mean and say ungenerous things? That, however, was unlike Anthony.

"I will call at your chambers to-morrow at three. It is most important that you should be alone."

"Very well," said Stephen; "you will find me there. Good night." He held out his hand, but his brother turned as if he had not seen the proffered hand. Gilbert saw the action and wondered what was meant. Everybody knew very well that the only member of the family who kept up friendly relations with Stephen was his brother.

Stephen buttoned up his coat, drew on his gloves, and stepped out into the night without a word.

There were then left only Mr. Alderney Codd and Gilbert Yorke.

"Dear me!" said Alderney, who had been looking among the coats, "is Stephen gone? I depended upon him for a lift." He was very thinly clad with an overcoat which would have been insufficient even for an April night. "Which is your way, Mr. Yorke?"

"I am afraid not yours. I am going to stay at the hotel over the Common."

"Ah, well, it is a fine night, though cold. I shall walk." He laughed airily. He would have liked to go to the hotel too, but there were reasons why that could not be. It was unfortunate that it was only a week since he had borrowed five pounds of Anthony. "After all," he went on, "a walk in this crisp and bracing air will do one good."

Anthony interposed: "With thin boots, Alderney? You must do nothing of the kind. Go over to the hotel with Yorke. You are both my guests, tell the landlord. And you can not go into the cold with that ridiculous thing. Call that an overcoat?"

"I warm myself inside with good old port," said Alderney, the rich but eccentric.

"Anyhow," said Anthony, "borrow this." He took down an ample and magnificent garment, lined with costly fur. "You can send it back to me at the office."

Alderney put it on, and at once became a rich man. No one but a rich man could possibly walk in such a coat.

"Take a cigar, Alderney, and a glass of brandy-and-water before you go."

Alderney found both cigars and brandy in the study. He helped himself to a handful of Anthony's choicest, and a glass of stiff brandy-and-water, while Gilbert Yorke staid to say a few words to Mr. Hamblin.

The brandy-and-water dispatched—he had already got through a couple of bottles of champagne with the supper—Alderney Codd announced himself ready to go.

"An excellent coat," he said, with warm approbation, while he buttoned it up. "I shall get one exactly like it for my own use"—it only cost about a hundred and fifty guineas, being lined with the very best of skins—"black, too, in case of sudden mourning."

Ominous words, he recollected afterward.

Meanwhile Gilbert Yorke had timidly taken the first step of the accepted lover.

"May I see you, Mr. Hamblin," he stammered, "about—a—a matter most important to myself?"

Anthony smiled. Then, as if a painful thought had struck him, his face suddenly became overcast.

"Come on Sunday," he said. "No—no—make it Tuesday, if you still feel inclined to say what I suppose you wish to say."

"Your words, sir, give me hope." The words might be hopeful, but the face was very far from showing any of the cheerfulness we associate with the emotion of hope.

"Hope?" he echoed. "Yes, have hope. Everybody may have hope—except myself."

What could he mean?

The door closed upon the last two guests.

Mr. Hamblin stood irresolutely in the hall.

Then he became aware that young Nick was there too, looking attentively at him from his white lashes and pink eyes.

"You not gone to bed, boy?" he asked, with a guilty feeling that this boy too must learn the dreadful story.

"No, uncle; I wished to see you before I went to bed. You're not well. You've got something wrong somewhere. Confide in me. Let me advise."

"Nonsense, boy!" said Anthony, smiling. "Go to bed at once."

"If there is to be no confidence, as between man and man," said young Nick grandly, "there is no more to be said. Remember, however, that I offered my advice. It's no fault of mine if you won't take it."

Mr. Hamblin retreated to his study. The footman turned down the lights in the hall, and the house was silent. But there was one more interruption. It was Alison. She had on a long

white dressing-gown; her bare feet were thrust into slippers, worked in some soft woolen stuff; her long black hair was hanging over her shoulders: she looked like the dream of some great painter—a perfect maiden.

"Papa," she said, throwing her arms round his neck, "I can not sleep, and I have come to tell you—"

"What, my dear? Suppose I guess already." He drew her more closely to him, and kissed her forehead.

She burst into tears.

"Why, Alison, why?"

"It is happiness, papa. I am too happy, to have so much love. Good night again, dear."

Ominous tears, she thought afterward.

CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNAL OF A DESERTED WIFE.

ANTHONY HAMBLIN was left alone with the manuscript.

He sat down in his easy-chair, and, from force of habit, took a cigar from a box which contained many kinds of cigars. But he did not light it. Instead, he took the manuscript in his hand and held it irresolutely, as if he was afraid of it.

In fact, he was afraid of it. He was about to reopen a chapter in his life which he fondly hoped, and had hoped for twenty years, was closed for ever.

There hung over the mantel-shelf the portrait of a lady. It was the same lady whose effigies, taken in her younger days, we have seen in Alison's room, the Señora; but this portrait figured her in her later years, when trouble had fallen upon her. The black eyes, the black hair, was with her still; but the look of confidence was gone: and in place of the possibilities of love, passion, jealousy, tenderness, wrath, in the portrait of her younger days, there was seen an expression of sadness, wonder, and resignation. The deep black eyes of the portrait met those of her son Anthony; and, as he looked into them, their sadness grew deeper, their wonder more marked, their resignation more troubled.

As the chief of the house of Hamblin sat there, looking in that face, there passed across his brain in a few moments, as happens in great crises of life, the events belonging to many generations and many years.

There was once a certain Anthony Hamblin who, in the seventeenth century, when Englishmen first began to trade with the marvelous East, was sent out to India on board a merchantman as supercargo. In this capacity he made several

voyages and no little money; when he had made enough money and plenty of friends, he established himself in London as an indigo merchant. He prospered greatly. His son, Anthony the second, equally prudent and equally able, prospered also; his grandson, Anthony the third, prospered. The house grew and increased continually. The eldest son, Anthony, always succeeded as principal partner; the junior partners were taken from the cousins; the younger sons sought their fortunes elsewhere. Some of them succeeded, and some failed. Whether in success or failure, they were proud of their race. The poorer branches, especially, regarded the regnant Anthony in the light of Providence, as much to be approached by prayer and as uncertain. When their case was decided on its actual merits, they were wont to curse him altogether.

If Anthony Hamblin thought of the origin, the respectability, and the position of the house, it was in contrast with this danger of disgrace which now threatened it. And thus his thoughts carried him to scenes of his own life. Far back first, to the time when he was a boy of ten.

A day in summer; a garden—the very garden on which his study-windows looked; a lady leading by the hand a little child of two.

"You must never forget, Anthony," said the lady—his heart sank as he recalled the sweet foreign accent and the soft voice in which his mother spoke—"you must never forget that little Stephen is your younger brother. He will look to you for an example. No one lives for himself alone. As the elder brother governs himself, so will the younger imitate him."

The little child, a dark, almost a swarthy child, held up both his arms; and Anthony carried him, running and singing, round and round the garden.

Or, ten years later. He was twenty years of age, and already in the House, learning by slow degrees to get a grasp over the working of a great firm. His father one morning received a letter addressed to him in the City, which agitated and distressed him. He sent for Anthony, and showed it to him.

"Go, Anthony," he said, "take the boy away; remove him at once to another school. But never let his mother know why he was taken away." He remembered how reports followed each other of his brother's misconduct at the new school. He was the model bad boy, the awful example. He never learned anything, never showed himself open to the influences of emulation, admonition, or example. Anthony kept back what he could from his father, and everything from his mother. The worst part of the business was that Stephen was unpopular among the boys themselves. Now boys are always ready to admire a plucky breaker

of rules; so that there must have been something which did not appear in school-reports.

His father died while Stephen was still at school.

Then Anthony remembered another and a more touching death-bed, when the mother, clinging to him, implored him with tears never to desert his brother; always, whatever he did, to pardon him; always to help him.

"I have known more than you thought, my dear," she said. "You hid things from me which others told. He has begun badly—oh, very badly! But he is young, O son of mine who never gave my heart a stab—God bless you! He is young, and may reform."

Then Anthony remembered the promise, sacred by the memory of his mother's last tears, which he solemnly pronounced.

There was another scene. It was in the house in Great St. Simon Apostle. His partners came to him one morning. They were grave and embarrassed. One of them, with words of hesitation, told him a story. The elder brother, left alone, sent for the younger.

"You must leave the house," he said. "After what has been done you can look for no employment from my partners. All that can be done is for you to go away, knowing that silence will be kept. Take money; and when I see you again, in a month's time, tell me what you propose to do."

He was getting nearer to the present.

He remembered then how Stephen, who had become nominally an indigo broker, received on obtaining his majority his portion, and how this provision, ample for a younger brother, vanished in two or three years, so that he presently returned to his elder brother and to his profession.

And then his thoughts leaped over ten years, and he saw himself—whom all the world considered a bachelor, and confirmed in that happy condition of life—bringing home a girl of ten, and confessing that the world had been deceived, for lo! he was a widower, and this was his daughter Alison, whose mother had died in childbirth. He smiled as he thought of the mystery with which the cousinhood surrounded the affair, and talked for days, even nine times nine, about it; how they came and petted little Alison, and tried to pump her; and how Stephen's face dropped and his dark eyes glowered when he heard the news, because he was no longer heir.

"That was something like a surprise," thought Anthony, "the mystery of the good boy. Had it been Stephen, no one would have wondered. But for the good boy of the family! And here"—he opened the manuscript—"here awaits a greater surprise still. Cousins mine, how *will* you look on Monday evening, when the paper

reports Rachel Nethersole's application for a warrant?"

He spoke bitterly, but there was still a marked absence of what the good Rachel so much wished to see—terror.

The manuscript was not very bulky, and it was written all in one hand—a woman's hand of the Italian style. He knew it for the writing of Rachel Nethersole, and groaned as he looked at it.

"To think that she once thought I was in love with her—with her!" he said, smiling; "why, she was always as grim and as repulsive as she is now, or very nearly; nobody *could* fall in love with such a woman. Poor Rachel! she is happy; she is going to have her revenge."

He lighted the cigar which had been lying on the table, and sat down to what seemed a philosophic endurance of the revenge.

The manuscript was headed with the words, "My Story."

"It is right," the paper began, "that you should know how I found out the exact date and the circumstances attendant on the death of my murdered sister—by what providential guidance I was led to the discovery, and so have been enabled to put together, piece by piece, the indictment which will be the means of your punishment upon this earth."

Mr. Hamblin nodded his head, took the cigar out of his mouth, and leaned back, considering. Presently he went on with the reading.

"In October last I was laid up, having been all my life singularly strong and healthy, with a severe cold, which gradually took the form of some pulmonary complaint, the nature of which concerns you not at all."

"What I dislike about this style," said Anthony to himself, "is that it takes such a devil of a lot of words. Why couldn't she begin by saying that she had a bad cough?"

"After many visits from my medical adviser, and much fruitless expense, I was advised to try a visit to a southern seaside place, where I was to pass the winter."

"It is not my custom to travel from place to place, especially when the pulpit privileges are uncertain. I therefore took counsel of my pastoral guide before deciding on the place where I was to seek bodily health."

"We discussed several places. Brighton, which was proposed by the doctor, was immediately rejected as too worldly. St. Leonards and Hastings, Worthing and Southsea, for the same valid reason, were also rejected; Torquay, which in respect of climate seemed to offer exceptional advantages, proved unworthy on closer investigation. It seemed as if I should be unable to leave my own home without peril to higher considera-

tions than those of mere health. At last, however, my adviser recommended me to think of Bournemouth. You understand that the place was not suggested by myself at all. The suggestion *came to me* from the outside. This was the first link in the chain of evidence which proves that I am an Instrument.

"Accordingly I went to Bournemouth.

"Before going I wrote to a house-agent, to whom I had been recommended (this is link number two), and received from him a choice of lodgings, any one of which, he said, would seem to suit me well. Observe that I took no personal action in the matter. I was driven to Bournemouth; I was led to this house-agent; I was guided to my lodgings.

"Those that I selected were a first-floor front and back for myself, and a second-floor back for Jane, whom you may or may not remember. It is Jane's privilege to consider herself working under me as also an Instrument. Why should not servants be chosen as well as mistresses? The rooms were kept by a Mrs. Peglar, a church member in the Baptist connection, who, though exorbitant in her charges, appeared to be clean and respectable.

"Bournemouth is a dull place, especially when one can not go outside the door in rainy weather. It rained every day, and in consequence I was compelled to remain in the house. As I was never given to the frivolous and vain fashion of reading novels to pass the time, holding, as I do, the opinion that one's own responsibilities are quite enough to occupy one's whole attention without engaging upon those of others, I found the hours between breakfast and dinner, dinner and tea, tea and supper, sufficiently long. Jane is never good at conversation, and, besides, was now torn from all those scenes which in Newbury furnished her with subjects of thought and topics of talk; because, if she looked out of doors, she knew nobody, not even the butcher's boy or the milkman, with whom she could exchange a word of news. I therefore fell back upon Mrs. Peglar and her experiences.

"These, spiritually, were interesting, as such experiences usually are. I imparted mine to her, and we communicated to each other certain tracts, which seemed to each to suit the case of the other. I may say that mine, which bore upon the honesty due by Christians to those of the household, produced no effect upon the next week's bill, in which the overcharge for coals, candles, firewood, and such trifles as salt and pepper, was unworthy of a professed church member. However, this, to a man of your spendthrift habits, will appear irrelevant."

"Dear me!" sighed Anthony, laying down the paper. "This is very dreary reading."

"Having exchanged spiritual experiences, we proceeded to talk about things temporal. Mrs. Peglar has had trials out of the common. It is nothing in Bournemouth for lodgers to die, because most of them go there for that purpose; and when (speaking as a lodging-house-keeper) you have got a good invalid in the place, one who pays his way without too many questions and lasts a long time, you are much better off than when you get a mere healthy family down for the summer holidays. 'Give me,' said Mrs. Peglar very justly, 'give me a good long consumption.' She was good enough, it is true, to make an exception in favor of persons like myself, which may have been sincere, as between church members, or may not.

"We talked a good deal, having nothing better to do, over the stories of these lodgers. Mrs. Peglar's experience in the last days and weeks of dying people is very great. Her manner of describing them is powerful; if she seems sometimes to lack sympathy, it must be remembered that, like the doctor, her interests are concerned in keeping them alive. And I confess to sympathizing with Mrs. Peglar, when she declared to me that most of the lodgers who died in her rooms did so from sheer cowardice and want of determination. 'I said to them,' she declared to me—'I told them every day that what they wanted was to pluck up—to have a good heart; oysters and a good heart. None ever died of consumption and decline yet, till they got tired of fighting.' She considers that this lack of courage, which might be remedied by careful education, has cost her hundreds of pounds already. And she rightly pointed out what a dreadful loss this makes in the aggregate every year, 'when you come to consider what a many lodging-house-keepers there are in the different watering-places in England.'

"Thus tales of her defunct lodgers occupied all our evenings; and at night my mind used to run upon the memories of the poor creatures who had died in the bed in which I lay, so that at last I was obliged to have a bedroom candle alight all night; while Jane grew nervous to such a degree—thinking of ghosts while I thought of souls—that nothing would do but the maid-of-all-work was to sleep with her as a protection.

"Naturally, Mrs. Peglar's reminiscences began with last year, and went back year by year, until we arrived at a period twenty years ago. And one morning she said to me:

"'And now I have got to tell you about my beautifullest patient of all—the poor young lady that died in your very bed one-and-twenty years ago.'

"I had by this time heard so many stories of dying lodgers that the announcement did not at

the moment awaken any sympathy. You will perceive, in a moment, how much it interested me after a while. She told me—I spare you her own account, which was lengthy and full of digressions—that exactly twenty years before last October, as near as she could recollect, a young lady, looking not more than twenty-two or so, was brought to her house by a gentleman. The lady, who wore a wedding ring, called the gentleman Anthony, or dear Anthony. He called her Dora, or dear Dora. Their name was Hamblin. She was very weak, and unable to speak much or to sit up. The gentleman was unremitting in his attentions, watched by her side all the day, left her only at night, and anticipated all her wants. Her face was shrunken (Mrs. Peglar said), as if she had suffered a good deal: and her mind was wandering. She could not recollect what had happened the day before, but talked a good deal about things that had happened long ago. Her talk was rambling, but it was full of Rachel, Stephen, and Anthony. Sometimes she would look wildly about the room, and cry, 'Oh, where is he! where is he! What have I done that he does not come to me?' And then the gentleman would take her hand and soothe her, and say, 'Hush, Dora dear; I am here—I am here.' Then she would lay back her poor head on the pillow and go to sleep.

"Recall the memory of that time, and of your victim, and let it be upon your conscience as a red-hot iron upon the flesh.

"Mrs. Peglar, seeing that I was interested, went on to tell me what you know: how there was no chance from the beginning; how her head never grew quite right, but kept wandering as if her husband was away from her, while he—meaning you, Anthony Hamblin—was by her bedside. For three weeks she lay on her bed of death; and one morning, being still in the same brain-cloud, still wondering why her husband did not come to her, still hoping to see him once more before she died, if only to say that she forgave him and prayed God to forgive him, she suddenly and unexpectedly passed away.

"Mrs. Peglar said that Mr. Hamblin behaved in a most liberal and generous manner. He gave her everything that the deceased possessed, except a ring and a bundle of letters. She was buried in Bournemouth churchyard, where a marble cross, with her initials and the date of her death, was put up by his orders to mark her grave.

"While Mrs. Peglar continued her narrative I said nothing, except to ask a question or two by way of keeping her to the point, and preventing her from mixing up one deceased lodger with another, as one is naturally apt to do who has to look after a succession of consumptives.

"At this point, however, I interrupted her, and asked what the deceased lady had left behind her, and if Mrs. Peglar had any of the things still in her possession. She said that they were principally clothes, long since worn out; but that there was a small desk, in which were a watch and chain, a locket, a bracelet, and a few other gauds of like nature, with some sort of a journal or diary. She had kept the jewelry, she said, intending to sell it when she might be in want of the money. The rainy day had never yet arrived, and the things were with her still. Mark the hand of Providence. The prosperity of Mrs. Peglar was continued in order that I might bring this sin home to you.

"I asked her to let me see the things. She went away, and presently returned with a little writing-desk. Of course I knew already who the dead woman was, but I preserved my calmness. I confess, however, that the sight of the writing-desk gave me a shock. It was one I had presented to Dora years before, as a reward for some schoolgirl successes; a little desk in rosewood, with velvet face when you opened it. As I took it in my hands, the memory of the past came back to me in a full flood, so that for a space I could not speak.

"Within the desk were the things of which she had told me. The watch and chain had also been a present from myself. The bracelet and locket, I suppose, were from you. There was a packet of papers tied round with green ribbon. 'It is her journal, poor soul!' said Mrs. Peglar. There was, I knew, a little secret drawer in the desk—there generally is in these things. I pressed a spring and it came out. Within were two portraits, one of myself, and the other—not of you, as I expected. I took that of myself, and showed it to Mrs. Peglar. It was a small portrait in water-color, at least five-and-twenty years old, taken when the cares of this life had not yet hardened my features. 'Of whom does this remind you, Mrs. Peglar?' I asked, holding it up. She recognized it immediately, and cried out that it was the very image of me; adding expressions of wonder and astonishment natural to the situation, and clothed in language common among people of her rank in life. 'It is a likeness of myself, Mrs. Peglar,' I said. 'That unfortunate young lady was my sister; that wretch who hung over her deathbed was her husband, the man who induced her to leave her happy and Christian home to become the wife of a worldling.' She stared at me in amazement. Presently she remarked that if I pleased I was quite welcome to the portraits and to the papers; but as to the jewelry, that was all her own, given to her by the husband of the poor lady. I reassured her on this point. I even offered to buy the watch and

chain and the desk, leaving her the things which came from you.

"My own astonishment was so great that for some time I did not realize the deception which had been practiced upon me. Nor was it until next day, when I stood in the cemetery beside her grave, and read the date of her death, that it suddenly came upon me, like a thunder-clap, that I had been robbed, for six long years, of a hundred and fifty pounds a year."

Here Anthony Hamblin laid down the paper, and stroked his beard.

"Ay," he murmured. "There is the rub. We might get over most things, but forgery—forgery is a deuced awkward matter. You *can't* get over forgery."

Then he resumed his reading.

"I think there is nothing more left to tell you," the manuscript went on.

"The moment I realized this robbery, I perceived, being at that moment by the grave of my sister, that I was clearly pointed out and selected to be the Instrument of wrath. Because I had in my safe at home every one of those receipts for a hundred and fifty pounds each, with poor Dora's signature forged on seven of them. There was a clear road open to me, a road which led me directly and without trouble to the punishment of evil-doers and the retribution due to myself and the memory of my sister. Standing beside that grave, I firmly resolved that nothing—no tears, no repentance, no protestation—should stay my purpose. It was not revenge that I sought; it was the execution of a punishment in which I was to be the chief Instrument.

"Having read so far, you may now, Anthony Hamblin, read the journal of your victim. It is a copy of the original, which is reserved to be read aloud in public, and to be quoted in all the papers at your trial."

"I wonder," said Anthony irrelevantly, "that she did not consult the register of deaths. I rather wish, on the whole, that she had."

He laid down the manuscript, and fell a-thinking.

After a space, he took it up again and resumed his reading. The house—it was two o'clock in the morning—was so quiet that he could hear the clock in the hall, and its steady ticking jarred upon his ears. Outside, the wind had risen, and whistled among the branches in the trees. He looked about him nervously, as if the room was haunted.

Then he began to read the second part of the manuscript. It was a copy, still in the same Italian hand, and a less voluminous document than the first.

It was headed, "Fragments of a Journal found among my sister's papers."

"I wonder," said Anthony, "what the poor girl found to write about, and how I came to leave the papers behind?"

There were no dates at all; and the journal, such as it was, ran on in unconnected paragraphs.

"It is very lonely here," it began; "I sit, or walk, or read, chiefly by myself. The daughter of the lodging-house-keeper, a girl about my own age, is kind, and sometimes bears me company. But for her I think I should go mad.

"My husband wrote to me yesterday. He is still in London, and says that his affairs keep him there. Why can not I too go to London, and stay with him?"

"I have been sitting on the shingle at the bottom of Stair Hole all the morning. The wind was high outside the rock, and the waves came tearing through the vaulted passage between the cove and the sea as if they were mad to tear down the rock and to get at me. I was frightened at last, and went back home, where Eliza was waiting for me with dinner.

"It is nearly the end of my second year of married life. What life! He never comes now; he has not seen me for six months; he says nothing about coming any more. Always business—always some excuse. If it were not for one thing I should go mad.

"I have written again, and asked, for the ninth time, why I can not go to London and live hidden there, if I must be hidden. Why should I be hidden? why should my husband be ashamed of me? Yet he replies that family reasons prevent him from acknowledging his marriage; that he has to consider his brother, who must not know anything about it, and his mother, who has other views for him. I suppose that the daughter of a dissenting tradesman would not please Mrs. Hamblin for her son's wife. Yet I think I could overcome even that prejudice if I had a fair trial. I suppose I must have patience. But why does he not come down to see me? It is only four hours from London. He might come, if he cared for me, if but from Saturday to Monday.

"But he does not care for me any longer. Each letter is colder and harder. If I think of it, I seem to remember that every day, while we were together, saw him become colder and more indifferent. Did he ever love me at all?"

"It is now five months since he has seen me, and three weeks since he has written to me. I have not told him—I do not dare to tell him—what is going to happen. I dread to think of what he will say. Already he says he must re-

duce the allowance of three guineas a week to two, and that I had better content myself with one room instead of having both a bedroom and a sitting-room. Was it for this that I gave up my home, and ran away from Rachel?

"I have been ill, and have consulted the doctor. He says that I live too much alone, and that my nerves are giving way. He has prescribed iron, but says that my husband ought to come down and see me oftener. I was afraid to tell him that he has not seen me for six months. I have written to him, and told him what the doctor says. But I have not told him—what I have kept a secret. That shall be a surprise for him. If he is pleased, I shall be happy. If he is angry and discontented, I have made up my mind what to do—I will go back to Rachel, and tell her all. She will forgive me, in spite of what she wrote.

"My husband has written me another letter, colder and more cruel than any he has ever sent me before. He upbraids me with bringing him into poverty, says that he can not any longer support the expenses of a wife, and tells me that I must look about for work of some kind to do. Work!

"If only he knew what chance there is of my being able to do any work! Has he a heart at all, this man, whom once I loved? Does he remember? Do men's words and promises mean nothing at all? Do they think that women can be taken up, petted for a week, and then thrown aside? If I dared, I would go to Rachel at once. But I do not dare. Let me wait, if I can, for a few weeks yet—till my story is complete.

"I have been very ill indeed, they tell me. My husband has written me another cruel and peremptory letter. He can no longer afford me more than a guinea a week, and I am in debt already to doctor and to landlady. What shall I do? What shall I do?

"Anthony has come. It was a thought inspired surely by my heavenly Father which prompted me to ask him to forgive all—to forget it, if he could, and to come to my help. He has come. He forgives me everything. Oh, how have I sinned toward him! and yet I hardly knew it in my blind infatuation. He has come—come like an angel from heaven, bringing gifts of love and forgiveness with him. I am almost happy. I shall never want for sympathy and love any more, now that I have Anthony to take care of me.

"I am moved out of the one room in which I had taken refuge. I am lying on a sofa in the best room of the house. Anthony is inexpress-

sibly thoughtful and kind to me. There is nothing for me to do now but to wait in patience. He reads to me; anticipates my smallest wish; calls for me; treats me just as he used to in the dear old days, like a little child whose moods are of no account except as an amusement. How sweet it is! The time slips backward, and sometimes I think I am still at Olivet Lodge, playing, in too much happiness, sometimes with Anthony and sometimes with Stephen, and waiting for Rachel to come and scold me for laughing. Poor Rachel! She thinks that all laughter must be turned into mourning."

This was the last, the very last, of the entries.

When Anthony Hamblin laid down the paper, his tears were flowing freely. He sat gazing into the decaying embers, while he cried like a girl.

"Poor Dora!" he said. "Poor, neglected flower! It was right that a time should come for punishment, I confess it. And yet, for Alison's sake, that punishment should be averted. Thank Heaven! I have still time. I have Saturday and Sunday before me; a great deal may be done in forty-eight hours.—Rachel, I think your victim will escape you yet!"

CHAPTER VI.

TO HIS RUIN OR HIS DEATH.

WHEN, next morning, Anthony Hamblin appeared in the breakfast-room, his daughter, for the first time in her life, realized that her father might some day grow old. For he looked already ten years older.

A single sleepless night, the trouble into which he had fallen, the memory of that tearful journal, the revival of so sad and terrible a deathbed, had already stamped his eyes with crow's-feet and drawn a line across his forehead.

"My dear," cried the girl, "are you ill? Is it still the trouble of last night?"

"Always the trouble of last night," he said, kissing her. "Give me a day or two to shake it off, if ever I can."

She poured out tea for him, and he made a pretense at breakfast, but his hand shook and his appetite failed.

Presently he rose abruptly and went into his study; here he sat down, and took up the thread of his thought at the point where dressing and breakfast had interrupted him.

He was to see his brother at three; before then—or should it be after? perhaps better before—he would see his lawyers. Yes, better be-

fore. Then he could go to his brother with that sense of strength, consolation, or hope which a talk with a lawyer always confers upon a man.

Then he thought of that woman with hard face and revengeful eyes. Was the spirit of wrath in her wholly due to her sister's wrongs, and not at all to the memory of that unlucky mistake when she took his pleadings on behalf of Dora for honest wooing addressed to herself? Perhaps, he thought, with a smile, there was something of the *spretæ injuria forma*. He pictured to himself the application before the magistrate, the charge, the trial, the excitement among his acquaintances, the consternation of his friends, and lastly, the sorrow, shame, and agony of Alison.

"It was for this," he said, "that I brought her up in ignorance and in happiness. Now she must learn all; and who will tell her, and in what language will it be told?"

Alison would not leave him long undisturbed. She broke in upon his study, and tried to lead his thoughts in a happier direction. She was so happy herself in the conscious possession of her new secret—shared at present with no other than Gilbert himself—that her father's disquietude jarred upon her.

"Papa," she said, standing before him just as, long before, she used to stand and repeat poetry, with her hands behind her, and depths of wisdom in her steadfast eyes, "papa, can you say, Begone, dull Care, for a little half-hour, and let me talk to you?"

"Talk, my dear," said her father; "give me your hands—both of them"—he took one in each of his, in his fond, caressing way. "Talk to me till dull Care flies away of her own accord. If you can not drive her away, no one can. Forgive me that I am so moody. Now tell me, did you have a pleasant party last night?"

She shook her head and turned rosy red.

"I do not want to talk about the party, but about something else. Papa, did—did Mr. Yorke speak to you last night?"

Anthony Hamblin remembered.

"He is to speak to me to-morrow, after church—no, on Tuesday."

She threw her arms round his neck, and sat upon his knees, whispering:

"It is—about me, papa."

He kissed her, and said nothing for a while.

"Gilbert Yorke is so old a friend, my dear, that you know what I think. Tell me of yourself: do you think that you can love him—quite in the right way, I mean—with respect and admiration?"

"I am sure I can, papa."

"His people are proud of their family: if they should object—should anything be discovered—"

What did he mean, as he spoke in a disconnected way? What were his thoughts?

"Why, dear," said Alison, laughing, "our family is as good as Gilbert's, I should think. Are we beginning to be ashamed of old Anthony Hamblin's first indigo venture?"

Her father recovered himself.

"Why, no," he replied. "It was not of that I was thinking—not at all. Well, Alison child, you will have your own way, I hope, though at present I don't see how. But what shall I do without you? I think I shall give you up this house to yourselves, and ask for a couple of rooms at the top, where I can stay and watch you."

More they talked in this same light fashion, behind which lay those depths of affection and feeling which we English people love to keep hidden, happy in knowing that each by each they are divined and known, and account is taken. Pass it over; remember only that every word spoken by the girl sank deep into the heart of the father.

This talk lightened for a while the trouble which lay at the man's heart. He half forgot the interview which he was to have with his solicitor at two, his brother at three, and the magistrate on Monday morning. He was a man who could easily forget. Those who suffer greatly and quickly, through the ill deeds of themselves or others, have not uncommonly this compensating gift of forgetfulness.

The girl grew happier in seeing the cloud roll away from her father's face. It was, to be sure, a most unaccustomed cloud—almost the first she had ever seen upon that contented brow. Not quite the first, because Uncle Stephen had more than once occasioned an evening of gloom.

Then that unlucky inspiration, which some philosophers call the Devil, entered into Alison's mind. She should have staid with her father; she should have watched beside him, chased the spirit of gloom from his mind, enabled him to look things in the face, and confront the inevitable with courage. Unluckily she thought that exercise would do him good, and ordered him to go out.

"Take your skates," she said, in her peremptory way, "and go on to the Mount Pond. I will come after you presently, and we will skate all the morning."

He obeyed, and left the house with the usual smile on his lips and in his kindly eyes. Alison watched him as he crossed the lawn, walking, in spite of his fifty years, with the elasticity and spring of youth.

"Why," sighed Alison, "should there not be a country where we could send such relations as Uncle Stephen into distant exile, with plenty to

eat and nothing to do? It should be called Prodigal Son Land."

Then her eyes fell upon the manuscript which her father had left upon the table. On the right-hand corner were written the words "Private and confidential." She rolled it up, and took it into her own room, where she locked it in a drawer.

It was not much that Alison knew of the wickedness of the world, but that little she had accustomed herself, somehow, to connect with her uncle Stephen. The pomps and vanities of this wicked world, the pride of the eye, and all the rest of it, were mere phrases of empty sound to this innocent and simple girl—represented something outside her own world, in which her father had no part or share. As whatever vexation came to the house seemed caused by her uncle, it was not unnatural that he should become her ideal of the wicked man who turneth not away from his wickedness; and therefore, on this occasion, she assumed, without right or reason, that Uncle Stephen had been doing something more than usually wicked.

Outside the house, Anthony Hamblin set off at a brisk walk to the Mount Pond, where he was to be joined by his daughter. The Common was covered with snow, and the turf was crisp and hard. The furze-bushes seemed to be huddling together, in spite of their prickles, for warmth beneath their white covering. The sky was clear and bright overhead, but in the south there was mist, and the sun shone like a burnished disk. The snow rounded off the roughness of the old Common.

Anthony walked on cheerfully, brushing away the snow and swinging his skates as he went. For the moment he had forgotten the dreaded appointment with his brother. He would spend the morning on the ice, and strengthen his nerves with exercise. He came to the Mount Pond, crowded with skaters, and stood there awhile watching. Suddenly his cheerfulness vanished, and his heart sank within him. He remembered a day—long ago, thirty years ago—when he had stood, then still a youth, beside his mother, and watched one boy skating among the rest, the handsomest of them all. He remembered the mother's pride; he remembered how she pressed his arm, and whispered that she thanked God for both her sons. Then he could bear the place no longer, but turned away, sad and sorry, and walked from the pond and the Common, still carrying his skates.

He forgot that Alison was coming to skate with him; he forgot everything except that he had to see his solicitor, and reveal things to him which would cover himself with shame and that respectable adviser with astonishment. He did

not look about him, but wandered mechanically along roads and streets.

Presently he remembered that time must be getting on: he looked at his watch—it was only half-past eleven. Yet, in his thoughts, he had lived over again every year of his life since he left the Common. Half-past eleven—what could he do to pass the time before two?

He looked around him: he was at Victoria; he had walked all the way from Clapham Common to Victoria without knowing it; he could not even remember by what streets he had come.

"After all," he said, "perhaps I am a fool to distress myself so much. We shall manage to square it."

A strange thing to say, considering what it was that was hanging over his head. Then he pulled himself upright and walked along with a brighter air. Presently he found himself at Hyde Park Corner, and followed in the stream of people which was pouring into the Park, most of them carrying skates.

"Alison said I was to skate," he murmured; "I will, though on the Serpentine instead of Clapham Common."

The Long Water and the Serpentine were crowded. There were skaters who plunged and struck out, and splashed about with arms and legs, bending low forward and making little headway; there were men who wore the old-fashioned skate with projecting curve and straight heel, the Dutch skate—these men, with long stroke and easy roll of the body, swung swiftly down one side of the water, and returned in the same way up the other; there was the skater who could do anything on the ice that science can teach or skill contrive; there was the young fellow who imitated him, but failed to catch his ease and missed his grace; there were the girls who were learning, trying not to fall, and burning to move easily and gracefully; there was the girl who really could skate, and looked like enjoying it; there were her young sisters taking first lessons, and tumbling about like little kittens; there was the rough with his pals, uneasily conscious that the eyes of many policemen were about; there were shoals of schoolboys, and thousands of those men and women of the lower classes who never seem to have anything to do—who crowd the parks with equal readiness for a parade, a drawing-room, a review, the arrival of a distinguished visitor, or the rare occasion of the ice proving strong enough to bear. A mighty mob it was, but a good-humored mob. And the banks were as crowded as the ice. All along the edge were rows of the men who turned the nimble penny by screwing on skates, lending chairs, and other useful arts. Then there were the men of the Royal Humane Society, ready with boats, ladders, and drags:

they had a tent in one place with a fire in it, and crafty restoratives for those who might have the ill-hap to tumble in. Standing before this tent was a man known to Anthony. He was neatly and serviceably dressed, in boots up to his hips, and a beautiful doublet or overcoat of cork.

"Good morning, sir," he said, touching his hat. "Going on, like the rest of 'em?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Hamblin.

"Better have a spin, sir," said the man; "the weather is on the turn. This is the last day, believe me. Give me your heavy coat; I will take care of it for you. There's no wind, and you'll be all the better without it."

Anthony complied. He took off the heavy overcoat, and gave it to the man, who laid it over a chair at the door of the tent.

"There, sir; it's quite safe with me. You'll find me here when you come off."

Anthony Hamblin left him and strolled down to the water's edge. Again another sinking of the heart, another strange fit of irresolution and fear. He *could* not go on the ice. He could do nothing except think.

"Poor Alison!" he said, for the fiftieth time. "That which she thought would be her happiness will only bring her greater misery. How shall she escape? What can I do to save her from this blow? Any way, any way," he repeated, drearily. "Because, whatever I do, whether I speak, or whether I hold my tongue, that woman means to go on. She intends revenge. And her revenge means unhappiness to Alison. How if I were to write and tell the poor girl all? But that would only precipitate things. No; there is nothing left but to go to Stephen—he must know—tell him who has called upon me and for what; and trust to forty-eight hours' start—and flight."

Here his meditations were disturbed. Right in front of him, in the middle of the Serpentine, where the stream was deepest and yet the crowd thickest, there was a sudden report like the discharge of a cannon, followed by the scattering of the crowd in all directions; while everywhere the treacherous ice broke beneath the flying feet, and plunged them in the cold water below. Was it possible? Where the people had been crowded, skating and running, Anthony gazed upon a great open space, in which a hundred and fifty people were struggling in the water among the broken blocks of ice for very life, amid the shrieks and cries of spectators helpless to do anything.

In a moment the Society's men were out upon their ladders, and ready with their boats, their ropes, and their life-belts. Dripping forms of men and women were dragged from death, and hurried across to warm fires and dry towels. The crowd surged down to the edge of the water with cries and shouts, as eager to watch the fight

for life as if it were a show of gladiators. Anthony felt his own pulses quicken, and the blood flow swiftly as one after the other the victims were rescued. He was rudely torn from his own troubles, and, for the moment, forgot them. When it was all over, when it seemed as if the men in the boat with the drags had nothing more to do, he bethought him of his coat, and that it was getting cold. He left the shore and went back to the hut.

His friend, the man with the corks, was gone. Doubtless he was one of those with the ladders. A policeman was left in charge. He was talking to a girl of his acquaintance.

"It isn't them as is drowned," he was saying, "that the crowd cares about—they go down quick, and they don't come up no more. It's them as is saved."

"How many should you think is drowned?" asked the girl.

The man shook his head.

"Who can tell? We shall go on fishing of them up one by one. In the summer, perhaps, if they let the water down, we shall find a body or two we never suspected. And for the next month or so, if a young fellow has bolted or a girl has run away, they will make inquiries here, and say he was drowned on the ice. Lord bless you! it's a regular godsend to bolters and run-aways, is an accident like this."

"Ah!" replied the girl, ruminating over this statement. "Here's a coat, now," she said presently, taking up Anthony Hamblin's overcoat; "I suppose that belongs to a skater."

"Yes, it does. Harris told me he was taking care of it for a gentleman he knew, who had gone on the ice."

"I wonder if he's one of them as went *in* the ice?" said the girl. "Shall I look to see if he has left a name? No; you look."

The policeman put his hand in the pocket and drew out a pocket-book full of letters.

"Here we are, sure enough. Letters addressed to Anthony Hamblin—Anthony Hamblin—cards—Anthony Hamblin. You are all right, Mr. Anthony Hamblin, Clapham Common. If you *are* drowned, all we have got to do is to carry this coat home to your family, and it will break the news for us a deal better than we can do it for ourselves."

"Lor!" cried the girl, "ain't it horrible? And do you really think that the coat belongs to a—that poor Mr. Hamblin is actually drowned? Good gracious! Why, I couldn't never touch the coat again."

"Silly!" said the guardian of the peace. "How do I know if he's drowned or not? If he is, he will never come and ask for his coat. If he is not, why, then he will be round here in a

minute or two with a shilling for Harris for taking care of it. Don't you fill your head with nonsense."

The man listening to this talk, the real owner of the coat, was trembling, as if with cold. It was not the cold, however, but the eagerness of his thoughts which agitated him. The words of the policeman had inspired him with a sudden idea.

He saw a way of escape.

He had been praying in a despairing mood for a way—any way. Here was one suddenly, unexpectedly offering itself.

He said, in his mind: "She would pursue me to ruin or to death. What if I were dead?"

(To be continued.)

Then nothing would ever be investigated; nothing would ever be found out. Alison would shed a few tears, it is true, but she would dry them soon; she would marry. A few years more, and Rachel Nethersole would be dead, and with her all memory of this thing. Her revenge would be ended, because death brings an end to all. The honor of the House would be saved. Alison would be saved. Why, it seems no sacrifice at all, considering what there is at stake."

He turned from the Serpentine, and walked resolutely straight across the Park toward the east.

"She said, to my ruin or my death. Very well, then, I am DEAD."

SOME ASPECTS OF THE PRESENT FRENCH REPUBLIC.

LARGELY as the various recent Governments of France have been abused during their brief lifetimes, it has never been till after their decease that the true, full, thorough vastness of the hate provoked by each of them has been clearly demonstrated. The alluring but puzzling principle that "no man should be called happy till he dies," is manifestly inapplicable to them, for they have all passed through such a terribly bad time after death, that if any one of them was ever really "happy" at all, it could, clearly, have only been while it was still alive. Judging from this frequently renewed experience, we may fairly take it as probable that the actual republic offers an infinitely less unattractive picture at this moment than it can possibly present after it has been destroyed. Consequently, as the duration of its existence is eminently uncertain, as it may, perhaps, like some of its predecessors, grow uglier with years, and as we may feel unhesitatingly confident that it will become absolutely hideous in the eyes of the French themselves directly it has a successor, there is every advantage in contemplating it while it still breathes, acts, and is. It has not yet had time to become much disfigured by age, excesses, or disease, and is probably as little ugly just now as it is ever likely to be; indeed, for anything we know to the contrary, this is perhaps the precise moment of its extreme loveliness, the exact instant at which it is looking its utmost best, at which it will be most courteous and most flattering to it to sketch its portrait. So as, for those reasons, we are sure we can not be unjust to it in noting its features

and expression now, let us see what it looks like to us. We will be generous enough to give the front place to what can be said against it; the arguments in its favor—which we will carefully enumerate—will produce more effect if they are brought forward last.

Without counting the smaller indictments, four principal accusations are laid by a good many of the French at the door of their present republic: they reproach it for its origin, for its radical tendencies, for the persistent mediocrity of its representatives, for its want of external dignity. Let us look at these charges successively.

First, as to its birth—about which many nasty things have been said. It is true that there was a good deal of apparent irregularity around its cradle; it is true that the child saw the light in the gutter, in the midst of riot and violence, and that its father was never identified. But, after all, those facts supply no conclusive proof that its parents were not reputable persons, with an avowable position in the world. Its mother, at all events, was perfectly well known; she was one of those stern females whose rugged virtue crushes all imputation, the whisper of whose name suffices alone to silence scandal. Her resolute, uncompromising morality bestowed unquestionable legitimacy on her offspring; she was exactly the sort of progenitor required for a republic; she was—Necessity.

But though it is just to cordially acknowledge that the babe was born of what looks like an impeachable stock, it is not possible to deny that its early advantages all ended there, and that the

other beginnings of its existence were singularly unsatisfactory. As soon as its rigid mother had performed the dry duty of "recognizing" it, according to French law, she seemed to immediately forget it. So, as the poor creature had no other relative—not even an aunt—it was left to run about the streets, with no schooling, no manners, and scarcely any clothes. It was indeed so utterly neglected that it was positively not baptized till it was more than four years old! It never possessed a name that it could legally call its own during the entire period between its birth, on 4th September, 1870, and its formal registration as a French citizen on 25th February, 1875. It was, in fact, throughout that time an outcast, just as Moses, Romulus, and Cyrus had been in their childhood; and it had countless enemies who tried with all their might to murder it. It stuck to life, however, and at last its mother, having vainly sought to discover any other heir that she could set in its place, began to feel a call to behave maternally, for the moment at least, toward the young vagabond. So she picked it up out of the misery in which she had left it at its birth, washed it, put clean clothes upon it, made it as smart as her means allowed, had it christened, began its education, and did, in a rough, half-unwilling fashion, what she could to give it a chance of making its way.

But though, at that date, the child became responsible and began to count in life—though its character and its features grew into form, the change in its position did not immediately render its existence much more secure than it was before. The attempts to assassinate it were not abandoned; on the contrary, they became more resolute than ever: they culminated on the 16th May, 1877, in the outburst of the most desperate conspiracy which our generation has witnessed. The plot failed, but its promoters succeeded in getting the young republic into their hands for six months, and they pummeled it while they held its head under their arm with a ferocity which would assuredly have terminated the days of any less vigorously healthy victim. At last, on 30th January of the present year, it seemed to have really reached a temporary resting-place, for on that day the care of its interests was officially transferred to a guardian who was supposed to possess all the qualities required to successfully bring up a young republic. Yet this was only another deception, for a fresh class of troubles then got in the way of the poor worried stripling; its own supporters began to squabble between themselves and to pile up their quarrels on the back of their already overloaded *protégé*. Its situation at that moment was defined by the phrase—"Les périls sont terminés, les difficultés commencent."

Yet, though it has never ceased to be exposed to trials, inside and outside, and though, at this moment, its "difficulties" seem to be increasing, the republic was incontestably converted, by the Constitution of 25th February, 1875, from a vagrant into a government. It has been, since that date, a thing, a reality, an *être moral*. The sin of its birth, if the sin had really existed, was condoned. But then it was, three years ago, that the Radicals began to talk a shade more loudly, to attract attention to themselves and their projects, and to rouse up the feeling that the republic would fall some day into their hands, become their exclusive property, and grow into a danger for the land. This notion did not seem at first, however, to be justified by events. It is only this year that the action of the Radicals has given a serious confirmation to it. In 1875 the young republic behaved delightfully; it kept its more dangerous acquaintances at a distance; it rid itself of many of its precious practices; it shook off the *nostalgie de la boue*, and became, if not a graceful member of the family of governments, at all events a rough and ready sort of holder of the situation to which, in the absence of competitors, it had been forcedly promoted. The world recognized that, with the singular capacity of adaptation which is special to the French, the new institution did, for a time at least, present a reassuring aspect; that it took its place, without much awkwardness or timidity, among its fellows; that it pleasantly invited the rest of the earth to come to see it at the Champ de Mars; that, later on, it occupied an arm-chair at Berlin, calmly, as if it had never played at pitch and toss in the mud—as if it had never done anything else in its life but sit majestically at congresses; that it certainly made friends, and that—as certainly—it discouraged enemies. It acted in all this with undeniable cleverness, and it attained a more rapid and a more real success—so far as appearances were concerned—than is usually achieved by a *parvenu*.

The new-comer ceased, therefore, to be a simple adventurer. It was no longer a casual product of a passing need; it got into the groove of life; it grew into an acknowledged force; and—especially, particularly, and above all—it asserted itself, in its young vigor, as the freshest thing in governments, as the sole remedy (so far as political therapeutics have yet been carried) for the social maladies of our time. The more earnest of its supporters implored us to regard it as a salutary, lenitive, depuratory elixir; they assured us, with an intensity of earnestness which made them almost look as if they really believed what they said, that we had before us at last the means of solving, to everybody's satisfaction (notably to their own), all the class problems that worry

statesmen; and that if only, in each country, the people could acquire and exercise the right of governing itself, without interference from monarchs or upper strata, the earth would immediately become a happy fold, in which all enmities would disappear, in which the lion would lie down with the lamb, in which all would be delight and tenderness—because the sovereign people would be content. These picturesque colorings bestowed upon the French republic a particular character, and excited in beholders an interest and a curiosity which the operations of older and more familiar, undertakings no longer provoked. The world would, indeed, have had cause to thank the republic if it could have brought about a state in which the jaguar of democracy would whisper sweet nothings to the antelope of aristocracy, in which the rabbit of labor would toy gleefully with the boa-constrictor of capital, in which the little negro of poverty would seek sweet slumber in the embrace of the shark of property. If only we Europeans could have felt sure that all these beautiful spectacles would be a necessary consequence of a universal application of the republic, if only we had been quite certain that we should contemplate them in all their loveliness as soon as "the United States of Europe" had been set up, it is probable that most of us would have immediately petitioned our respective Parliaments for a modification of the local Constitution. It is true that, so far as actual information goes, there would always remain one exception in this charming brotherhood of foes; it is presumable that even the republic would be unable to induce the pert sparrow of free-thought to nestle between the claws of the vulture of Vaticanism, and that, all-healing and all-propitiating as democracy is said to be, its adherents would continue all the same to indignantly exclaim, "*Le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!*" But, even with this restriction, the sketch of the potentialities of the republic was so pretty to look at that it really was a lamentable pity that other people were unable to recognize in it a correct portrait. It did present, it is true, a vague, faint resemblance to certain points and features of the position in which the young republic had placed itself, and it is honest to avow and proclaim that the picture was not exclusively composed of pure imagination. It did seem to be a fact, judging from the experience obtained, that the French were quieter under this republic than they had been under any of their preceding forms of government. It did seem to be a fact that Socialism had almost disappeared, so far, at least, as any public advocacy of it was concerned. It did seem to be a fact that, generally, the disturbing classes were less inclined to disturb, and that the satisfaction which had been given to the Demo-

cratic party by the suppression of monarchy had materially diminished the tendency of that party to get up revolutions. So far, and within those clearly defined limits, the republic had manifestly acted as a soother, and everybody might admit without hesitation that the Democrats (who had gained by it) were justified in depicting it as an admirable institution in which—so long as they did not quarrel too violently between themselves—they had found an unwonted peace and a satisfaction of the earlier portion of their longings. But at that point resemblance stopped and invention began—all because of the Radicals.

It can scarcely be denied that there are in France some persons who are not Radicals, who have indeed a considerable horror of Radicals, and to whom the notion of lying down with them as a united, happy family has always been particularly repulsive. These persons have not profited (as the Radicals have done already, and evidently hope to do much more) by the establishment of the republic. They have endured it, more or less impatiently, because, for the moment, they can not get away from it; but there is no present probability that they are likely to regard it as the universal curer. They say that the democratic picture exhibits it in a fancy dress which neither belongs to it nor fits it; that it is not a doctor, but a quack; and that, even if it were a doctor, they would not follow its prescriptions. To them the republic is not, as M. Thiers called it, "*Le gouvernement qui nous divise le moins,*" it is simply a momentarily inevitable evil from which they long to escape. To the eyes of the Radicals, on the contrary, it possesses all the virtues. They speak of it as Plato did of love, as "the wonder of the wise, the amazement of the gods; desired by those who have no part in it, and precious to those who have the better part in it." And it is precisely because they have "the better part in it" that they invite the world to share it with them—on condition of continuing to do as they like in it.

Now the world, taken generally, has not yet seemed disposed to accept the invitation. It has said that republics, like many other things, are dependent for their value on the point of view from which they are contemplated; and that their worth is not, as the Radicals beg us to believe, inherent, inborn, and intrinsic, but is merely relative and subjective. So the world, exercising its judgment, has hesitated to attach too high a price to the republic, because it has mistrusted its tendencies, and has had scant confidence in its future. The world imagines, especially since last February, that this French sample of a republic is not independent, that Radicalism is seizing hold of it as a tool, and that, instead of preserving its original attitude of neu-

trality among all parties, it is becoming the slave of one single party, and that one the most dangerous of all. Of course this view may be erroneous; of course events may prove that Radicals are the most magnanimous and the most generous of men, that they have never cast one passing glance toward the thought of using the republic for themselves alone, and that their absorbing longing is to share it self-denyingly with all the rest of the nation. But, erroneous or not, the view is largely held; and though it is altogether manifest that, as M. Littré says, "the republic has at its disposal two forms of action—Opportunism or Radicalism," it would be difficult to efface the prevalent impression that in the latter, not in the former, lies the inevitable procedure of the future. Of course it is not impossible that the republic may march on carefully, warily, slowly; awaiting events—not anticipating them; evading difficulties—not inflaming them; profiting by occasions—not provoking them; conciliating antagonisms—not stimulating them; striving to belie its ugly reputation—not confirming that reputation by conduct which would render it more ugly still. But it is equally possible that it may dash straight at its utmost ends, with its fingers clutched, its arms outstretched, and a howl on its lips, regardless of peace, policy, or prudence, and animated only by the lust of instant possession. Of course it is possible that the republic may remain the *république conservatrice* of M. Thiers, but it is equally possible that it may become the *république sociale et démocratique* of the Intransigeants. And most people expect that it will be the latter.

And, honestly, most people have some reason for the fear. If this republic is an object of suspicion and doubt, if it has to fight its way against skepticism and prejudice, whose fault is that? It is not suspected simply because it is a republic, for there are in the world republics which are esteemed and trusted. It is suspected for motives which are special, not general. The antecedents of the French branch of its family, and its own recent conduct, have been the main sources of the mistrust which surrounds it. Its partisans know this so well that they never attempt to protect themselves by any vindication of principles; they carefully limit their defense to protestations that they in no way intend to imitate the faults and the crimes of their predecessors—to perpetually renewed assertions that the accusations which are advanced against their present attitude are unfounded and unfair, and to reiterated declarations that Radicalism is the very last thought in their heads. Yet nobody believes them.

If the Republican party were suddenly to become composed exclusively of ordinary Repub-

licans—that is to say, if all its members were to turn moderate in the measures which they propose; if the party contained no Radicals at all—ah! then we should see an instant change in the opinion of the world. But it is not to be expected that Radicals will render to the republic the immense service of abandoning it; never will they become Imperialists or Legitimists; their sole chance of power is to keep out emperors and kings. So they take the republic under their particular protection, and damage it accordingly. Abstractly, there is no reason whatever why a republic without Radicals should not be a very excellent form of government—for those who like it; it is the Radical connection alone which bespatters and begrimes it. This fact seems self-evident, yet the Radicals do not perceive it; so blind, indeed, are they to it that they evidently consider they are bestowing additional beauty on the republic by their fashion of dressing it. Down to the end of last year they were relatively quiet; it is since January, since the senatorial elections and the nomination of the new President of the republic, that they have come blusteringly to the front. They have proclaimed since then that because France has shown herself, for a moment, to be unmistakably republican, the time has therefore come for the adoption of Radical measures. For them Republicanism and Radicalism ought to be synonymous, and they have gone to work with a rush to prove that they really have become so. They have carried an amnesty for the Commune; they are proposing the suppression of the greater part of the schools kept by the religious orders; they are talking of suspending the irremovability of the judges. Some of them are suggesting that all public functionaries whatever, including cabmen, stockbrokers, judges, officers of the army and navy, policemen, prefects, and professors, shall be chosen by election, and shall only remain in office so long as universal suffrage may please to leave them there. A good many of them call urgently for the suppression of jails, standing armies, marriages, titles, and priests.

Now schemes of this sort frighten fathers of families, and incline mothers to shrink rather nervously from the people who advocate them. So the Radicals, afflicted at being shrunk from, and seeking hungrily for unsuspecting friends and voters, assert of course that if ever innocence was persecuted theirs is, and implore the population to regard them merely as cautious and most trustworthy Liberals with nothing subversive about them. But somehow, in spite of their protestations, they do not manage to inspire confidence; and, since they laid hold of the young republic, such good repute as was beginning to grow up around it is sensibly diminishing. Of

course this is rather hard on the republic; but it will not get much sympathy in its sorrows. It will simply be told to keep better company, if it can—or else to take the consequences.

The strange mediocrity of the representatives of the republic comes next in the list of the reproaches addressed to it. With the exception of Gambetta, not one single man of real political capacity has brought himself to the front since 1870. An institution which professes to appeal to all the talents—which declares not only that it excludes nobody from its ranks, but which entreats the whole thirty-six millions of French people to rush into them—has discovered just one recruit of ability. Some of its public men are violent and some are quiet; some of them are laborious and some are indolent; some of them are ambitious and some are indifferent; most of them are respectable; but not one of them—excepting Gambetta—is a statesman. Never was there a more tempting opportunity, yet there is no one to profit by it; never was there a surer chance of place and fame, yet no one seizes it. Gambetta is the holder of an unassailed monopoly. And the situation is getting worse rather than better; the candidates for office seem to be growing less and less able in proportion as they become more and more numerous. So evident is this, that when, last February, M. Lepère was made Minister of the Interior in the place of M. de Marcère, one of the most influential members of the Left observed, with a sigh, "*Nous descendons l'échelle des médiocrités; Lepère est un sous de Marcère, et de Marcère était déjà un sous-Ministre de l'Intérieur.*" Of course they all have the best intentions; of course they are all excellent husbands and fathers: but their very goodness is an additional weakness, for it indisposes them to turn resolutely against their Radical colleagues, who, though only a minority, are now struggling to take the lead among them.

Now, what is the reason of this mediocrity? How is it that Gambetta stands out alone, above and beyond the crowd, as single in his force as a ship is single on the sea, so strong and vast in comparison with all his neighbors that they look like flies on the flanks of an elephant? Why is this republic so utterly poor in men that it can not even be suspected of possessing unrewarded talents, that it can not even be said of any one of its agents, as it was of Monseigneur Dupanloup, that he is "*un de ces passants remarquables qui n'arrivent pas*"? The republic has plenty of members "*qui n'arrivent pas*," but why does it not produce even some "*passants remarquables*"?

The answers to these questions are not difficult to find, and they are all of the same kind.

Nature proceeds in everything by compensation. Great men, like rain, insurance risks, or crops, are mere matters of average. When the supply of genius has been excessive for a while, it stops; nature takes a rest, as a calm comes after a storm. France is now passing through a period of general repose in intellectual productivity. It is not only in politics that she is childless; she has, at this present time, neither a great soldier, nor a great artist, nor a great writer, nor a great thinker. Just as Prussia is in an epoch of puissant generativeness, so is France enduring a term of impotence. It is not the republic which has paralyzed her procreation of real men; the sterility which now weighs upon her was perceptible before 1870, before 1848, and almost before 1830. It is a reaction from the superb fertility of the revolutionary and Napoleonic times; it is the exhaustion consequent upon over-fecundity; it is the halt of nature after an effort. France stood high in men some eighty years ago; she stands low now. The present republic is not responsible for that; but it suffers vastly by it, and is told with scorn, every day, that the one outcome of its brain is—Gambetta.

Now Gambetta is, undeniably, a great man; great in himself, but great especially because he has no rivals. It is true also that he is not a Radical—now. It is true that he proclaims himself to be an "Opportunist"; that, compared with a Radical, an "Opportunist" is a sort of Conservative; and that, consequently, he may be regarded as representing the double force of intellect and of prudence combined. Yet, great as he is, he can scarcely be considered as sufficing, in his person alone, to constitute the whole associated capacity of a party which claims to govern France. The republic, in his hands, is "a one-horse concern"—he is first, and the rest nowhere. And though that may be a very satisfactory position for Gambetta, it is certain that neither the republic nor the country is gaining by it. However, there is no present prospect of any change in it; no coming man is visible; even the "young man from the country," who has occasionally aroused illusory hopes in England, is undiscoverable in France. The republic has to get on with what she has—she must choose between nothingness and Gambetta. Under such conditions, it is not improbable that the dictatorship of Tours will some day be reestablished in Paris. But, whatever be the result, the cause remains: the republic has no men. All the worse for the republic.

Finally, the republic has to contend against its own insufficiency of dignity in bearing, in manners, in ceremonial. "Spartan simplicity" does not fit in at all, either with life in Paris, or with the habits of the French, or with their no-

tions of a strong government. And when "Spartan simplicity" is accompanied by a good deal of roughness and ugliness, it becomes still less suited to its place. To assert that the republic is prospectively dangerous is not more damaging to it in certain French eyes than to say that it is immediately vulgar; and vulgar it unfortunately is in many of its smaller doings. A functionary who cleans his nails with a penknife in public may possibly be an ardent patriot and an able servant of his country, but his ways bestow no grandeur on his office. And there is more in the matter than accidental nails and penknives; there is incontestably, under this republic, a rather general absence of some of the personal forms and usages to which educated Europe is accustomed. The republic is not fortunate in possessing so many adherents who roar and roll about as if they were buffaloes or bulls of Bashan. The rapid substitution of the *nouvelles couches* for the former "governing classes" is in no way adding to the external charm of the French commonwealth; and however little importance certain Republicans may be disposed to attach to grace, to good taste, and to mere details of behavior, of demeanor, and of refinement, it is not possible to deny that the stateliness, the majesty, and the luster of a government, and of the institutions which it represents, are in some degree dependent precisely on those very details. Democracy may become altogether fascinating in time, but it is not so yet; we are still beholding it in an unpolished phase. And, honestly as we may struggle against our own prejudices, generously as we may make allowances for the uncultured and the untrained, we can not help observing the fact that this republic is sometimes somewhat uncouth and rude, and that the accusations made against it, in that sense, by its French opponents are thoroughly well founded. The republic may imagine, perhaps, that it does not suffer any political injury from this cause; but foreign lookers-on can see that its exterior dignity is impaired by it, both at home and abroad, and that a little more pomp at the Elysée, and a little less roughness at Versailles, would assist the Government to obtain a prestige which it has never yet won, and which the French, above all people in the world, will never forgive their Government for not acquiring.

And that is about all that can be seriously urged against the republic. It has been thrust down the throats of the people whether they liked it or not. It seems to be drifting into the hands of destructive Radicals. It can not show two men of talent. It is abundantly bad-mannered. Well, after all, worse charges than these have been poured out against other governments that France has had, and in balance with them

must be set forth the considerations that are advanced by the other side. Let us now turn our ears that way and listen to what is said in support of the republic.

At the general election of October, 1877, about three fifths of the suffrages polled were in favor of the Republican candidates; and when, three months ago, the partial renewal of the Senate was effected, about five sixths of the electors voted in the same direction. The country has consequently expressed, in its two most recent manifestations of opinion, a distinct wish to retain the republic. Here lies the first and the strongest argument in its favor. It is able to declare with truth that, for the moment, the majority of French people want it, are content with it, and desire nothing but it. That a large minority of the same people do not want it, are not content with it, and do desire something else, is a detail of no value in its eyes, the function of minorities being to support the will of others, particularly in republics, as we see gloriously demonstrated in the United States. And really, in cases where a nation is divided against itself as to the choice of a form of government, it is difficult to see how any government whatever can be maintained unless the majority is to have its own way about it. Besides, in France just now, the minority is not only a minority, but is—to weaken it still further toward the majority—made up of the advocates of three conflicting opinions. So the republic is justified in asserting, not only that the greater part of the population is with it, but also that the lesser part, which is against it, is itself divided into elements each one of which is as hostile to the others as it is to the republic. Now this is undeniably a strong position; and, as long as it lasts, the republic has the best of all good rights to declare that it is a more national government than any other that can be set up in opposition to it, and that it faithfully represents the larger portion of the popular will.

An argument such as this needs no development; it is conclusive as it stands. Even if the republic were the worst of governments, even if the dangers which it may possibly entail were graver than they yet look to be in the present case, all that would not suffice to authorize foreign spectators to call for its suppression so long as the French themselves—who, when they have had enough of it, can upset it by their own votes—continue to support it. If they choose to retain it, we have no right to object.

But still there is, all the same, something more to be said. It can not be denied that the present preference for it is based on something more than a careless, unreasoning acceptance of what is simply because it is, on something more than a mere shrinking from change because

change may do more harm than good, on something more than a recognition of the beggarly helplessness just now of all chances of anything else. It stands, more solidly, on an evident conviction that, with the past experience and under the present circumstances of the country, the republic is, after all, and in most ways, more advantageous to it than any form of monarchy would be. The majority of the nation really want the republic, for the moment, not only because there is practically nothing else for them to take, but also because, by the force of events, they have become convinced that they positively gain by the adoption of a republic. How they gain is a separate matter; we shall see that next. That they really believe they gain is beyond doubt; they are maintaining the republic because they think it does them good.

We get on next to the causes of this belief. And here we may leave aside the notion that republican institutions are the only ones worthy of free men. We may put out of the account all the swagger about the dignity of self-government, and all the twaddle about "immortal principles." We can well afford to exclude big talk of this sort, because we recognize the existence of a solid material proof that the republic has done good. It has brought more quiet into France than was discoverable there under any anterior régime. And in that single fact lies a grander and a more unanswerable testimony in its favor than all the theories and all the dreams of '89 piled up together could anyhow supply. A passing allusion has been already made to this element of the question; but now we have got it in its proper place, and can give to it the attention which it merits.

On the appearance of the republic in 1870, the Radicals all over France felt like Sindbad when he had shaken the old man off his shoulders. After being oppressed by a master for eighteen years, they suddenly found themselves without any master at all; and this inrushing freedom burst upon them at a moment of intense political excitement, in the midst of war and of passionate emotions. The Commune of Paris and the disorders of Lyons and Marseilles were the outcome of this situation. They came and went, and with them ended rioting. The monarchists endeavored afterward to upset the republic; but its own supporters have ceased entirely since 1871 to try to revolutionize it. The consequence is that, as the Republicans, and the Republicans alone, kept up political agitation in France in former times—as, they used to be the exclusive promoters of *émeutes* and barricades—as they have now obtained their ends and have nothing more to win by force, it follows, naturally enough, that (unless the Conservatives take to street fighting)

we are not likely to see any more insurrections in France so long as the republic lasts. Even the most advanced of the Radicals have no motive just now for resorting to arms. They proclaim, indeed, that their present objects are to act by public opinion and not by cartridges—to get the country with them by degrees, and then to "legalize radicalism by legislation"—to carry their measures by votes, and not by battle. Whether they will go back again to guns hereafter when they have found out that public opinion is not to be gained over by their blandishments remains to be seen. All that we can consider to-day is the condition of to-day; and it is a condition of deeper public tranquillity than France has known for a century. It can no longer be pretended that "if France is content Europe is calm"; but it is manifestly more true than ever that when French Republicans are content France is calm. They alone constitute an eruptive force; but now that all the vents are open before them, they have nothing to explode.

The minority, of course, is anything but calm; it subsists in a state of permanent indignation. But what does that matter? The minority is the most divided, the least intelligent, the most helpless of parties. It is so resolutely foolish, so willfully powerless, that nobody outside its own ranks particularly cares whether it is content or not. How is it possible to keep up interest in the fate of so-called Conservatives, who lie down and shriek and let themselves be trampled on? There is not now in the whole world a political spectacle more saddening than that which is offered by the non-Republican groups in France. Those who live among them, those who listen to the unproductive bitterness of their daily talk and watch the unfruitful indolence of their daily occupations, can alone measure either the intensity of their rage or the utterness of their abdication. They have given up all pretense of combat, and are looking on at the republic with spiteful inertness, just as the unoccupied soldier with his hands in his pockets looks on at the Prussians in the picture of the "*Dernière Cartouche*." If ever people deserved their fate, these French Conservatives do; for, though they howl at it, they sit down under it and bear it without making an effort to change it. Of course their situation is difficult, but it is no way hopeless. Some day their turn will come again; meanwhile they are not making the slightest attempt to hurry it on. The varied and energetic forms of action which the English so unceasingly employ in order to maintain their local influence and position are all unknown to them. They call the others *canaille* all day long, and then go to dinner with the sweet conviction that by doing so they have performed their entire duty to God and man, and that there

is absolutely nothing more for them to attempt. Their chiefs did try, it is true, the mad adventure of the 16th of May; but even then the conservative masses did not rush out of their apathy and grapple. That impotent absurdity only proved once more how unfit the French Conservatives have become either to think or to act.

So the majority has everything its own way, and can fairly claim to be doing good to France by the internal peace which it has produced. It is true that it is itself split up into groups, but the divergences between those groups are not yet marked enough to weaken the general cohesion or the general calm. In numbers, in reason, in vigor, in the results they have induced, the Republicans are the masters; their assertion that they have quieted France is founded on those four floors; and their force rests not only on the power of their own party, but also on the weakness of their adversaries. The tranquillity which they have engendered is a product of the same two causes.

Furthermore, this improvement in the general position of the country is not limited to the interior. France has also gained largely abroad in strength, in influence, in honor; and from that fact springs the third argument invoked by the Republicans in favor of the republic. During the last eight years the foreign relations of France have traversed three distinct epochs—under the successive direction of Thiers, Decazes, and Waddington. The first epoch was passed in getting rid of Germany; the second in preventing Germany from coming back; it has only been during the third period that France has been free enough to hold her head up. M. Thiers was “the liberator of the territory”; circumstances prevented him from being anything else or more. When the Duke Decazes took the *Affaires Etrangères* the Germans were all gone; the question was no longer how to turn them out, but how to keep them from returning. For this task the Duke possessed the rarest qualifications; his suppleness, his inventivity, his faculty of resource, are altogether special to himself; no other living diplomatist can be compared to him in the property of twisting out of a difficulty. Even his enemies (and he has made more of them than most men are able to create) admit that his mind is fertile and adroit. The services which he rendered will, in all probability, never be rightly known, for the story of the perpetually renewed difficulties between Berlin and Paris with which he had to deal is not likely to be told either by himself or by anybody else; but the few who are acquainted with the truth will always proclaim that the Duke Decazes by sheer dexterity saved France ten times over from the bitterest humiliations. He acted throughout his

four years of office with combined prudence and address; he kept his country out of messes with the rarest success. But he did absolutely nothing to lift her up in the world. He left her in November, 1877, exactly where he found her in October, 1873—low down among her neighbors. Then appeared M. Waddington, and with him came what the French call a *changement à vue*. France rose instantly; Germany smiled graciously at her; England became as civil to her as she ever is to anybody (which is not saying much); all the world grew suddenly polite to her. Why? Simply because M. Waddington, speaking in the name of the consolidated republic, inaugurated a policy of simplicity. He had none of the cleverness of his predecessor, and he possessed no diplomatic training, but he brought with him to the Quai d’Orsay a personal reputation of honesty and straightforwardness which instantly gained confidence for him throughout Europe. The Duke Decazes had vainly struggled to bring about an alliance between France and Russia, and had thereby sorely offended Germany. M. Waddington, on the contrary, turned his back on Russia and held out his hand to England, the one power with which France can permit herself to coquet without arousing irritation at Berlin. He did more; he said to his friends, “If I do not represent an alliance with England, I represent nothing.” The fruits of this new attitude ripened so fast that the republic has already begun to eat them with pride and appetite. M. Waddington has set before it a repast of which it had not seen the like before, so it is of course recompensing him by scheming to turn him out.

Gratitude, however, has nothing to do with the facts of the case. The republic is at this moment partially trusted and temporarily believed in by Europe; and, as that is a situation in which the Empire never once found itself during its eighteen years of existence, the Republicans have a fair right to argue that their government is now better liked in Europe than the Empire ever was. And they go further still. Not only do they assert that the republic has positively attained this most unexpected position, but they add, with a confidence in themselves which other people may perhaps regard as slightly exaggerated, that the republic will necessarily remain in that position. They say this because they imagine they have just discovered a new system of medication for their dealings with other countries. They are so struck by what seems to be at this instant the result of the union of honesty and republicanism, that they are applying it with the tingling eagerness of inventors. They are appointing honest Republicans as ambassadors all over Europe; they are writing republican articles in praise of honesty; they are

making speeches to prove that honesty and republicanism are synonymous. And all this because Waddington the Honest has reigned for a while at the Quai d'Orsay! As he is the first Englishman who has been a Minister in France, we may perhaps be allowed to feel pleased at the sight.

This is not quite all, however. There is something more than a mere sudden love of truth and sincerity in the recent protestations of the French Republicans, that they have laid their hands on a success and are going to stick to it. There is a policy behind it—a policy which the one real man in France—Gambetta—approves, supports, and will set to work when his own turn comes to rule. That policy is warm friendship toward England, courteous cordiality toward Germany, liberal tariffs, and resolute opposition to the Roman Curia. Those four conditions sum up the principles of action outside France, which the future Dictator, M. Gambetta, will apply (unless he alters his mind); and—with the exception of the last one—they are wise enough, and practical enough, to justify the hope of the Republicans that, so long as they maintain them, they will preserve agreeable relations with their neighbors. But the fourth condition is a product of passion, not of policy. The establishment of the *Kulturkampf* in France would inevitably alienate from the republic a large number of the moderate Republicans. In the savageness of their hate against Clericalism the Gambettists are forgetting that the majority of French electors are, at the bottom of their hearts, Catholics. They may be indifferent to Catholic forms, they may be irritated against priests; but they will never consent to any interference with freedom of worship. The elections would change their present color, and would become conservative, if any future minister should commit the folly which is implied in the fourth article of the programme of foreign policy which is attributed to M. Gambetta.

But that folly would produce its effects in France itself; the position of the republic abroad would not be affected by it. Consequently, as regards relations with other governments, the promised programme may be considered as offering fair promise of duration for the position into which France has now climbed, and as justifying the prophecies which are based upon it. But will it be maintained unchanged? Can anything be maintained unchanged in France?

Lastly, the friends of the republic assert that it has shed over France a liberty which has hitherto been unknown there, and which would be unattainable under any other form of government. They pretend that it alone can establish freedom, because it alone has no object in suppressing it. Now we have not urged any strong objections to

the various merits which we have thus far set forth as claimed by the Republicans—on the contrary, we have recognized their general truth and value; but, this time, there are protests to be made. That the republic should profess to hold a monopoly of some particular virtue is natural enough, for each of the various governments which preceded it did exactly the same. The First Empire bragged of its glory, the Restoration of its dignity, Orleanism of its constitutionality, and the Second Empire of its prosperity. So this present arrangement vaunts its liberty. But liberty is a result more difficult to realize than either prosperity, or constitutionality, or dignity, or glory; it is indeed, of all political conditions, the least easy to attain. It has, however, the seductive quality of allowing itself to be talked about with delightful facility. Regarded as a subject for speech-making, as a text for proclamations, as a basis for programmes and platforms, it offers all the enticements, all the flexibilities, and all the capabilities; it is only when it has to be set into the shape of an applied fact that its inherent intricacy comes out. Forgetting the almost insurmountable obstacles which attend its fulfillment, lured on by its superb name, and by the temptation which that name offers to all popular governments, the Republicans took it up as if they had invented it, and, of course, destroyed it the moment they pretended to apply it. Their conception of liberty is a very old one; there is absolutely nothing new about it. The formula, "I permit you to do what I like," was not first imagined by them, but it is being rather vigorously worked out by them, and that is why they are not perhaps quite accurate in proclaiming that they have bestowed on France true freedom.

Like most other masters, the republic imposes its own will; and the moment anybody enforces a will, somebody else must give in to that will. Here again, however, we have a very old notion before us: it was long ago found out that the greatest possible liberty is only a diminution of slavery; but still, if the republic imposed its will equally upon all Frenchmen, the diminution of slavery, which it would call liberty, would be a verity as between each citizen and the Government. It is because that will is being enforced unequally on the people—because some of them are being treated more harshly than others—that the pretension of the republic to be a distributor of liberty is a sham and a deceit. Paley has said somewhere that "doing what we like is natural liberty; and doing it within limits which prevent it from causing any damage to others is civil liberty." Now this republic (like a good many other governments) does not hesitate at damage; it proclaims that certain of its subjects—the active Catholics—ought to be made to suffer in their

civil rights, because they are supposed to be its enemies. With this object its supporters have been suggesting more or less seriously for some time past that a variety of offensive measures should be adopted against these Catholics; and at last the Government itself has come forward with the proposal that the members of most of the religious orders, whose special function is to teach, shall be prohibited from teaching. Now the persons affected by this proposal are French citizens, and, whatever be the objections to their opinions or their views—whatever be the dislike provoked by their persons or their ways—they are entitled, if there be any liberty at all, to precisely the same rights and faculties as any one else in the land. But the Republicans say that these men shall no longer possess these rights; they intend, if they can, to take away from them the faculty of keeping schools, which is accorded to everybody else. The noble principle that "liberty is the power of doing anything which does not prevent others from being free" is not applied by them; on the contrary, their notion of liberty is, that the majority has the right to prevent certain members of the minority from being free. They imitate the Empire by attacking the liberty of their adversaries—they refuse to employ toleration to protect the intolérant; they reject it as "the sole known remedy for diversity of opinion"; they forget that, as Napoleon said, "fanaticism is always produced by persecution"; and they persecute. But yet they coolly assure us that they have instituted liberty in France.

To answer all this by the argument that one swallow does not make summer, that one example of persecution does not lift up persecution to the height of an adopted principle of action, is to make no answer whatever. People who profess to have introduced liberty into their country have no right to persecute at all; if they do so even once—once only—they forfeit all right to talk of liberty. The form and the objects of the persecution lie outside the question; to-day priests and monks are the victims; to-morrow it may be generals and stay-makers; the day after to-morrow it may be wet-nurses and bankers: all that has nothing to do with the unvarying truth that civil liberty does not and can not exist unless it is equal for all, and that the creation of one single exception in its application destroys the entire fabric. Just as religion consists in resignation, so does liberty consist in equality; the slightest difference in its application puts an end to it. When, therefore, the Republicans imagine that, while they chuckle about liberty, they can simultaneously bestow it on their friends and withdraw it from their foes, they perpetrate one of those grotesque lies which sometimes render an otherwise good cause both ridiculous and

false. So far from being a merit of the republic, this pretended exercise of liberty is a stumbling-block in its road, for the shouting about it only serves to attract attention to the fact that true liberty is just as absent under the present Government as it was under the Empire. Even if the proposed measures are not voted by the Chambers, that result will not affect the question. The Cabinet has officially asked the Parliament to enact laws of exception and prescription; and, whatever be the fate of the proposal, the phenomenon will remain that such laws were considered to be legitimate under a republic by a ministry which represents the relatively moderate elements of its party. For these reasons liberty must be struck out of the list of the advantages offered to France by its actual régime.

And there are no other advantages to be computed. There ends the catalogue. But, before we try to strike a balance between the two sides of the evidence, and to see which way the scales incline, there is one other element of the question at which it is essential to cast a glance. That element does not yet form a recognized part of the considerations put forward by the French themselves for or against their republic, but a good many of them are beginning to feel anxiously over it, and it is particularly striking to such foreigners as happen to look closely at the present condition of France. Indeed, it is natural that foreigners should observe it, for the moment, more attentively than the French do, for the reason that it is social, not political; and that in times of excitement, the inhabitants of a country are usually so absorbed by the noisy public accidents which are occurring every day, that they have no time to think of any comparatively unapparent movements which may be at work more or less silently around them. Foreigners, on the other hand, are naturally somewhat indifferent to political agitations which have no direct action upon their own lives, and incline to turn their watchfulness toward questions which have something in common with the thoughts that interest them at home, toward class influences and social forces, toward the nature of the relationship between the various strata of the nation, toward all that constitutes the internal life of a country. And when foreigners do look in these directions, they see more clearly, perhaps, than the French themselves, how grave the situation of the upper classes has become. The republic has wrought a change so great in their position and their prospects that no other consequence yet produced by the new Government can be compared with it. The *nouvelles couches* have dashed to the front, and have not only seized rights and power and station, but, in addition, have positively suppressed society. In the sudden destruc-

tion of all social domination lies the remaining element of the case which we have still to look at. During the last eight years the upper classes of France have progressively and unceasingly lost place—not only political place, but social place as well. Partly by their own abdication, partly by the indifference of the nation, partly by the thrusting of the new candidates for authority, their situation has been rapidly sapped, and is now demolished. And this result has been brought about since 1871. It is true that one section of society—that one which includes the Legitimist families—had withdrawn after 1830 from contact with either the Court or the official world, or the public life of the country: but that section was a small one; it was limited in all its aspects—in numbers, in credit, in strength. What is happening now presents another character, for the actual movement is not circumscribed, it is general; it does not touch one opinion alone, it affects almost the whole of that portion of the population which is generically described by the denomination of “society.” The republic and “society” have turned their backs on each other with mutual suspicion and contempt. So far they have both behaved alike; but there, alas! ends all resemblance between the forms of action which they adopt. The republic is trying energetically to show France by every means at its disposal that it can do without the classes which compose society; that those classes are of no use to it; that they are unproductive and untrustworthy; and that the best thing the nation can do is to forget their presence, and to march on as if they did not exist. Society, on the contrary, is, as was said just now, sitting idle in the sulks; it is not making the faintest effort to retain its ground. Each year that passes still further weakens its connection with the country. Yet society is composed essentially of what used to be called, in France as elsewhere, the governing classes. So that the disappearance of society as the expression of a recognized public and national force, implies necessarily the simultaneous extinction of the political chieftainship which, when there was a society in France, was supposed to be the proudest birthright and highest function of its members. And there precisely lies the explanation of the motives which are prompting the republic to make such bitter war against society. The *nouvelles couches* have detected with alacrity, and have measured with precision, the vast advantage that would accrue to their cause from the disorganization of the hostile camp which hitherto has been occupied by society, and has supplied leaders for France. So they invested it, besieged it, cut off its water and provisions, and have now forced its garrison to retreat defeated. But they never would have succeeded

in attaining this result, or, at all events, they would not have attained it so rapidly, if the garrison had defended itself: its own negligence, its own cowardice, quite as much as the skill of the enemy, have reduced it to its present vanquished condition. Society has ceased to be all that it once was: it is no longer an acknowledged sovereign; it is no longer a dominating force; it is no longer a productive union; it is no longer a fecundating agency; it is no longer a representative principle; it is no longer a source, an origin, a creator: all these attributes have passed from its hands. The republic has dwindled it to a mere series of personal associations without any constitutive object or general bond: its national brilliancy had already vanished; its national usefulness is gone now.

But the *nouvelles couches* have been too clever, thus far, to try to build it up again for their own use. They have destroyed it; they are satisfied for the moment. Society is now out of their way, and they show no signs of any wish to put themselves into its place. Some few of them, it is true, are beginning to appear occasionally in official drawing-rooms; but they do not quite seem to be in their element there. And furthermore, they must necessarily feel that it would be absurd for them to establish *salons* after demonstrating so clearly to the French people that *salons* are quite useless. Besides which, *salons* can scarcely be composed of men alone—women, too, are wanted in them; and, judging from what is to be now contemplated in Paris, the republic is not wealthy in the latter product. So, for all these reasons, the gap dug out by the retirement of what used to be society will probably continue unfilled until the turn of society comes round again hereafter. We need not fear that it is abolished for ever—it is too hard-lived for that; but it is humiliating for its friends to have to stand by and look on at its present ridiculous discomfiture. The Government of the country has been snatched clean away from the well-born, the well-thinking, and the well-dressed; a social organization which Europe conceived to be almost an inherent part of the usages, the sympathies, and the prejudices of France, has been blown into shreds by a storm; the elegance, the refinement, the brightness, which were once supposed to be among the highest of French qualities, have lost their potency—Democracy has swept them out of sight. Common people, with no names and with badly constructed coats, have proved that France can do without the upper classes. This is clearly a case in which a Californian would exclaim, “Thunder!” So houses are shut up, and pleasantnesses fade, and once-laughing women pout, and there are no echoes of talk, and tongues are rusting. Society

is becoming a forgotten idea; the functions which it once discharged in France, and the might it once wielded there, are more forgotten still. And all this has been brought about by the swelling upward of democracy. Never was the request "Ote-toi de là que je m'y mette" more vigorously expressed or more feebly resisted. Decidedly the republic is a great worker among men.

And now let us cast up the calculations we have been making, and see, if we can, how our total comes out.

Here is an institution which professes to show the world what France now is and wants. Well, our impression of it is, that if this is really what France wants, she has come down to the level of the United States. Other and higher results are to be got out of national life than those which this republic is evolving. We have endeavored to show impartially what its operations are, and nobody can pretend that, taken as a whole, they are of an elevated or elevating order. The republic keeps down barricades because it contents the very people who habitually compose those constructions. It is backed up by a majority of the population. It has amended recently the feeling with which France is regarded beyond her frontier. But it no more practices liberty than Louis XIV. did; on the contrary, it seems to be drifting toward the tyrannies of Radicalism. It has produced but one single Republican who is worthy of a place in history; and it is suffocating the grace, the brilliancy, and the charm which once were counted among the glories of France. Yet it is not a bad specimen of a republic—as republics go. That a good many of the French like it is undeniable.

What are their prospects of keeping it?

Prophesying is a risky process in France, for the odds there are always against probabilities and in favor of impossibilities. But, even after allowing largely for the latter, there is no great danger in expressing the opinion that the republic looks like lasting. Let us suppose the very worst that can happen to it. Let us conceive that it commits follies enough to disgust all France. Let us imagine that the Radicals get hold of power, and that they proceed to suppress God by a proclamation, and marriage by a law; that they render all public functions elective; that they make taxes payable by the rich alone, in proportion to their riches; that they convert the army into a national guard; and that, generally, they enforce abundantly the "subversive mea-

sures" which the Conservatives assure us are impending. What then? Will all that be capable of killing the republic and of putting a monarchy into its place?

No—unless, indeed, those impossibilities, to which we have just alluded, behave as they did on the 18th Brumaire. Unless a soldier upsets the republic by force, even its own worst madresses can not be expected to have strength enough to stifle it. The country may get frightened; it may turn right round and vote for the other side; the Republicans may find themselves in a minority in the Chamber; Broglie and Fourtou may perhaps become Ministers once more; but, unless a general succeeds in a *pronunciamiento*, all that will leave the republic where it is, for the reason that, even if these odd things happened, no one would agree with any one else as to what should be put in its place. It would cast aside the Radicals (who, presumably, would then incline to barricades again); it would become gentle and well-behaved; it would beg everybody's pardon, and promise never to do it any more; but it would remain the republic, and Gambetta would perhaps become dictator, as ehief of the Conservatives and savior of society, and would represent the monarch that the Monarchists could not persuade each other to appoint.

And really this is not a too fantastic dream. It may all come true. It is just as likely as anything else, and more likely than most other things. And though, as has been already said, its very likelihood is an argument against its fulfilment, it may be that—to complete the catalogue of surprises—France is about to astonish the world by acting for once in simple conformity with probabilities. Besides, what is there athwart it? It is easy to assert that this republic can not last; that the French have only accepted it from necessity, and have no sympathy for it; that it is a mere superficial Government; that it has scarcely any roots in the deep earth, and that its main holdings are on the surface. All that may be absolutely true; and it may be equally true that, if there were but one pretender to the throne, he would long ago have put on his crown. But, however true it be, it only proves more and more distinctly how difficult it is to put another system into the place of the present one. Things will forcedly go on as they are (unless a soldier smashes them) from sheer impossibility of selecting anything else. In the multitude of pretend-ers there is republic.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ON CHINESE FANS.

IN China, just as the dragon is the symbol of power and the national emblem of the Chinese people, so is the fan the characteristic accompaniment to the every-day life of the ordinary Chinaman. It is, therefore, possible that a few remarks from a purely Chinese standpoint may not be wholly out of place. For even in these days of advanced globe-trotting it is not every man's luck to get either to Corinth or to Peking; and the topic is one, moreover, to which the writer has personally devoted some attention. In his new "Dictionary of the English Language" Dr. Latham has ventured to define a fan as an "instrument used by ladies to move the air and cool themselves," a definition which is clearly bounded by the four walls of a European ballroom. All over the Asiatic Continent fans are as much in use among men as among women; and in China, to which the following paper will be confined, a fan of some sort or other is part and parcel of every man's summer equipment. The term "fan" is expressed in the Chinese language by a single and unchangeable character, which in Mandarin is pronounced *shan*, the *a* having almost exactly the value of the *a* in "can't." This character is a compound of two others—namely, *hu* (or *hoo*), "a door," and *yü*, "feathers." These characters in their modern style are said to be a gradual modification from the ancient hieroglyphs, under which form this same *hu* is believed actually to stand for the picture of one leaf of a door, and *yü* for that of the feathers or wings of a bird. From the conjunction of the two hieroglyphs we obtain, not a third hieroglyph—for no one pretends that any form of *shan*, ancient or modern, in any way resembles a fan—but an ideographic combination, analysis of which guides by association to the sense. Feathers beneath a door, door standing by synecdoche for a house; that which, made of feathers, is used within doors—*scilicet*, a fan. Such is a fair specimen of the process by which the ideographic nature of modern Chinese writing is worked out. Whether this process can or can not be held to fulfill the conditions of sound scientific investigation, and whether even the hieroglyphic value attributed to the original elements of such ideographs has or has not been seriously overrated by philologists, these are open questions; at the same time it is admitted on all sides that similar analyses, wherever feasible, afford great assistance to the student, and enable him to retain in the memory such a number of complex characters as would be perfectly impos-

sible were each to be regarded as a tangled course of strokes, brought together without rhyme or reason at the sweet will of the Cadmus of China.

Another, and in the written language equally common term for a fan is *sha* (or *shah*), compounded of the same word *yü*, "feathers," placed above the character—also an ideograph—which stands for "a female companion"—in other words, a woman fanning her lord, such indeed being one of the daily duties of the denizens of a Chinese harem. With regard to the constant use of the word "feathers" in these combinations it would appear from Chinese authorities that wings of birds and leaves of trees dispute, if not divide, the honor of having furnished the first fans to mankind. But Chinese authorities are eminently unreliable on most points, and the invention of the fan has been variously attributed to different heroes of antiquity according to the fancy of each particular writer. For instance, the "Yu-hsiü," or "Child's Guide to Knowledge," tells us that to the Emperor Hsien Yüan, who came to the throne B. C. 2697, we are indebted for this boon to suffering humanity; while the "Kuang-shih-lei-fu," a well-known cyclopædia of antitheses, defers the invention to the reign of Wu-wang, the first ruler of the Chow dynasty, or more than a thousand years later. Other authorities declare for the Emperor Shun, B. C. 2255, with whose honored name tradition has lovingly coupled more than one similar achievement designed to promote the welfare and happiness of his children. Of the history of fans in China, and their gradual development from the primitive bird's wing or unelaborated leaf, there is positively nothing to record, unless perhaps it be the publication by the Emperor Ngan Ti, of the Chin dynasty (A. D. 405),* of a strange enactment against the use of silk in the manufacture of these articles. It was apparently a mere sumptuary law, having for its object the protection of silk, the material which, according to a very ancient belief still prevalent in China, can alone give warmth to the aged. In one of his dissertations on political economy Mencius observed: "At fifty, without silk no warmth; at seventy, without meat no satiety." The sage had been advocating a more extensive cultivation of the mulberry-tree with a view to

* Hsieh Ling-Yün credits this enactment to the Emperor Hsiao Wu, of the same dynasty, who reigned from 373 to 397 A. D. The date given in the text is taken from the "Kuang-shih-lei-fu."

provide an adequate source of food for the silk-worm; and in the present instance it is most probable that the imperial edict was directed against the indiscriminate waste of silk for purposes of mere luxury; but, like all similar enactments, this one fell speedily into desuetude.

Almost every large city in China, and certainly every important division of the empire, has its own characteristic fan, or else there is something peculiar in the make, color, or ornamentation of the common "folding" fan as seen in that particular district, by which it may be distinguished from its ubiquitous congener. For the folding fan, as the Chinese call it, is the fan *par excellence*; and all that ingenuity of design has hitherto accomplished has not succeeded in displacing this convenient form from the affections of the people at large. The large palm-leaf, with its strongly bound edges and natural handle, large quantities of which are exported annually from Canton and elsewhere, may possibly be the cheapest and most breeze-compelling of all kinds; but it is not very portable, and can not readily be stowed away about the person, or stored so as to last into a second summer. It finds favor in the eyes of tea-shop and public eating-house keepers, and is always to be seen in the guest-chambers, whether of guilds, monasteries, or private establishments. The folding fan, on the other hand, occupies but little space, and when not in use may be stuck in the high boot of the full-dressed Chinese gentleman, or at the back of the neck in the loose collarless jacket which, with the addition of a curt *caleçon*, constitutes the entire toilet of a Chinese cooly. Besides, the folding fan opens into a tolerably smooth surface, fairly well adapted for the painter's art; and even the dirtiest specimen of Chinese vagabondage loves to rest his eye upon some gayly painted flower or a spray or two of the much-prized bamboo. Consequently, the folding fan obtains all over the eighteen provinces of China proper and beyond, far away across the Great Wall, over the steppes of Mongolia and the mountains of Thibet. Of the more elaborate kinds, produced at Canton for export to Europe, with their exquisitely carved or perforated ivory handles, etc., it will suffice to say that such are quite unknown even in the highest and wealthiest circles of Chinese society, the folding fan being rarely the vehicle of extravagant expenditure in this respect. It may be made, indeed, either of paper or of silk. For handle, ivory or sandal-wood may be used; but even then the general get-up is as a rule plain, while for the common folding fan of the empire bamboo is the material most extensively employed, being at once the cheapest and most durable of all woods. Pendants of amber, jade, ivory, carnelian, and other substances are

also affected by the more refined, and a fan-case beautifully embroidered in some quaint pattern, accompanied perhaps by some appropriate classical allusion, is a very ordinary birthday present from a sister to her brother or from a wife to her husband. The number of "bones" * or ribs to a folding fan is a matter which is by no means left to chance. Sixteen, including the two outer pieces, may be quoted as the standard; but fans made in certain localities have more—as many as thirty-two, and sometimes even thirty-six. The reason why the number sixteen is preferred is that such a fan opens into a convenient number of spaces to receive the poetical inscription which custom has almost, but not altogether, tied down to a given number of lines.

Irregular inscriptions are, however, not uncommon. The Hangchow fan has a great many bones. It is a very strongly made article; and, though only of paper, prepared in some way with oil, may remain plunged in water (it is said) for twenty-four hours without injury. But this fan finds no favor with those who can afford to pick and choose, and for a rather singular reason. Just as with the Chinese white is the emblem of death and mourning, so black is regarded as typical of moral impurity, and black things are consequently avoided on the strength of the proverb, "Proximity to vermilion makes a man red; to ink, black." Now the Hangchow fan is, with the exception of a sprinkling of gold or silver on the face, as black as it well could be; and it is therefore at a discount even among those by whom the most trifling form of economy can not be satisfactorily ignored.† Chair-coolies, everywhere a degraded class, invest their money in these fans without hesitation, doubtless feeling themselves beyond the reach of such influences as these. Old men, too, may use black fans without scruple. Their age is held to have placed them on a vantage-ground in this as in all other respects; for, as Confucius observed, "That which is really white may be in the darkest dye without being made black";‡ and a man who has led for years a spotless life is unlikely to be influenced for the bad by mere contact with a fan. Black fans, with black lacquer handles, are made in Canton for sale to the outer barbarian, the hated foreigner, whose moral obliquity is regarded by the masses of China as more *prononcé* than that of the lowest of their low.

Besides the large non-folding feather fan, generally looked upon in Europe as a hand screen

* A translation of the Chinese term.

† So punctilious indeed is a respectable Chinaman in the case of mourning, that he will even abstain from chewing betel-nut, because it would make his lips red, and red is emblematical of joy.

‡ See the "Lun-yü," book xvii., chap. 7.

for the fire, some beautiful specimens of the folding fan are also to be seen in feathers, which show, on being opened, beautifully painted bouquets of flowers, butterflies, birds, etc., etc. Kingfishers' feathers and beetles' wings are also largely employed in the manufacture of fans and screens, and tortoise-shell and jade are occasionally used in elaborating the handles of the more expensive kinds. White silk, stretched tightly over both sides of a narrow frame, round, octagonal, sexagonal, or polygonal, as the case may be, forms what is considered in the higher circles of Chinese society the *ne plus ultra* of elegance and refinement; especially so when some charming study in flower or landscape painting on the obverse is accompanied by a sparkling stanza on the reverse, signed by the writer and addressed to the friend for whose delectation it is intended. This is a very favorite present among the Chinese; and as poets and painters are but a small minority in China, as elsewhere, it follows that any man who is sufficiently an artist to supply either the verses or the design need never starve for want of occupation. One of the highest officials and most renowned calligraphists in the Chinese Empire at the present moment, when formerly a struggling student at Foochow, eked out a scanty livelihood by writing inscriptions for fans in all kinds of styles, ancient and modern, at about one shilling and eightpence per fan. Outside his door was a notice calling the attention of the public to the above fact, and the fancy name he gave to his studio was "Laugh, but Buy."

That kind known as the "Swatow" fan is for a non-folding fan perhaps the most serviceable of all, as for lightness and durability combined it is certainly without a rival. It is formed from a piece of bamboo, about a foot and a half in length and half an inch in diameter, split two thirds of the way down into a number of slips, each very thin and apparently fragile, while really possessed of its full share of the strength and flexibility of the parent stem. These slips are spread out in the same plane, with their tips slightly bent over, somewhat like a mustard-spoon; and then strong paper is pasted over the whole as far down as the splits extend, the remaining unsplit half serving as handle. This fan is said to be actually made near Amoy, probably near Chang-chow, and to be sent to Swatow only to be painted; but to foreigners resident in China it is universally known as the "Swatow" fan. Of all fancy fans there is none so curious as what is commonly termed the "broken fan," which at first sight would appear to be a simple folding fan, and on being opened from left to right as usual discloses nothing to distinguish it from the most ordinary kind. Opened, however,

the reverse way, from right to left, the whole fan seems to have fallen to pieces, each bone, with the part attached to it, being separated from all the others, as if the connecting strings were broken. This arrangement is of course simple enough, but at first sight the effect, as a trick, is remarkably good. From the broken it is an easy transition to the secret or *double-entendre* fan, which opened one way shows a flower or similarly harmless design; the other, some ribald sketch which with us would entail severe penalties on maker, publisher, and all concerned. It is only fair, however, to the administration of China to state that, theoretically speaking, the same penalties would be incurred, though practically they are seldom if ever enforced. In the Peking form of this fan there are always two such pictures to each. These are not seen when the fan is opened out, and it will only open one way; but are disclosed by turning back the two end ribs or "bones." A far more creditable and more useful *compagnon de voyage* is the map fan, which gives the plan of some such great city as Peking or Canton, with the names of the streets and public buildings marked in characters of medium legibility. Sometimes whole districts are included on the surface of a fan; and as the distances from place to place are given with considerable accuracy, travelers not unusually invest the small sums required for the purchase of these topographical guides. So, too, any great national event may be circulated over the empire by means of fans, precisely as penny books of the Lord Mayor's Show are still sold in Fleet Street on every November 9th. The Tientsin massacre, for instance, brought forth a hideous specimen, with horrid details of the hacking to pieces of Roman Catholic priests and sisters, the burning of the cathedral and of the French consulate, the murder of the French consul and his *chancelier*. The sale of these fans was almost immediately prohibited by the Chinese authorities, and they are now very rare.

Some "fans" are not fans at all. The "steel fan" is simply a bar of metal, shaped and painted to resemble an ordinary closed fan, and carried sometimes as a life-preserver, sometimes by the swell mobsmen and rowdies of China, to be used at close quarters with murderous effect. Of the same species is the well-known "dagger fan," which consists of an elegant imitation in lacquer of a common folding fan, but is really a sheath containing within its fair exterior a deadly blade, short and sharp, like a small Malay *kris*. This dagger fan was invented by the Japanese, and its importation into China has always been strictly forbidden. Great numbers have, however, been successfully introduced into Canton, Foochow, and other large maritime cities, and they

are now even manufactured by the enterprising natives of the first-mentioned port.

A curious specimen of the fan is produced in Formosa, consisting of a thick, pithy leaf, shaped like a cone with the apex chopped off, and a short handle fitted to the line of severance, and bearing upon its face a landscape or group of figures burned in with a hot iron. It was the invention of a needy scholar of Taiwan Fu, the capital city of Formosa, who being in distressed circumstances hit upon the above novelty as a means of replenishing his empty purse. The fan took immensely for a time, long enough in fact to make the fortune of the inventor, who for a considerable period was at his wits' end to meet the demand. The rage for them has been now for some time spent, and they are only made in small quantities, for sale more as curiosities than anything else. For there are fashions in fans as in other articles of human luxury in China as elsewhere. Every year sees some fresh variety, differing perhaps imperceptibly to the European eye from the favorite of the preceding season, but still sufficiently so to constitute a novelty, a new fashion for the wealthy Chinese exquisite. A foreigner may live for years among the Chinese and never notice any change to relieve the monotony of their dress. Yet, as a matter of fact, some variety, even of hat or shoes, is introduced almost annually. The fashionable cap is squarer or rounder at the top as the case may be; the shoes more or less pointed, or ornamented after some novel design. And so it is with fans, which are made of different material and of different sizes for different seasons of the year in proportion to the quantity of breeze required. In the "Miscellanies of the Western Capital" * we read: "The fans of the Son of Heaven are, for the summer, of feathers; for the winter, of silk"; and in a poem by Ow-yang Hsiu occurs this line:

"In the tenth moon the people of the capital turned to their warm fans."

At the present day the distinction between warm and cold fans can hardly be said to exist. Those for spring and autumn are smaller than those used in summer, reminding one of the old Roman luxury of summer and winter rings. It is also *mauvais ton* to be seen with a fan too early or too late in the year. There are indeed no days absolutely fixed for the beginning and end of the fan season, as in the case of the summer and winter hats worn by all employees of the Government, and which are supposed to be changed simultaneously all over the empire; but Chinese custom has made it as ridiculous for a man to carry a fan before or after a certain con-

ventional date as it would be with us to wear a white waistcoat in March or November.

During the summer months a bird's-eye view of China would disclose a perfect flutter of fans from one confine to the other. Punkahs are unknown to the Chinese, except as an innovation of the foreigner; and it has been necessary to coin a term expressly for them. Occasionally they may be seen in the house of some wealthy Chinese merchant, as, for instance, in the establishment of the celebrated Howqua family at Canton; but even then they are regarded more as a curiosity than as appliances of every-day use. On the other hand, it can hardly be said that the idea of a general fan or punkah has escaped the searching ingenuity of the Chinese; for in the work last quoted we are informed that "under the Han dynasty [between sixteen hundred and two thousand years ago] there lived at Ch'ang-an a very skillful workman, named Ting Huan, who made a seven-wheel fan. This consisted of seven large wheels, ten feet in diameter, joined together, the whole being turned by a single man, and keeping the place quite cool during the summer months." This description is a trifle too meager to enable us to state with certainty the exact shape of the machine in question. The paddle-wheel of a steamer seems to come the nearest to it; and from the loftiness of Chinese halls and reception-rooms in general, both official and private, no objection could be offered on the score of height. Be this as it may, such a machine would at any rate be free from what is in Chinese eyes the weak point of a punkah—namely, its position with regard to the person operated upon. A Chinaman fans his face, arms, legs, chest, and even back, as he may feel disposed at the moment; but he objects strongly to a draught of air falling on the top of his head, and avoids it as much as possible. At meals, during the very hot weather, servants usually stand behind their masters and slowly but steadily ply the large feather fan, originally made from the feathers of a pheasant's tail, because the Emperor Kao Tsung of the Yin* dynasty on one occasion connected some fortunate event with the auspicious crowing of a pheasant.† Burden-carrying coolies of the lowest stratum of Chinese society fan themselves as they hurry along the streets weighed down by their back-breaking loads. Little boys are engaged to fan the workmen whose business is carried on in the hot shops of a crowded Chinese city. The very soldiers in the ranks fan themselves on parade; and among the insignia carried in the procession of every mandarin above a certain rank there is to be

* More commonly known as Wu Ting, 1324-1265 B. C.

† This story is told by Ts'ul Pao, in his *K'u-chin-chu*, or "Antiquarian Researches."

* Ch'ang-an, now Hsi-an Fu, the capital of the province of Shensi.

found a huge wooden fan more resembling a banner than anything else. And this brings us to a rather curious phase of Chinese etiquette. A Chinaman on horseback or in a sedan-chair, meeting an equal of his acquaintance on foot, must forthwith dismount, be it only to make a passing bow. It is a serious breach of politeness to remain sitting while the person to whom you are addressing yourself stands. And, similarly, two friends meeting in chairs should, strictly speaking, both dismount to salute. But to avoid the obvious inconvenience of perpetually stopping and dismounting, in perhaps a crowded thoroughfare, at the appearance of every friend, it has been arranged that the occupant, say of the chair, may hold his fan up so as to screen his face from view, and the two pass without further ceremony, as if, in fact, they had never met. And such is the use to which, apart from their emblematical signification, the above-mentioned wooden fans would be put should the almost impossible contingency arise of two mandarins of equal rank meeting face to face in the street. The servants of each would hasten to interpose these great fans between the passing chairs of their respective masters, who, by the aid of this pleasant fiction, would be held not to have become aware of each other's presence. A subordinate would turn up a side street and yield the road to his superior officer.

Formerly there was a certain kind of fan specially used as a screen to "separate the sun, screen off the wind, and obstruct the dust," just as well-to-do Chinamen now use the ordinary fan to save their half-shaven heads from the scorching summer rays while they stroll along or hurry by on business or pleasure bent. The common cooly has his wide mushroom-shaped hat, and the official rides in a sedan-chair with his red umbrella carried, like the wooden fan, in procession before him; but the middle-class Chinaman, who may be unwilling to throw away money in chair hire, trusts to his fan alone. As a matter of fact, from the narrowness of the streets in most Chinese cities, and the matting with which these streets are in many cases roofed over, sufficient shade is afforded to enable persons to move freely about without further defense against the sun; and for a walk across country the inevitable umbrella would of course be called into play—no longer, however, the characteristic model of antiquity, with clumsy handle and coarse oil-cloth top, but some cheap importation in European style, the convenience of which in point of portability has long since been recognized by the Chinese. In such a city as Canton two open umbrellas would more than fill the narrow roadway, and the risk of constant collision would be great; consequently, umbrellas are only to be seen on

wet days, when the ordinary crowd is at a minimum. Even in Peking, where some of the streets are as wide as Regent Street, the convenience of the fan recommends it as a sunshade in preference to the more unwieldy umbrella.

The fan plays no inconsiderable rôle in Chinese decorative art. Besides being the vehicle of both poetry and painting, it is itself often introduced into designs of all kinds. Mullioned windows are not unusually made in the shape of the top part of a folding fan spread out, that is, the paper or silk part without the ribs; and the full outline is often used to contain pictures or verses painted or inscribed upon walls, as if an open fan had simply been nailed over the spot. History indeed has recorded the case of one painter, Wang Yüan-chün, who so excelled in this particular line that people, like the birds pecking at the grapes of Apelles, would often try to take down and examine more closely some of these beautiful specimens of wall-painting, which appeared to be really fans hung up by a thread or attached to a nail. It has been mentioned above that, with the more refined of the Chinese, fans, including both the "screen" and the "folding" varieties, are almost invariably painted on one side and left blank on the other for the insertion of some appropriate verses, which may be either original or borrowed; from which it will be seen that fans occupy to some extent in China the position of albums with us. To give any idea of the quaint designs in figure and landscape painting, the marvelous birds, beasts, and insects—especially butterflies—which are to be found on the more highly finished Chinese screens, is next to impossible without reproducing the originals; but a few words on the versification just alluded to, and on the fan language in general, may not be uninteresting to some. There is, however, in the long list of fan-painting celebrities the name of one single artist, the nature of whose works is expressed by a term with which they have ever been associated in history. That term is "ten thousand *li*," or a distance of over three thousand English miles. The painter in question was named Wang Fei; and the extent of a landscape he was able to produce on the surface of a mere ordinary fan was said to be limited only by the hyperbolic range of ten thousand *li*.

The fan is metaphorically known in the Chinese language as the "Phoenix Tail" or the "Jay's Wing," terms which point to what were possibly the archetypes of all fans, namely, the wings and tails of birds, from which has been developed the modern feather fan. The folding fan, by the way, is said by one authority * not to

* The *Ch'ien-ch'ü-wei-shu*, an encyclopædia published in 1632.

be a Chinese invention at all, but to have been introduced into China by the Coreans, who sent a quantity of them to the Emperor Yung Lê of the Ming dynasty, among the other articles offered as tribute by the vassal state. The Emperor is further stated to have been so pleased with the novelty that orders were issued for their imitation by Chinese workmen. A fan is also alluded to in figurative language as a "strike the butterfly," or a "chase of flies," as a "like the moon," or a "call the wind," and as a "screen the face," a name which should be taken in conjunction with the point of etiquette previously mentioned. It is called a "change the season," from its power of cooling the person fanned. This power has been enlarged upon in an ode to a fan, written by a poet named Poh Chü-I, of which the following are specimen lines :

"With thee, hot suns shall strike in vain the snow ;
By thy aid gentle gales perennial blow ;
Thou mov'st an autumn breeze 'neath summer
skies ;
Cease, and the round moon in my bosom lies."

From the last line of this effusion, which, as a

translation, aims only at literal fidelity to the original, it is clear that the particular kind of fan here alluded to must be the round screen fan, which Chinese poets never tire of comparing with the full moon, and which, when not in use, is often laid "in the bosom," between the folds of the flowing outer robe. As to inscriptions upon fans, they vary with every variety of human thought and feeling. The more usual kind treats in stilted language, pregnant with classical quotation and obscure historical allusion, of some one of the ever-changing aspects of nature. Others again are didactic ; and some are literary *tours de force*, occasionally of a not very high order. The most celebrated of the latter class has been acknowledged by universal consent to be a couplet consisting of only eight characters, written at the eight corners of an octagon fan belonging to the Emperor Chien Wên, of the Liang dynasty, and said to have been the composition of the monarch himself. The peculiarity of this couplet is that the reader may begin at any one of the eight characters, and, by reading round the way of the sun, find a couplet of perfect sense and perfectly rhymed.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE BAYADÈRE.

NEAR strange, weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
Bathes domed Delhi, I watch, by spice-trees fanned,
Her agile form in some quaint saraband ;
A marvel of passionate chastity and pride !
Nude to the loins, superb, and leopard-eyed,
With redolent roses in her jeweled hand :
Before some haughty Rajah, mute and grand,
Her flexible torso bends, her white feet glide !
The dull Kinoors throb one monotonous tune,
And, mad with motion, as in a hasheesh trance,
Her scintillant eyes in vague, ecstatic charm,
Burn like black stars below the Orient moon,
While the suave, dreamy languor of the dance
Lulls the grim, drowsy cobra on her arm !

F. S. SALTUS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IMITATION IN ART.

WE gave last month, in our review of Hamerton's "Life of Turner," some extracts from that work illustrating the theory of art entertained by the author. The dogma that art is not imitation is far from being new. It has been asserted by many writers upon art, by whom it is looked upon as a cardinal principle. But confusion has arisen from the different meanings attached to the word. Ruskin denounces what he calls "deceptive imitation" as a very inferior art, meaning by the phrase the painting of objects in so realistic a manner that one is deceived for a moment into the belief that he is looking upon real things. This sort of imitation, if made the sole purpose of a picture, is certainly paltry enough, but it is commonly associated with a pleasing scheme of color, or the objects have beautiful forms and are arranged in agreeable or striking contrasts. But a great deal of what Ruskin dwells upon as indispensable in worthy painting is what is commonly spoken of as imitation. Sometimes the word is employed to describe mere servile copying, in other instances it is used to imply any form of adequate reproduction. Every instructed person knows that an artist must not attempt in painting foliage to copy minutely every leaf and twig, as by doing this he does not get the effect of foliage at all, but must so paint his trees that they *express* foliage, become as wholes vivid and life-like portraits. This life-likeness is what people ordinarily call imitation, and, when critics restrict the term to a much narrower meaning, these good folk are not a little perplexed. Ruskin is at pains to explain that drawing the outlines of the bough of a tree is giving the *form* of a bough, and not imitating a bough. This is clearly true, but it is a distinction that people who listen to utterances about art not being imitation have not in mind.

It is not clear that Hamerton restricts the meaning of the word as Ruskin does. He says that art becomes art by ceasing to be imitation; but at one time he seems to mean that a painting is not imitation if it exhibits color arrangement, combinations of light and shade, groupings and contrasts of modified forms, and *feeling*—which is expressed by emphasis and accent, by selecting and rejecting; while elsewhere he implies that painting ceases to be imitation and rises to art by being something different from nature, by being solely a product of the paint-

er's imagination, springing, as it were, from his own consciousness. That imagination must enter into a picture to make it at all great or worthy art, is eminently true, but how is this imagination to act? By purposely avoiding fidelity, or by seizing with all the force and spring of the mind upon those things that will make the work captivatingly faithful? By creating hues and forms—if that be possible—or by penetrating the secret of color and the significance of form as revealed in nature? Arrangement, combination, modification, selection and rejection, emphasis and feeling—these things we all comprehend, and these things are possible with great reverence for truth, and are not foreign to the usual interpretation of imitation.

It is said that a great painter does not paint nature as it is, but as he sees it. A little reflection will show the logical absurdity of this dogma. One who paints nature as he sees it paints it as it is, so far as he can realize it; if he does not see it as it is, his vision is abnormal, and assuredly this unfits him for the vocation. If he consciously paints it as it is not, painting it neither as it is nor as he sees it, what have we, then, but an artist substituting a fancy, a notion, a perverse and intentional fallacy for the verities of creation? Such notions might in some instances be good, but have they any just reason for their being, and could they be more glorious than great Nature? And then, just as sure as we admit the principle that an artist may paint his own conceptions as nature, we shall open the door for every conceivable outcome of vanity, foolishness, and grotesque fancy—such as would soon cast art into a pit of darkness and delirium. An artist should address and awaken the imagination, but, in the words of Ruskin, he must also rightly "*guide* the imagination, and there is no safe guidance but that of simple concurrence with fact." Let us be understood. In a painting called "Modern Italy," Turner brings together in a poetical combination all the beautiful and characteristic features of that marvelous land, and obviously in a picture of this nature there is great scope for imagination. But is it necessary to assert that the scene, although a creation, must reflect faithfully not only the distinguishing features of Italy, but land and atmosphere and cloud as displayed by nature? This is a form of imagination in art that everybody can understand, and which carries delight to everybody's heart. There may be in such a picture all the exaggeration and emphasis the painter

pleases, provided he does not convey the notion of such exaggeration to the spectator, for the moment we recognize exaggeration in a painting as such, our pleasure is gone. Within judicious bounds emphasis is not exaggeration, but exaltation—and this lifts up the soul, while the other only produces resentment and disgust.

It is constantly assumed by Mr. Hamerton that imaginative art is something that only cultivated people can apprehend, others having a liking merely for dexterous imitation. Now, in fact, imagination and sentiment are distinctly the things that the general public admire. The most popular pictures ever produced in America were Cole's "Voyage of Life." It is the human sentiment in Landseer's animal pictures that have made his stories on canvas so widely liked. The only paintings that can be engraved with profit are those which have some tender or affecting story, or which delineate forms of ideal beauty. A painting distinguished for mere technical dexterity never finds favor with the great public through the medium of engraving—just as a book never becomes popular because of its delicate or finished style, but for reason of its power to excite human emotion. That imaginative artists, if at the same time intelligible, are in favor with the public, we see in the wide fame of Doré. Here is an artist that, in black-and-white at least, meets all the theoretical requirements of Mr. Hamerton. He has immense fecundity, boundless resources, and affluent imagination; he is utterly regardless of nature or truth, securing his effects by the most audacious exaggeration—and yet, while the public delight in his work, it is quite the fashion among artists and critics to sneer at it. His exuberant imagination leads him to extravagance, to theatrical sensation, to strained and untruthful delineations, to endless violence to the simplicity and truth of nature. And these things, which, if Mr. Hamerton is right, ought to be virtues, are things which the better informed sum up against him as sins. They are of a character, let us say, which in the constitution of the human mind are sure to mark all affluent and over-teeming minds. The susceptible and uncritical public find pleasure in these manifestations of power, but acute and cultured people prefer the modest beauty of nature. Great artists, according to Mr. Hamerton, do not paint what *is*, but what is *not*. Doré, then, is a very great artist; the public is right and the studios are wrong.

Bouguereau is another artist in whom we see the operation of Mr. Hamerton's theory. It has become quite the fashion recently to sneer at this painter because his flesh-tints are so smooth, so merely pretty

and refined, so devoid of robust vigor and vivid truth. Obviously the critics are all wrong. It is not truth that is wanted. Bouguereau's imagination is on the side of sweet tints, of ideal grace and delicacy; he paints nude figures through a haze of tender beauty. What right have any of us to complain, however lacking in virile force his work may be? We have to do with the artist's conception of flesh, not the flesh that is. Only recently one of the best art-critics in New York stormed at a painting of Italian scenery in the Academy because it was false to "any conceivable nature." Why, according to the theories of the hour, should it be true to "any conceivable nature"? "Conceivable nature," or the critic's idea of nature, or the public's idea of nature, are simply impertinences. An artist is permitted to paint nature as he sees or pretends that he sees it—what it is *not* rather than what it *is*. The Italian scene gives us the artist's notion of color, his ideal of beauty, his conception of Italian landscape, and all the critic has to do is to humbly accept it and give thanks.

Perhaps some of our readers think that Sanford Gifford's pictures vindicate the Hamerton theory, for they are very beautiful, and yet are bathed in yellow hues that no eye ever detects in nature. But do we not admire these paintings in *despite* and not because of the false hues in which they are enveloped? Are not his excessive yellows a detriment? If the artist expressed the same tenderness and poetic beauty in hues that affected the imagination as not only lovely but true, would not our pleasure be greatly enhanced? Kensett's exquisite coast-scenes have a similar tender charm, but in tones that every one recognizes. We look primarily for that which is beautiful, and are willing to surrender some things to gain this end; but if we secure it with a confiding sense of its fidelity, our pleasure is all the greater.

It is obvious, we think, that instead of a painter inventing a nature of his own, trying to see things in lights and under aspects different from the way other people see them, his real mission is to passionately study nature, to penetrate it, to take possession of it, to enter into its subtleties, to master its mysteries, to see it with the heart and soul as well as with the eye, in order that he may reproduce it intense, powerful, virile, glorious! He may select and group, eliminate and contrast, bring together and arrange, copy closely or indulge in dreams, emphasize and exalt within just limits—he may do all these things, provided he gives us the essential quality of nature—paints for us a picture and not a puzzle.

REALISM.

At the moment when imagination in art is greatly urged we find realism in literature reasserting itself under the leadership of a new apostle. The battle once fought between romanticism and classicism has now its parallel in a contest between realism and idealism, Emile Zola being the name under which the assailing hosts are marshaled. So far as "L'Assommoir" goes, we suspect that Zola has found more readers than converts, for people who may be disposed to accept realism as the true basis of art will not generally assent to its necessary association with the revolting. Even photography has the privilege of selecting its subject and its point of view.

While the realists, on the one hand, are asserting certain principles as the true foundation of art, and the idealists are opposing them with counter-theories, it may be asked whether it is true that any work of art or literature depends for its value or its interest upon the fact, pure and simple, that it is realistic or imaginative. Would realism alone, the mere fact that men and things are delineated without coloring or idealism, really entertain or control us? We, for our part, think not. We may be sure that a realist who like Zola gets a hundred thousand readers, exhibits in his work something more than mere realism, some power of delineation which lifts realism to a great force, some potent touch which asserts command and influence over men. Such a writer employs his imagination no less than an idealist; for the power to look into facts and see them as they are, to detect the exact significance of little things as well as great, to penetrate surfaces and discover inward tendencies, is a product not only of immense alertness, but of an imagination capable of seeing in the slight detail the fruition of which it is the seed. Dickens's power of observation amounted to genius; and we may rest assured that it is only when one possesses a power of observation amounting to genius that he can make realism a force in either art or literature.

In the midst of the talk about the high character of imaginative work we can not forget that a great deal of that which usurps this high name is wretched and feeble sentimentalism, the product of mere mental haziness and silly dreaming, without a tithe of the true imaginative force that goes into every piece of thoroughly good realistic work. Pretty much the easiest thing in the world is to dream and build castles in the air, the feeblest intellects having often an unconquerable tendency in this direction. The sickly sentimentalism that goes into so much poetry, sugars over so many pages of prose, and re-

veals its inanity in so many picture galleries, would be enough to make robust realism seem the highest form of art, did we not know that imagination has its powerful as well as its consumptive side. The real intellectual deficiency with people generally is inability to see the things that lie about them, to detect their beauty, their significance, or their underlying characteristics. Half the time authors and artists are not realists because they can not grasp all the facts. It is easier to paint a bit of sentimental animal life after Landseer than a piece of robust characterization after Rosa Bonheur, or to produce a novel like one of Bulwer's early romantic effusions than one like Thackeray's "Newcomes." But the whole thing depends upon the amount of intellectual force which the author puts into his work, and not upon anything else. One author's vigorous realism will take possession of us, another man's ideal scenes will have ineffable charm. They are nothing but different sides of force. One would be apt to weary of a persistence of one kind of force, and hence contrast itself is a source of pleasure.

If we are right in this notion, many of the current divisions of intellectual performance are artificial and arbitrary. In every piece of work in which there are mastership and insight there dwells imagination, whether it is an exact delineation of real life or an idyl, whether the vigorous and virile portrait of a tree or the dream of a sunset, a rugged picture of men and women in homely real life, or an historic composition. Imagination is not manifest in subject or methods, but in force and quality; the figure of a Venus or a Psyche may not have it, and that of a simple flower-girl may. It is just as much the endowment of the man of science as the poet, and is just as actively at work in the practical things of life as in fables and fictions. The realists do not abandon it because they treat things realistically, and the idealists have not exclusive possession because they throw a veil over their themes. It is in everything in which the mind acts powerfully; in nothing in which it acts feebly.

"L'ASSOMMOIR" AND ITS MORAL.

We have referred to Zola's "L'Assommoir" as an example of literary realism. While the unpromising pictures which it presents are revolting to the taste, in the domain of morals the book is simply appalling. Not that it is an immoral book for all classes of readers. It is impossible for any one to read it without sickening, without a shudder; but a book is not necessarily immoral because we sicken and shudder at it. There are few books so utterly

unfit for young people as this; no fresh, innocent mind could peruse it without injury, without gaining a knowledge of vice that must bruise and stain it. But to mature people who know the world, and are strong enough to look upon its darker pictures, the story conveys a terrible moral, for it reveals conditions of things that *must* be remedied if civilization in cities is not to come to utter wreck. The story in the ordinary sense is not a story at all; that is, there are no complications and no contrasts of life; there is no plot, and no *dénouement* other than that of degradation and death. It is simply the history of the downfall of a family—a picture of life as it exists in the slums of Paris, with all its wretched conditions. It is really the most effective temperance story ever written—a temperance story which, without preaching, without moralizing, without exaggeration or false coloring, enforces its terrible lessons with intense effect by simply uncovering the facts, and leaving the reader to make his own deductions. And what makes the story peculiarly terrible is that the man and woman whose history is related should not have fallen, and would not had there been anywhere a helpful hand or word at the right moment.

The book opens with the woman Gervaise living with a man to whom she is not married. This wrongful connection soon terminates, and Gervaise afterward marries an honest, steady tinsmith, Coupeau by name. Their early married years are almost idyllic. They are affectionate, faithful, sober, industrious, frugal, ambitious for better things. All goes prosperously with them, and five hundred francs are saved from their earnings and put away. But an accident happens to the tinsmith by which he is seriously injured, and the wife, in the abundance of her affection, will not permit him to be sent to a hospital. She nurses him at home, and now the cherished savings (with which she had dreamed of purchasing a shop, and so advancing their condition) are gradually consumed in the long illness that ensues. It is during the husband's convalescence that evil first insinuates itself. He can not work, and to fill up his leisure visits the wine-houses. Then is planted the seed of the *upas-tree* that is to destroy them. The decline is very gradual. There are temporary reforms, followed by inevitable relapses; there are heroic struggles on the part of the wife, but only that in the end she too must fall. The victims are environed, and forced on by a fate that is relentless. Without original tendency to vice, without bad inclinations or perverted appetites, with primarily every disposition and every reason for right doing, they yet sink into a degradation the deepest and most appalling one can conceive of, all because temptation awaits

them at every turn, because circumstances maliciously thwart them, because at every hand lie the means to corrupt, but nowhere the means to save. It is all pitiless and pitiful. Most decidedly the book should be kept from young people, and it should be read by no one merely as recreation. Only a brutalized taste could be entertained by the horrible scenes which the author mercilessly depicts. But men of conscience everywhere ought to read it, not as idle fiction, but as a terrible indictment of our civilization. Philosophers and philanthropists really have no right to shirk it; priests, and ministers, and statesmen, should feel compelled to read it. It is a piece of social dissection that should be studied and pondered over by all discreet and wise men. This duty can not be rightfully evaded because the misery and the crimes depicted are Parisian. In all particulars but names and place the story is a counterpart of scenes that offend high Heaven in every great city in the world, where their existence daily arraigns the justice and humanity of man.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

WE have been furnished by General Dabney H. Maury, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, with some interesting reminiscences of General Richard Taylor, whose stirring and outspoken "Destruction and Reconstruction" is the most widely read book of the day, and whose death, coming immediately upon the publication of the volume, gives so sad and strange an interest to its vivid pages.

The only son of President Zachary Taylor, General Dick Taylor inherited many of his father's best qualities, while he surpassed all of his name in mental quickness and culture. His restless, active nature craved constant intellectual occupation, and his whole life was passed in acquiring from books and from conversation with clever people of all Christendom the vast stores of facts and thoughts which his tenacious memory held garnered and ready for instant use, and which have now in "Destruction and Reconstruction" been bestowed upon the public. Those who were familiar with his original, self-reliant style and wonderful vigor of thought and expression, find in the caustic witticisms which have flowed from his pen the easy transfer of what flowed from his lips in his every-day walk and conversation. He writes just as he talked. The abounding metaphor, often strong rather than refined; the vivid pen-pictures of men and of incidents of an eventful life; the brilliant and unexpected flashes of thought clothed in wonderful modes of expression which abound in every page—insure this book a permanent place in the literature of the day.

For more than thirty years I was intimate with General Richard Taylor. In 1848 we went together to the White Sulphur Springs. His father was then President, and he was about twenty-one or twenty-two years old. A coterie of very pleasant gentlemen arrived with us at the Springs—among them were Mr. J. B— and C. E—, of Baltimore, Colonel A. V—, of New York, and several others, all men of travel and culture. He and I were invalids of the recent Mexican war, from wounds or disease. None of our party engaged in the gaiety of the Springs, but we claved to each other all through the season, and found our chief pleasure in conversation with each other. Even then Taylor was self-reliant and brilliant in conversation; all he said was terse, and illustrated by vivid and classical metaphor. Keen sarcasm and ready wit abounded in his talk, and in a circle of gentlemen educated for many years in the highest social associations of this country he was pronounced by all of them the most brilliant young man they had ever met.

From that day to this I have enjoyed the pleasure of frequent associations with him; we have traveled together; we served throughout the war between the States; and at its close we mourned together over the grave of the Southern Confederacy, and in the last year and in the very last days of the nation we had fought to establish we were closely allied in upholding her existence, and in decently ending her life. And we were of the very last at her tomb; and of all assembled by those obsequies at Meridian, in that gloomy month of May, Taylor and Forrest alone were unappalled, and maintained a serene front.

Soon after the close of our war, as he relates in his book, Taylor went up to Washington to endeavor to procure some amelioration of the cruel incarceration of President Davis, who was his brother-in-law and his warm friend. It was a bold thing to do; few of us would risk ourselves in Washington then.

But President Johnson soon became placable. Taylor's original and positive views impressed him favorably, and pleasant relations sprang up between them.

One day he called on the President, who said to him gravely:

"General, a gentleman came to see me to-day to have you arrested."

"O Mr. President! why does he wish you to do that?"

"He says you tried to hang him in Louisiana for being a Union man during the war."

"Mr. President, he has lied to you, sir."

"Why, General, did you not hang Union men in Louisiana?"

"Oh, yes, I hanged many Union men in Louisiana who were spies and traitors to our cause and in our army; but I never tried to hang one that I did not do it, and so your complainant must have lied to you!"

Soon after this President Johnson released Mr. Davis from the casemate in Fortress Monroe, and gave General Taylor a pass to visit him.

Being in England several years ago, as a President's son he was the guest of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham. And no American who has ever been in England received more marked personal courtesy from the English nobility than he. His military prestige as a successful Confederate commander added to the claims of his birth, and both were enhanced by his audacious wit, which feared not "king nor kaiser," all making him the most notable guest of London that year.

Being invited to a lunch of the Fishmongers' Company, he there heard some sharp criticisms of Virginia because of her slowness in paying her debt. Taylor was by descent entirely a Virginian, and was very proud of his ancestry, and he promptly arose to repel these imputations, and his remarks, full of strong sense and justice, so impressed the audience that after the banquet was over he was waited upon with a request to meet and confer with a committee of the principal holders of Virginia bonds in London as to the best plan of compromise of their claims, and finally was empowered to submit to the government of Virginia a proposition from the holders of ten million dollars of the Virginia bonds, not very different from that recently accepted by that State. Had his counsels prevailed, much trouble and scandal to Virginia would have been averted. He left Richmond chagrined and despondent as to the result of the efforts of those who were in favor of maintaining the credit of the State.

It is related of him that during the Derby races the Prince of Wales took him to his own (the Prince's) stand, and as they were ascending the stair the Duke of Edinburgh came hastily up and said:

"O Wales! do you know Forrester is booked to win?"

"Oh, yes," said the Prince, "the General and I have just been to the betting-stand and laid fifty guineas each on him."

Turning to Taylor, the Duke said:

"Now, won't you please go to the stand and lay fifty guineas for me on him?"

"Pardon me, your Highness," said Taylor; "the stand is quite as near to you as to me."

"I am so glad you told Edinburgh that," said the Prince. "What a deal of cheek he has to be asking my guest to lay his bets for him!"

Taylor had a sincere respect and liking for the Prince, and a hearty contempt for the Duke of Edinburgh, whom he snubbed on more than one occasion. Apart from the personal character of the Duke, he was only second son of a Queen, while Taylor was the only son of a real President of the United States.

After the war General Taylor was one of the first to take an active interest in the important work of collecting and preserving the records of the Southern Confederacy. Rarely has a conquered nation recorded its own history. We of the Southern Confederacy stand almost alone in having rescued for our posterity the vindication of our cause and the glories of our struggle to uphold it. And that we have done so is largely due to him.

Of all the men I have ever known, General Taylor was the most versatile in his information. He seemed to have read and studied everything affecting the progress and the history of mankind, and to remember all he had read. He was accustomed to express his views in the very language reproduced in his book. For several years after the war we were near neighbors in New Orleans, and were sitting one evening on the veranda of the old mansion of the Bringier family, discussing the inefficiency of the education of the officers of the United States Army as conducted at West Point. He was familiar with that school and its graduates. In his terse, vivid way he stated the defects of the system, and concluded thus:

"If you will take a boy at sixteen years of age from his mother's apron-string, shut him up in West Point four years, then send him to a frontier post, where he does little but play seven-up and drink whisky at the sutler's store, by the time he will have reached forty-five years he will furnish the most complete illustration of suppressed mental development of which human nature is capable."

Not until within a few years past did he occupy himself in writing for the magazines. It seems as if he had only lately bethought him of his power with the pen. He took great interest in the recent movement for organizing the volunteer or State troops on an efficient basis. Two months ago he told me he had written an article on that subject, in which he advocates the establishment of camps of instruction of regular troops in the several States at such times and places as the Governors thereof may indicate; so that the volunteer soldiers of the States may be gathered about them for drill and tactical instruction, and have fall manœuvres like those which have built up the defensive volunteer army of England. It is a national misfortune that a man of his extraordinary gifts and opportunities should not have accomplished more for his country. But he was too self-assertive, too intractable to work in the traces of a party, and it was only during the war that his capacities found their scope, when every man was put upon his mettle. As a soldier he was aggressive always, and incessantly active.

His battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill afford the only instance of a Confederate victory which was followed up by the victorious army. Having beaten Banks and driven him from the field at Mansfield, Taylor pursued him twenty-three miles to Pleasant Hill, and, had not his operations been arrested, in all probability he would have destroyed Banks's army.

If good health and long life had been granted him, he would have done well for his country. The opportunity seemed just before him.

He was of small stature and slight figure, and of late years his health had not been robust. But his gleaming black eyes, looking out from under deep-set, grizzled eyebrows; his strongly marked head, close-trimmed hair, till lately jet black; his expressive, fallow face, with a great rolling mustache over the flexible mouth—assured one of the self-reliance which expressed itself in every line of his countenance, and asserted itself in every assemblage of men.

In his domestic relations he was singularly happy. His own family are distinguished for their cordial, kindly manners, which, simple and unassuming, have for generations made them in every circle they have graced the objects of sincere respect and warm affection. By his marriage he became allied to one of the best-known creole families of Louisiana. Not only are the men of the Bringier family noted in that State, but Mrs. Taylor, with her mother, sisters, and daughters, were elegant examples of the most graceful type of Louisiana women—the creoles.

He was true and devoted to his family, and free and affectionate in his intercourse with them. To his friends he was as demonstrative as to his enemies. All of our long intercourse was never marred by an unkind word. And, when in the dark hours of the gloomy years of our conquest and subjugation I was most in need of substantial friendship, I gratefully remember him as among the first and the freest to offer it.

His sons all died during the war. His gentle, graceful, lovely wife died several years ago. He now leaves three young daughters, fatherless and motherless.

Books of the Day.

MINUTE, attentive, painstaking, and accurate observation of natural phenomena has long since become an essential part of the scientific method, but the loving, sympathetic study of nature for its own sake is still rare enough to lend a peculiar fascination to such books as "Wild Life in a Southern County."* Though dealing with the same objects, and inspired by an equal enthusiasm, the aims

and the attitude of the genuine scientific observer are totally different from those of such observers as White of Selborne, Izaak Walton, John Burroughs, and the author of the present work. The former observes and records and compares and verifies, not primarily because he enjoys such employment, but because of the results to which it may lead; while the latter, though not wholly indifferent to the scientific aspects of their inquiries and observations, pursue them mainly from pure delight in the occupation itself. From a certain point of view, nothing could

* Wild Life in a Southern County. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

be more interesting than Mr. Darwin's careful, exact, and long-continued observations upon the habits and appearances of pigeons and insectivorous plants; but in reading his graphic descriptions of them no one is left in doubt that his interest in them and his motive in prosecuting them lie solely in the evidence which they may furnish regarding the validity or otherwise of certain natural laws. It is equally evident, on the other hand, that if it could have been unmistakably demonstrated to White of Selborne and old Izaak Walton that their minutest studies could lead to no practical or useful result, they would not thereby have been deterred in the slightest degree from prosecuting them—their enjoyment being derived not from any possible result to which the study might lead, but from the study itself. The difference between the two classes of observers is precisely that which distinguishes the man who examines a mountain-range with an eye to constructing a practicable highway across it from the man who contemplates it as the most impressive feature of a varied and beautiful landscape. The observations of the former may be of far greater importance to us, but it is the latter whose descriptions charm and delight us.

The author of "Wild Life in a Southern County" is a sort of compromise between White of Selborne and old Izaak Walton—that is, he combines the special lore and aptitudes of the sportsman with the more disinterested and picturesque enthusiasm of the pure lover of nature and of all life, animate and inanimate, for its own sake. More nearly than he resembles either of these, however, he resembles our own John Burroughs, especially in what we may call his literary method. His observations are as acute and his love of nature as genuine, doubtless, as that of either of his predecessors that have been mentioned, but his record lacks that *naïve* simplicity which gives such a unique and piquant flavor to their writings, and which causes the reader to feel quite as much interest in the personality which they reveal so clearly as in the things or experiences which they record. "Wild Life in a Southern County" is written with characteristic modern reticence and reserve; and, though there is no taint of affectation and no lack of heartiness and enthusiasm, the author's delight in his observations is almost too conscious and intentional. The author is a keen observer and a most painstaking recorder of his observations, but, with all his careless ease and apparent absorption in the matters of the moment, his attention is never wholly diverted from possible literary effects.

Yet it would hardly be possible to bring the sights and sounds, the employments and pleasures—the sentiment, so to call it—of the country more vividly and interestingly before us than is done in the book under notice. The reader may obtain from it, indeed, a far more lively and picturesque idea of country-life and the attractions which it offers than he would be likely to obtain from personal experience. Where the author would be fairly bewildered with the number of things offering themselves to an

alert observation, the ordinary observer would be entirely unaware of anything demanding attention, and, where such a one as the latter would be oppressed with a sense of the dullness and stagnation of things, the author would find a text and material for whole chapters, and chapters of the keenest and most varied interest. Those portions of the author's work which are best done, and in which, we imagine, he himself felt the greatest interest, are those in which he describes the haunts and habits of birds and wild animals; but he is equally vigilant to note the form and motion of a cloud, the light-effects upon hills and downs, the poetic charm of remote distances, the natural music of winds and streams, the characteristic aspects of the seasons and of day and night, the peculiarities of flowers and fruit, the conformation of the country, the effect upon the animal life of the neighborhood of gardens and orchards, hedges, copse, and forest, brook and mere, the quaint features of local customs, and the survival of superstitions among the people. Nothing escapes his vigilant and sympathetic observation, and nothing is too apparently trivial or commonplace to receive his patient attention.

The peculiar charm of the book eludes definition or exact analysis, and can be indicated only by quotation. We shall reproduce, therefore, a few passages, taken almost at random—premising, however, that while these may illustrate the quality, they can convey but an imperfect idea of the variety and unlabored opulence of the work. Here is a passage on the character of bird-life, taken from the first chapter:

The impression left after watching the motions of birds is that of extreme mobility—a life of perpetual impulse checked only by fear. With one or two exceptions, they do not appear to have the least idea of saving labor by clearing one spot of ground of food before flying farther; they just hastily snatch a morsel and off again; or, in a tree, peer anxiously into every crack and crevice on one bough, and away to another tree a hundred yards distant, leaving fifty boughs behind without examination. Starlings literally race over the earth where they are feeding, jealous of each other lest one should be first, and so they leave a track all around not so much as looked at. Then, having run a little way, they rise and fly to another part of the field. Each starling seems full of envy and emulation—eager to outstrip his fellow in the race for tidbits; and so they all miss much of what they otherwise might find. Their life is so gregarious that it resembles that of men in cities; watching one another with feverish anxiety—pushing and hustling. Larks are much calmer, and always appear placid even in their restlessness, and do not jostle their neighbors.—(Page 5.)

In the same chapter there is a curiously interesting description of certain habits of ants, from which we shall reproduce a paragraph or two:

If we look closely into the grass here on the slope of the fosse, it is animated by a busy throng of insects rushing in hot haste to and fro. They must find it a labor and a toil to make progress through the green forest of grass-blade and moss and heaths and thick thyme-bunches, overtopping them as cedars, but cedars all strewn in confusion, crossing

and interlacing, with no path through the jungle. Watch this ant traveling patiently onward, and mark the distance traversed by the milestone of a tall ben-net. First up on a dry, white stalk of grass lingering from last autumn; then down on to a thistle-leaf, round it, and along a bent blade leading beneath into the intricacy and darkness at the roots. Presently, after a prolonged absence, up again on a dead fiber of grass, brown and withered, torn up by the sheep, but not eaten; this lies like a bridge across a yawning chasm—the mark or indentation left by the hoof of a horse scrambling up when the turf was wet and soft. Half-way across, the weight of the ant overbalances it, slight as that weight is, and down it goes into the cavity; undaunted, after getting clear, the insect begins to climb up the precipitous edge, and again plunges into the wood. Coming to a broader leaf, which promises an open space, it is found to be hairy, and therefore impassable except with infinite trouble; so the wayfarer endeavors to pass underneath, but has in the end to work round it. Then a breadth of moss intervenes, which is worse than the vast prickly hedges with which savage kings fence their cities to the explorer, who can get no certain footing on it, but falls through and climbs up again twenty times, and burrows a way somehow in the shady depths below.

Next a bunch of thyme crosses the path; and here for a lengthened period the ant goes utterly out of sight, lost in the interior, slowly groping round about within, and finally emerging in a glade where your walking-stick, thrown carelessly on the ground, bends back the grass, and so throws open a lane to the traveler. In a straight line the distance thus traversed may be ten or twelve inches; certainly in getting over it the insect has covered not less than three times as much, probably more—now up, now down, backward and sideways, searching out a passage.

As this process goes on from morn till night through the long summer's day, some faint idea may be obtained of the journeys thus performed against difficulties and obstacles before which the task of crossing Africa from sea to sea is a trifle. How, for instance, does the ant manage to keep a tolerably correct course, steering straight despite the turns and labyrinthine involutions of the path? It is never possible to see far in front—half the time not twice its own length; often and often it is necessary to retrace the trail and strike out a fresh one—a step that would confuse most persons, even in an English wood with which they were unacquainted. Yet by some power of observation, perhaps superior in this respect to the abilities of greater creatures, the tiny thing guides its footsteps without faltering down yonder to the nest in the hollow on the bank of the plowed field. I say by observation, and the exercise of faculties resembling those of the mind, because I have many times tried the supposed unerring instinct of the ant, and found it fail; therefore it must possess a power of correcting error, which is the prerogative of reason.—(Page 10.)

Here is a fine description of the blackbird's song:

On a warm June day, when the hedges are covered with roses and the air is sweet with the odor of mown grass, it is pleasant to listen to the blackbirds in the oaks pouring forth their rich liquid notes. There is no note so sweet and deep and melodious as that of the blackbird to be heard in our fields; it is even richer than the nightingale's, though not so varied. Just before noonday—between eleven and twelve—when the heat increases, he leaves the low, thick bushes and moist ditches and mounts up into

an oak-tree, where, on a branch, he sits and sings. Then another at a distance takes up the burden, till by and by, as you listen, partly hidden in a gateway, four or five are thus engaged in the trees of a single meadow. He sings in a quiet, leisurely way, as a great artist should—there is no haste, no notes thickening on notes in swift crescendo. His voice, so to speak, drops from him without an effort, and is so clear that it may be heard at a long distance. It is not a set song; perhaps, in strict language, it is hardly a song at all, but rather a succession of detached notes with intervals between.—(Page 147.)

Later on there is a briefer reference to the more famous nightingale's song:

The nightingale shows no timidity while all is still, but sings on the bough in full sight, hardly three yards away, so that you can see the throat swell as the notes are poured forth—now in intricate trills, now a low sweet call, then a liquid "jug-jug-jug!" To me it sounds richer in the morning. Sunlight, flowers, and the rustle of green leaves seem the natural accompaniment, and the distant chorus of other birds affords a contrast and relief—an orchestra filling up the pauses and supporting the solo singer.—(Page 204.)

The voices of nature, however, are not heard alone in the songs and cries of birds. Multitudinous, indefinite, untraceable, strange sounds are borne to the attentive ear in woods, in fields, in the air, in daytime or night-time. The silence of nature is but a relative silence, and the profoundest quiet, especially in the country, is but the background, as it were, for a faint but unceasing chorus of noises.

The trees as the wind rises find their voices, and the wood is full of strange tongues. From each green thing touched by its fingers the breeze draws a different note: the bennets on the hillside go "sish, sish"; the oak in the copse roars and groans; in the fir there is a deep sighing; the aspen rustles. In winter the bare branches sing a shrill "sir-r-r."—(Page 205.)

Here are two examples of the author's minute observation of domestic animals, though wild life mainly attracts his attention:

Even among cows there are some rudiments of government. Those who tend them say that each cow in a herd has her master (or rather mistress), whom she is obliged to yield precedence to, as in passing through a gateway. If she show any symptoms of rebellion, the other attacks her with her horns until she flies. A strange cow turned in among a herd is at once attacked and beaten till she gets her proper place—finds her level—when she is left in peace. The two cows, however, when they have ascertained which is the strongest, become good friends, and frequently lick each other with their rough tongues, which seems to give them much satisfaction.

Dogs running carelessly along beside the road frequently go sideways, one shoulder somewhat in front of the other, which gives the animal the appearance of being ever on the point of altering his course. The larger axis of the body is not parallel to the course he is following. Is this adopted for ease? Because, the moment the dog hears his master's whistle and rushes forward hastily, the sidelong attitude disappears.—(Page 295.)

The only other passage we shall quote is one exemplifying the author's skill in linking objects of inanimate nature with human sympathies and the life of man:

How many a man's life has centered about the wagon! As a child, he rides in it as a treat to the hay-field with his father; as a lad, he walks beside the leader, and gets his first ideas of the great world when they visit the market-town; as a man, he takes command and pilots the ship for many a long, long year. When he marries, the wagon, lent for his own use, brings home his furniture. After a while his own children go for a ride in it, and play in it when stationary in the shed. In the painful ending, the wagon carries the weak-kneed old man in pity to and from the old town for his weekly store of goods, or mayhap for his weekly dole of that staff of life his aged teeth can hardly grind. And many a plain coffin has the old wagon carried to the distant churchyard on the side of the hill. It is a cold spot, as life, too, was cold and hard; yet in the spring the daisies will come, and the thrushes will sing on the bough!

Built at first of seasoned wood, kept out of the weather under cover, and taken care of, the wagon lasts a lifetime. Many times repaired, the old ship outlasts its owner; his name on it is painted out. But that step is not taken for years; there seems to be a superstitious dislike to obliterating the old name, as if the dead would resent it, and there it often remains until it becomes illegible. Sometimes the second owner, too, goes, and the name fresh painted is that of the third. When at last it becomes too shaky for farm-use, it is perhaps bought by some poor working haulier, who has a hole cut in the bottom, with movable cover, and uses it to bring down flints from the hills to mend the roads. But if any of the old folk live, they will not sell the ancient vessel. It stands behind the rickyard, under the elms, till the rain rots the upper work, and it is then broken up, and the axle-tree becomes the top bar of a stile.—(Page 106.)

The foregoing excerpts, it should be observed, are but inadequate specimens of the varied topics and interest of the book. As many more of equal attractiveness might be selected by simply turning over a score of consecutive pages.

ANOTHER book, in which the love of Nature purely and simply for its own sake is the dominant sentiment, is "Ocean Wonders,"* by William E. Damon. Its aim is twofold: first, to furnish a companion for the seaside, with precise and reliable information in regard to the living objects of our own seacoast, and, incidentally, of other marine animals, either suitable for the aquarium or of sufficient intrinsic interest to deserve notice in any general work of marine zoölogy; second, to give careful and practical instruction as to *where* and *how* many of these creatures may be procured and preserved in parlor and public aquaria. The author has long been known as an enthusiastic student of marine zoölogy,

* Ocean Wonders: A Companion for the Seaside. Freely illustrated from Living Objects. By William E. Damon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 229.

and as the possessor of one of the most extensive and valuable private aquaria in the country; and it is to those who may wish to follow his example, in however modest a way, that his book will prove most helpful. "Of books upon aquaria," he says, "particularly of English reprints, there has been a large number given to the American public. Many of them are valuable and interesting in their way, but they are generally deficient in that sort of information which the amateur *most needs*, namely, direct and comprehensible instruction 'how to keep an aquarium.' Some of the attempts to do this are altogether *misleading* and *impracticable*, while others are not adapted to the exigencies of our climate. Some of the most learned and scientific writers, both American and foreign, fail lamentably on this important point. It is not so easy as it appears at the first glance to assure success in establishing a private aquarium. Whatever value this volume possesses is due to the fact that I give no second-hand directions, but the results and deductions of my own dearly-bought personal experience, attained at a considerable outlay, not only of time and trouble, but also of money, in obtaining many rare and scarce specimens of marine life, and in experiments to ascertain the kind of animals which would survive captivity. In the latter, I hope my directions or hints will materially diminish the amount of expenditure for such amateurs as may peruse this book."

No fault, certainly, can be found with Mr. Damon's directions on the score of a lack of practicality. He points out the difficulties in the way of constructing a satisfactory "tank" at home; tells where they can be found ready made, and what kind to select; how to test and arrange; what plants are most desirable, and what treatment they require; what animals look best and thrive best in an aquarium, and how to deal with them under different circumstances. He is no friend to aquaria which are gotten up merely as curious items of furniture; but, presupposing that the desire for an aquarium implies a taste for natural history, tells how and where the different species of plants and animals that are to stock it may be found and caught, and points out the interesting features of such other plants and animals as are likely to be encountered in the course of such researches. His description of the structure and habits of marine animals, both in the aquarium and in their natural habitats, are particularly vivid and interesting; and the accounts of the living coral, of sea-anemones, of the devil-fish and its congeners, of the sea-horse and other curious denizens of the sea, of mollusks, barnacles, star-fishes, medusæ, jelly-fishes, sponges, etc., are the most satisfactory—the most *realistic*, so to speak—that we have found in any work which, like the present, aims to be exact and authentic without being technical.

In one of her numerous letters the Baroness Bunsen says: "I am reading 'The Life of Columbus,' by Washington Irving, a book in the style of a book-maker, full of words, and with a great pretension to

the communication of new information drawn from manuscript documents, which, however, as far as I have proceeded, I do not detect." The same criticism may be applied, and with much greater accuracy, to her own "Life and Letters,"* as compiled by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, which is a book in the style of a bookmaker, full of words, and with great pretension to an interest which the reader does not detect from beginning to end. It is neither satire nor exaggeration, but a simple statement of fact, to say that considerably more than half the contents of these bulky volumes consists of a record of the births of children and of a fond mother's delights and anxieties in their behalf—things which, however significant in actual life, can hardly be thought to form a legitimate subject for literature. Every one knows that the Bunsens, particularly while in Rome, enjoyed intimate social intercourse with the most teeming, the most versatile, and the most cultivated minds of the age; but one would never infer either this, or that Madame Bunsen herself was a richly-endowed and highly-trained woman from her letters as here reproduced. Most of them were written to her mother, husband, and sons, and deal properly enough with those minutiae of family and domestic life which are, of course, infinitely more interesting to such correspondents than any possible displays of acquirements or ideas; but the very qualities which made them so satisfactory in this regard should have excluded by far the larger number of them from a book. No doubt it is essential to faithful portraiture in a biography that the mind of the person dealt with should be shown in *deshabille* as well as in full dress, so to speak; but we pitch the key-note of any character except the most commonplace entirely too low when we harp too constantly and too long upon those petty details of life, many of which are of necessity purely routine and perfunctory, and do not even subserve the purpose of illustrating character. The truth is that Mr. Hare had a subject and materials for a very charming and edifying volume of perhaps two hundred pages, and by expanding it to more than a thousand pages he has diluted the interest to such a degree that his book is one of the hardest to read—not merely to skim through, but to *read*—that we have recently encountered.

This is all the more to be regretted because the Baroness Bunsen's character and life were of a kind which richly deserved commemoration. Carefully trained under the immediate eye of a mother who was herself remarkable for her intellectual, moral, and social qualities, she was exactly adapted both by nature and attainments to become the wife and companion of such a man as Bunsen at the outset of such a career; and the mutual and undying affection which bound them together in a tie of peculiar closeness was rightly accounted the happiest possession of two lives which were happy and fortunate far beyond the common lot of man. Placed in positions

especially adapted to impair the wholesome simplicity of domestic life and intellectual pursuits, Madame Bunsen, not less than Bunsen himself, passed unscathed through the brilliant frivolities of courts, the favor of princes, the flatteries of the great, and the adulations of the foolish. Family, friends, all refining, elevating, and ennobling knowledge, religion of a most catholic and humanitarian type—these were the center of a life which was never swerved from its orbit by any of the vicissitudes of a destiny which was as brilliant and disturbing as it was unexpected. There is no taint of affectation or insincerity in the delight with which she turns to her children and domestic life from the exhausting but seductive dissipations of court society; and there is something eminently touching and characteristic in the self-abnegating sense of duty with which, as a widowed woman of seventy, hardly released as yet from the cares of her own numerous family of children, she turns from the cordial welcomes which awaited her in every capital of Europe, and buries herself in a dull German town in order to devote her remaining years to the orphaned children of her daughter.

Merely to contemplate such a life and character is a rare and high privilege, and to portray them adequately would furnish worthy employment to any pen. Unfortunately, Mr. Hare's very anxiety to do full justice to his subject has defeated the principal object which he had in view; and, in spite of the copious abundance of his teeming volumes, the best illustration of Baroness Bunsen's real quality and powers will still be found in those delightful "Memoirs of Bunsen," which she prepared in reluctant compliance with her husband's dying request.

No previous volume of the series of "English Men of Letters" has dealt with such comparatively fresh material as Mr. Minto's "Daniel Defoe,"* and yet none have been quite so dull and commonplace in the reading. Mr. Minto justly remarks at the beginning of his book that the life of a man of letters is not, as a rule, eventful; but Defoe, as he claims, is an exception to this rule. "Defoe was a man of action as well as a man of letters. The writing of the books which have given him immortality was little more than an accident in his career, a comparatively trifling and casual item in the total expenditure of his many-sided energy. He was nearly sixty when he wrote 'Robinson Crusoe.' Before that event he had been a rebel, a merchant, a manufacturer, a writer of popular satires in verse, a bankrupt; had acted as secretary to a public commission, been employed in secret services by five successive Administrations, written innumerable pamphlets, and edited more than one newspaper. He had led, in fact, as adventurous a life as any of his own heroes, and had met quickly succeeding difficulties with equally ready and fertile ingenuity." All this seems to promise a lively

* The Life and Letters of Frances Baroness Bunsen. By Augustus J. C. Hare. New York: George Routledge & Sons. Two volumes. 12mo, pp. 516, 486.

* Daniel Defoe. By William Minto. English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 167.

and exciting record, full of adventure and incident and striking contrasts; but the truth is that, while we know in a general way that Defoe's career was thus varied and adventurous, we know nothing whatever about the particulars, and must be content with the vague hints and surmises that can be gleaned from his own works and those of his contemporaries. Even these, however, occupy but a small part of the attention of Mr. Minto, whose chief anxiety seems to be not so much to interpret Defoe's life and define his qualities as a writer as to *expose* the real character of a man whose works have caused him to be too highly thought of. People who know little about the matter have inferred that, because Defoe wrote the most fascinating of books for children, he was himself simple, childlike, frank, open, and unsuspecting; but Mr. Minto points out and demonstrates that this inference is quite the opposite of the truth—that the only childlike feature of Defoe's character was that "he took a child's delight in beating with their own weapons the most astute intriguers in the most intriguing period of English history." Here is Mr. Minto's rather picturesque summary of Defoe's real character: "He was a great, a truly great liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived. . . . Defoe was a wonderful mixture of knave and patriot. Sometimes pure knave seems to be uppermost, sometimes pure patriot; but the mixture is so complex, and the energy of the man so restless, that it almost passes human skill to unravel the two elements." The rest of the book is little more than an expansion, demonstration, and illustration of this text; and the reader will be apt to feel that the author is bestowing rather more than the due proportion of his energy upon detecting and showing up the many inconsistencies and delinquencies of Defoe's professions and conduct.

The critical portion of Mr. Minto's work is hardly more satisfactory than the biographical. As a whole, it is a characteristic specimen of what the London "Spectator" sarcastically calls "the higher criticism"—a curious mixture of luminous suggestion and acute insight with mystical sentiment and pedantic dogma. There are passages in Mr. Minto's commentary upon "Robinson Crusoe" which are simply amazing for their poverty of meaning and studied sententiousness of expression, yet we think that in the following paragraph he has disclosed the real secret of the immortal charm of that inimitable story:

The germ of "Robinson Crusoe," the actual experience of Alexander Selkirk, went floating about for several years, and more than one artist dallied with it till it finally settled and took root in the mind of the one man of his generation most capable of giving it a home and working out its artistic possibilities. Defoe was the only man of letters in his time who might have been thrown on a desert island without finding himself at a loss what to do. The art required for developing the position in imagination was not of a complicated kind, and yet it is one of the rarest of gifts. Something more was wanted than simply conceiving what a man in such a situation would probably feel and probably do. Above

all, it was necessary that his perplexities should be unexpected, and his expedients for meeting them unexpected; yet both perplexities and expedients so real and lifelike that, when we were told them, we should wonder we had not thought of them before. One gift was indispensable for this, however many might be accessory, the genius of circumstantial invention—not a very exalted order of genius, perhaps, but quite as rare as any other intellectual prodigy.—(Page 138.)

The author's interpretive criticism is not always so lucid and suggestive as this, and the long analytical accounts of Defoe's numberless pamphlets and journalistic enterprises, which constitute the bulk of the work, are undeniably tedious.

WELLNIGH every other department of historical and scientific study has already been covered by handbooks, or primers, or treatises of a popular character, designed to serve as a *vade mecum* for general readers; and now the results of research in the field of prehistoric archaeology have been summarized and skillfully outlined in "The Dawn of History," a compact little volume, edited by C. F. Keary, M. A., of the British Museum, and written by himself, his brother H. M. Keary, and his sister, the lately deceased Anne Keary, whose promise as a novelist was very marked.* The book is intended to serve as an introduction and guide to prehistoric study, and its aim, as defined by the editor, is "to put the reader in possession of—1. The general results up to this time attained, the chief additions which prehistoric science has made to the sum of our knowledge, even if this knowledge can be given only in rough outline; 2. The method or mechanism of the science, the way in which it pieces together its acquisitions, and argues upon the facts it has ascertained; and, 3. To put this information in a form which might be attractive and suitable to the general reader. The various labors of a crowd of specialists are needed to give completeness to our knowledge of primitive man, and it is scarcely necessary to say that there are a hundred questions which in such a short book as this have been left untouched. The intention has been to present those features which can best be combined to form a continuous panorama, and also to avoid, as far as possible, the subjects most under controversy."

As to the need for such a work, there can be no doubt that the investigations and discoveries made in recent years by philologists and archaeologists throw such light upon the primitive condition of man and the earlier stages of his development that the field of what may properly be called history has been extended back far beyond those legends, folktales, and monumental records which it has hitherto been customary to accept as the starting-point. The revelations made by comparative philology and the

* The Dawn of History: an Introduction to Prehistoric Study. Edited by C. F. Keary, M. A., of the British Museum. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 240.

series of prehistoric remains that have been disinterred from bone-caves and alluvial deposits in various parts of Europe are quite as precise and certainly as authentic as those deduced from the primitive myths and legends, and one may now speak with as much confidence and with nearly as much detail of the Aryan migrations into Europe and of the ages of Stone and Bronze as of the origin and early fortunes of the first settlers of Rome, or of that strange civilization which arose and culminated in Egypt while all the rest of the world—except, perhaps, China—was groping amid the devious and obscure ways of primeval barbarism. In other words, the real beginnings of what may legitimately be called history have been carried back to a much earlier period than that commonly accepted, and a knowledge of these first traceable stages in the progress of mankind has now become quite as necessary as was formerly that of the monumental records of Egypt and Assyria, of the mythology of Greece, and the legends of Rome. In compiling this first popular summary of the results achieved by that latest born of the sciences, prehistoric archaeology, the authors of "The Dawn of History" have produced a work which if it does not supply an already recognized want, only needs to be known to be accepted as a very valuable addition to the resources of the general reader, who is glad to get the results of research, but will not take the trouble to follow the processes by which those results have been achieved.

The scope and method of the treatise can be indicated as well as in any other way by reproducing the titles of the several chapters—which are as follows: "The Earliest Traces of Man," "The Second Stone Age," "The Growth of Language," "Families of Language," "The Nations of the Old World," "Early Social Life," "The Village Community," "Religion," "Aryan Religions," "The Other World," "Mythologies and Folk Tales," "Picture Writing," "Phonetic Writing," "Summary and Conclusion." For the benefit of those readers who may become sufficiently interested in the study to desire to continue their inquiries, lists are given of the chief authorities consulted on the subject of each chapter, with some notes upon questions of peculiar interest.

It ought to be somewhat flattering to our national self-esteem that the first formal and detailed biography of Thiers, though written by a Frenchman, has not only been first published in America, but is quite evidently written with a view to its probable American readers.* M. François Le Goff thinks that we in America have no exact idea of France, and that Thiers in particular has been both misunderstood and misrepresented by those among us who are accepted as teachers. He has accordingly set

himself to correct the misconceptions and remove the misapprehensions which he believes us to entertain regarding the subject of his biography, and at the same time to give us true views concerning certain important passages in recent French history. Thiers was for many years the center around which were grouped the most significant of those problems, passions, and interests which have agitated the society and politics of his native country; and, to quote the author's words, "the light which he emits will flash upon them, and will aid us to see clearly into this 'visible darkness.'" Mr. Stanton's version of M. Le Goff's work is something more than a translation, he having selected and arranged "from the author's large mass of manuscript" such portions as he thought most likely to prove interesting to American readers. He has also, "either by clauses in the body of the page or by notes at the bottom, endeavored to explain references to French politics and customs, and to fairly identify the different characters mentioned"; and in a few instances has inserted an anecdote or letter or added a paragraph where these would aid in elucidating the author's meaning. The book as a whole is interesting and instructive, and will assist the American reader in understanding the recent and contemporary politics of Europe. Besides the letter-press, the volume contains a curiously expressive portrait of Thiers, a picture of his *Paris hôtel*, and a facsimile of his handwriting.

... For the education of the people in sound ideas of art, the successive editions of M. Charles Blanc's "Grammar of Painting and Engraving" could hardly appear too rapidly; and we are pleased to receive a new one with the imprint of a Western house.* It is to be regretted, indeed, that the translator has thought it necessary to detach from the rest a portion only of M. Blanc's work, which in its entirety treats of all the arts of design, and in such a manner that each part, however distinct in subject, throws light upon and receives light from the rest; but there can be no doubt that this is one of the many cases in which half a loaf is better than no bread, and, in spite of its fragmentary state, we know of no other work which can quite take its place in the hands of those who, without any artistic training, desire to acquire clear ideas concerning the elementary principles of art. "Histories of art, in all its varied forms of development, histories of all the schools that have sprung up in ancient and modern times, are numerous, as are treatises upon the different branches of the plastic arts; but what we especially need," says the translator, "is the A B C of art, and that, it is believed, we must learn, not from its history or philosophy, but from its grammar." Such a grammar M. Blanc has constructed with incomparable skill in a book which is happily described as "not voluminous enough to alarm, plain and lucid

* The Life of Louis Adolphe Thiers. By François Le Goff. Translated from the Unpublished Manuscript by Theodore Stanton, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 353.

* The Grammar of Painting and Engraving. Translated from the French of Blanc's *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin*, by Kate Newell Doggett. Third edition. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 8vo, pp. 330.

enough to instruct, sufficiently elevated in style to entertain." The present edition of the work is issued in excellent style, and contains the original illustrations.

.... A better example of the facility for practical purposes of such books could hardly be cited than is afforded by the little treatise on "Dress" which Mrs. Oliphant has contributed to the "Art at Home Series."* It contains some pleasant writing, of course, and will amuse the reader with its clever *tu quoque* hits at that portion of the male sex which, in assumed superiority but real subservience to the decrees of fashion, presumes to pass judgment upon the "absurdities" and "frivolities" of women; but, when it comes to offering practical advice upon the matter, Mrs. Oliphant simply confesses her inability to meet the requirements of the situation. Indeed, she admits, as unqualifiedly as any votary of fashion could desire, not only the hopelessness but the undesirableness of repudiating the decrees of the milliners and dressmakers who constitute the *deus ex machina* and inspire the oracles of the ostensible goddess. She thinks that, on the whole, more is gained by conformity than by resistance; and she advises those of her sex who are disposed to be schismatic to content themselves with securing from their inexorable law-givers some slight modifications and concessions in favor of individual tastes and necessities. Fortunately, the author has not confined herself to exhortation, exposition, and advice, and a considerable portion of her treatise is devoted to the historical aspects of the subject. Here she is most at ease and most effective, and we know of no equally concise account of the curious mutations and transformations of costume which is at once so instructive and so entertaining.

.... Perhaps the most successful attempt that has been made to render the old legendary stories of ancient Greece intelligible and interesting to children is that of Niebuhr, the eminent historian, in his "Greek Hero Stories."† They were written in 1822 for the amusement and instruction of his little four-year-old son, and since they became accessible to the public have been numbered among the classics of German nursery literature. They comprise a version of the voyage of the Argonauts, of the stories of Hercules, and of the Herakleidae and Orestes, and very happily solve the difficulty of being faithful to the original while perfectly comprehensible to the childish mind. They differ from Mr. Church's excellent "Stories from Homer" in being designed for a more youthful audience, and consequently in a less minute attention to details. The translation retains much of the spirit, animation, and charming simplicity which have been praised in the original, and

Mr. Hoppin's illustrations are of exactly the kind to gratify the childish fancy for vigorous pictorial representation of striking persons and incidents.

.... "The Natural Resources of the United States,"* by J. Harris Patton, treats of the physical conformation of the country; of the coasts and navigable streams, and the facilities which they afford for domestic and foreign commerce; of the climate and rainfall; of the soil and its productions; of coal, petroleum, and the various metals, together with the methods of mining them; of the mineral springs and health-resorts; of forests and fruit-trees; of game and the fur-bearing animals; and of the resources of fresh waters and of the sea. Many facts and statistics which usually have to be searched for through numerous volumes, and not always successfully, are here arranged in an order which renders them easily accessible, and which makes them much more suggestive than when they stand by themselves. The book is not designed primarily as a text-book, the information given being assumed to be interesting to every citizen; but, with a view to its possible use in schools, several pages of analytical questions have been added.

.... As a companion volume to his "Great German Composers," which has proved one of the most acceptable issues in the "Handy-Volume Series," Mr. George T. Ferris has written a compact little monograph on "The Great Italian and French Composers,"† containing sketches of Palestrina, of Piccini, Paisiello, and Cimarosa, of Rossini, of Donizetti and Bellini, of Verdi, of Cherubini and his predecessors, of Méhul, Spontini, and Halévy, of Boieldieu and Auber, of Meyerbeer, and finally of Gounod, to whom is assigned "the very first rank among contemporary composers." The sketches are preëminently popular both in aim and method of treatment—that is, they are addressed rather to the general music-loving public than to the critic or scholar—and the customary biographical details are enlivened and embroidered, as it were, with characteristic personal anecdotes, with picturesque descriptions of striking incidents in the careers of the principal composers, and with graphic details designed to illustrate the prevailing character of the period in which they severally lived. It would be a mistake, however, to regard the little book as merely a collection of personal sketches. The critical and interpretive comments, if necessarily brief, are acute and discriminating, showing breadth of sympathy as well as comprehensiveness of knowledge; and the reader will find here a vivid and, for practical purposes, an adequate account of one of the greatest and most prolific schools of music the world has known.

* Art at Home Series. Dress. By Mrs. Oliphant. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 103.

† Greek Hero Stories. By Barthold G. Niebuhr. Translated by B. Hoppin. Illustrated by A. Hoppin. New York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, pp. 120.

* Primer of the Natural Resources of the United States. By J. Harris Patton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 115.

† The Great Italian and French Composers. By George T. Ferris. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series, No. 28. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 248.



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